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THE CAVE WOMAN

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"Sometimes, Martha, I Think I've Been Mistaken All Along and That You are a Fool"

WOULD you mind telling me, Mattie," the doctor interrupted gently, "before we go any further—is this a consultation, or a lecture on the suffrage? Because it makes a difference—to me."

"But if I am paying for your time ——" she began obstinately.

"You're not," he shot at her—"not by a long chalk. And anyhow, my dear child, if you were, neither you nor Peter has money enough to hire me to undergo the unspeakable boredom of that Cave Man lecture. I wish for heaven's sake you'd all of you drop it! Do you know, my dear Mattie, it's got so that whenever I hear the word bow-and-arrow, or candles, or soap, or spinning, I always think of votes?"

"Votes—for women?" she suggested unpityingly.

"Why, of course! Who ever thinks of any other kind of votes? We don't get the chance."

"Then that's a very good thing," she declared with the warm, quick smile that never failed to draw its answering gleam from under his bushy eyebrows. But he shook his head a little wearily.

"I don't know, my dear—I don't know. As I tell Lutie when she makes me go over her proofs—Lutie'll learn punctuation, I trust, when she gets the vote—I never seem to be able to keep awake until I come to those new arguments she tells about; I get so sleepy over that Cave Man. He's a perfect opiate as far as I'm concerned. I never could understand why so many of my suffragist patients need opiates!"

"Doctor Stanchon, you're a pig! And when you know perfectly well that I really did come—and heaven knows I've no time!—to ask you if there was any acetylene, or whatever it is, in those tablets that Ridgefield woman told me about, if you don't care to answer, very well. Because I'm as strong as a horse, and it's so simply silly when my head feels so, just when I have to speak ——"

"One moment," he interrupted patiently, for he was enormously fond of little Mattie—she was one of those solid, muscular, handsome women whom men call little because they love them—"one moment, my child. Men put acetylene into their motor cars so they can see where they're going and not kill themselves; women put acetanilide into their systems with precisely the opposite results."

"Oh!" she murmured.

She looked vaguely about the big book-lined room, familiar to her from her girlhood. Heavy leather curtains hung against the folding doors that shut off this intimate library from the official consulting room and the more formal waiting room. The great tawny skins on the polished floor, the busts in dim upper niches, the branching antlers above the patient, empty moose-eyes—none of these suggested the doctor's office. But Martha had often looked at those tooled leather backs, glinting with gold from the afternoon sun; those deep, comfortable chairs with the strong silent arms so many tense hands had gripped in so many silent crises; those mellow, restful engravings of cool-arched cathedrals—looked curiously at them and wondered what storms and terrors, what reliefs and despairs, they had witnessed—and never betrayed! For, if the room behind the doors was a laboratory, this was a very crucible.

"As for your head"—he turned away his own and reached tentatively for an unfinished letter—"you surely can't expect me, Martha, to take the time that really belongs to others and explain again to you the necessity for supplying fresh blood to a slightly anemic brain, for relaxing the nerves whose business it is to ——"

"Oh, no; I remember," she broke in humbly—for he always frightened her when he called her Martha—"only it's not so bad now, and I only meant that it seems so maddening to have Betty Girard do all she does with those dreadful headaches, and she says you're stopping them now, anyway. And I got a case of vichy, too ——"

"Sometimes, Martha, I think I've been mistaken all along and that you are a fool," he interrupted and whirled about at her. "What has vichy to do with it? Mrs. Girard has a congested liver; she's a woman of undoubted brain capacity and she preferred to follow my régime here rather than get the same results at an expensive German cure. I knew she had the strength of mind for it, and I knew you hadn't—that's all! And there's nothing whatever the matter with your liver. Elizabeth Girard's headaches have no more connection with yours than her husband's business has with Peter's. I suppose you're taking the baths I ordered her?"

"A great many people take Turkish baths without consulting you," she said sulkily, "and I'm determined not to leave a stone unturned."

"There's one stone that is quite usually left unturned for a long time—until a railroad comes through the cemetery," he said grimly. "I'll speak with Peter. I really can't talk with you any longer, Martha. You're quite beyond reason. I have a great deal to do—if you'll excuse me."

"Yes—correcting Lucia's proofs!" she cried impishly, but she rose. "I won't take the tablets, truly, or the baths, either, if you don't like; but why do you help Lucia with the Cave Man lectures, you cross thing, if it makes you sleepy?"

He smiled at her.

"Lutie's my daughter, Mattie, and—that's why," he answered gently. "When your Martha is big enough to be spanked without hurting her and too big to be spanked without insulting her, you'll see how it is!"

Softened, she wrapped him for a moment in one of her rich smiles, where her eyes seemed to melt into yours and your eyes—if you were a man—smarted and stung when she took hers away. His hands rested listlessly above the busy desk; he shook his head as the throb of her motor announced her gone.

"All the same, she's wrong!" he muttered to his wife's photograph—"she's wrong, and poor Peter's going to pay for it!"

That evening, as with a doctor's easy apology he came in after the soup and shook hands with a delighted hostess, bowing and smiling round a table where all were friends and most were patients, he stared for a second, almost off his guard, at the smile that met his timidly behind the wine glasses where Mrs. Peter Williston Forsythe lied blandly in his face from a white gilt-edged placecard.

"I'm—I'm Mary Gillatt—you remember, the governess," she said, gathering courage under his kind eye; "when Richard had bronchitis, you know?"

"Perfectly; and I'm charmed to meet Miss Gillatt again."

"Mrs. Forsythe had one of her terrible headaches at the last minute. It is too bad about them—isn't it? And so I filled in. I'm sorry—but I'm having such a good time!"

She apologized so naïvely for her presence, her color was so clear and sweet under the troubled gray eyes, that he had great difficulty not to pat her smooth young shoulder.

"At it again, doctor—isn't she?" the man on her left murmured behind her. "I can't persuade Miss Gillatt that I'd a heap sight rather talk to her about Doherty's up-to-the-net work than pure-milk stations for the slums!"

"How dreadful of you!" she cried softly. "Doctor Stanchon, tell him he mustn't make fun of Mrs. Forsythe—won't you?"

"I'm not making fun," the tennis enthusiast insisted stoutly: "only I do say when a man's worked hard all day at the office he wants to hear something besides politics and city improvements at dinner—and, by George, that's all I hear nowadays! I think they're all crazy. Mrs. Dicky here"—he nodded at an amazingly décolletée hostess—"is all tuberculosis now, and honestly it takes my appetite away when I'm dining!"

"Oh!" She shook her head sadly at him. "How can you? Why, last week fifteen children from the Tuberculous Parent Associa ——"

"There, there, Miss Gillatt! That'll do!" he interrupted placidly. "I'm going to talk about Mary Garden or Mr. Morgan, or some snappy, cheerful topic like that! No tuberculosis in mine, thanks!"

Doctor Stanchon left them wrangling, caught the echoes of a lecture on Schedule K from a dowager on his right, and attacked a complicated entrée in silence.

Alone with the men, later, he strolled into the leather-hung billiard room and drifted casually toward Peter. "How's Mattie?" he asked carelessly, puffing at a dying cigar.

"Pretty bad I'm afraid, this time, doctor. They're rubbing her head and the governess keeps hot cloths on her eye—is that all right? Oughtn't she to see an oculist, Stanchon?"

"I don't know what for," the older man replied shortly. "We've been all over that. Her eyes are as strong as a lynx's. I've told you a dozen times, Peter ——"

"I know." Peter sat down hard on a great divan under the leaded Dutch window. "But, for heaven's sake, Stanchon, what can I do?"

The doctor puffed slowly, silently.

"I've begged her, I've bribed her, I said I'd quit and go abroad—and you know how I hate Europe! Europe's all right for women, you know," quoth Peter thoughtfully, wagging his sleek blond head, "but I'm hanged if I see how a man stands it long!"

Still the doctor puffed.

"Then you must admit that sanatorium game was pretty foolish, Stanchon! It's perfectly true she gained three pounds, but look how furious that made her! She went on skim milk and vichy and lost five the next week. And then they had that loony Congress of Welfare Workers—I tell you, doctor, it's enough to drive a man to drink!"

The doctor inhaled a deep lungful of Dicky's extraordinary cigar—a thing no doctor should do—but made no other sign.

"Can I put her in handcuffs?" Peter queried angrily, puffing his six-inch cigarette. "Can I forbid her to chase round after those shop-girls? It's perfectly true that she has leisure—I don't want a drudge for a wife, I hope—and of course, as she says, it isn't as if she lived in a cave and had everything to do ——"

"There! That's my limit!" The deep bass Stanchon shout echoed through the smoke, and the other men raised their heads with inquiring smiles, so that he lowered his voice.

"When I get to the cave stage in these affairs," he stated definitely, "I draw the line. Look here, Peter, did you ever live in a cave?"

Peter stared.

"Not since I was nine and a half," he said gruffly. "What of it?"

Doctor Stanchon selected another cigar from a watchful butler, clipped the end with a curious scarab-set affair—which had no equal in the world his patients whispered, being the gift of one who gave so much more royally than royalty as to make his name a proverb—and, with his delicate surgeon's gestures, lighted it.

"Look here, Peter," he said quietly, "there's only one way to thresh this cave business out. As I figure it, the reason most of my patients are sick today is because the Cave Woman had no leisure. My patients have; and, as Nature, being female, abhors a vacuum, they have immediately filled in their leisure so effectually that it's hard to say just where they score. The Cave Woman had backaches and they have headaches. I never had either, so I can't say which wins out there. But I've never been so sure that the Cave Woman hadn't any leisure, myself. For all we know, she got so bored after she had the Missing Link trained in as butler, and a good sensible chimpanzee, with unexceptionable references, packed off with the cave children, that she got up Welfare work among the outlying and less fortunate monkeys!"

"What d'ye mean?" said Peter sturdily.

"I mean, why don't you find out? If she did have leisure, then what's all the row about? Of course," he added gravely, "this is all, as you perceive, symbolic, Peter."

"I don't know what the devil you're driving at," said Peter gloomily. "You know I'm not so clever as Mattie, doctor, and that's why I don't feel that I have any right ——"

"Bosh!" boomed the doctor, all bass again. "You're quite as clever and infinitely more sensible. You've heard so many women say that, you know, that you've come to believe in it. Weak, Peter, very weak! Go and lease a cave."

"But—but, hang it all, Stanchon, Mattie couldn't live in a cave! What d'ye mean, really?"

"Nonsense! Anybody can live in a cave. Kings have done it. Castaways are grateful for the chance. Nature lovers are always howling about it. Hire a cave, Peter!"

"But she wouldn't stay in it!"

"Get one she'd have to stay in. Think it out. . . . Certainly, Dicky, with pleasure." And Doctor Stanchon followed his host to the music room.

Peter sat tranced and wondering on the leather couch under the leaded Dutch window, and the butler, sympathetic and adequate, brought him his coat, called him a taxi and sent him home quietly, with never a glimpse of the Neapolitan singer who came in later to entertain the dinner party.

It seemed to Martha—all raw nerves after a racking forty-eight hours' torture—that he was unusually absent as he read by the wicker couch in her upstairs sitting room, unusually apologetic later over his early fishing trip.

"But, heavens, Peter, you needn't explain it so much!" she said fretfully. "Go, of course—why not? You need the change. Anybody would suppose you were going with a chorus lady!"

It Was Greasy and Odorous of Bacon

He grinned guiltily. "Not so bad as all that, Mat," he soothed. "Only it seems mean to go off like this while you're still under the weather—that's all."

She shook her head perversely.

"Nonsense! I'll be practically all right tomorrow. It's not as if I were sick really, you know. I'm all right—until the next time."

"H'm!" he grunted; then after a moment: "The kiddies all right? They don't catch cold easily, do they, or anything like that?"

"The baby does. Peep never had one in his life, I believe. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! And rain doesn't hurt anyhow."

"What do you mean, Peter? Who has to go out in the rain? Now don't plan any expedition, please, dear, because this Fräulein detests wet and I can't make another change."

"No, no—I was thinking of—of me," he said clumsily. "Who took that catalogue out of my room, do you know?"

"Catalogue?" Mattie scowled wearily. "Oh, not that camping-outfit one? Peep got at it, Fräulein said, and tore the pictures out to paste. It was very meddling of him. I told her it didn't matter, because all you'd need was in the motor basket. You're not buying more?"

"A few things," he said vaguely. "You wouldn't feel like coming along, Mat, as you used to? We could take Peep."

"Oh, Peter, don't be absurd! How could I?"

"Wel-l," he drawled, eying her, "Aunt Jess could come over and manage—she'd love it."

"I suppose Aunt Jess could manage those too?" She waved her hand to the accusing green calendar on her desk; it bristled with appointments in her square, clear handwriting. "When you acted so about my taking the presidency I warned you that the chairmanship of the executive committee would mean harder work.

"The other was mostly speaking and I should have had my own secretary. As it is, I have to share with the ways-and-means, and their correspondence is terrible. I don't see how I can get away before the middle of May now—if I can then. I'll send the children off in April and go down for week-ends with you, I think."

Peter got up abruptly and left the room—the only discourtesy he permitted himself with Mattie; but all the next day his patient stenographer marveled at the ways of man.

The spring came on early, and its languors and reactions edged the tempers of executive committees and set chairmen by the ears. Professional auditors submitted disquieting, if convincing, reports, and vague plans for a monster benefit performance loomed before the harassed workers.

"Oh, dear, Peter," a weary Mattie reasoned, "don't be so tiresome! Please! It's not money—it hasn't anything to do with money, I tell you! There's plenty of money in New York—plenty. We can get all the money we want for everything. Everybody knows that. It's the time—the time!"

Something in the curious, speculative glance he shot at her alarmed her. Was it possible? Was Peter really criticising her—Mattie? Was he really measuring her, weighing her?

That night in the motor she turned to him casually. "We could go up to the lake with you if you liked—the children and I," she said. "Peep is crazy to go, Fräulein says, and we would do it and back in five days—couldn't we?"

"Five and a half," he answered thoughtfully. "Ye-e-s, that would be very nice. I—I couldn't take Fräulein, though, this trip, Mattie. I'm taking lots more stuff this time; Dicky and I thought we'd go farther back than we've been and rely pretty much on ourselves. I've figured out the number of pounds pretty thoroughly and I can just about get the kids in."

Her lips opened to say: "Very well, then; don't bother—I shouldn't dream of going without Fräulein"; but when the words came—was it pique at his attitude? She never knew—lo, she was replying: "Then I suppose we must manage without her; that's all!"

A month later, exhausted from a racking headache following a stormy board meeting, she climbed into the seat beside him with a sense of positive relief. "Where's Stetson?" she asked. "Won't he sit with the children?"

"Oh, he'll come on by train and take the car back," Peter assured her easily—"no use lugging his weight. And honestly, Mattie, if a nine-year-old boy and a six-year-old girl can't sit in a loaded tonneau without falling out, it's time they learned how!"

She sank back, acquiescent; and, wrapped in the bliss that follows vanished aching, noticed with a faint amusement the strangely fussy farewells of the abandoned Fräulein.

"Anybody'd think we were going for the summer!" she said.

"Yes," said Peter, and the air streamed swiftly by them.

Mattie was always vague as to locality, and Peter's known interest in new routes was the jest of all his friends. "Banff via New Orleans" was said to be his motto; and so, though the waits for gasoline punctuated unfamiliar stretches, though the hotels grew unrecognizable and the chambermaids steadily less capable and more kindly, though spring seemed less and less a promise and more and more a fact accomplished, it was only at the end of the third day that Mattie, who never looked at a map, glanced carelessly at Peter's crossroad quandary and gasped at the state through which she was traveling.

"Ohio!" she cried. "Why, Peter, how can we get to the Adirondacks through Ohio? What's that map?"

Peter smiled through his roofed goggles.

"Adirondacks?" he queried. "Did you think we were going to the lake? I thought I told you, Mat. Dicky and I are going to try Kentucky this time. Didn't you know? Now where on earth is that darned road? It looks like a car-track, he said, but he made it, all right. Then that's as far as I'm sure; but we can ask the rest of the way. It's right over the state line, I think."

"But, Peter, don't you know? What a crazy idea! How will Dicky Varnham meet you? How can Stetson get to us to take me back? What's the name of the place? It's just like two impractical men!"

Peter lit a cigarette.

"Oh, I don't know," he said; "I'm pretty practical, all right, Mat. Dicky's the one that knows the way, really, better than I. It's near Job's Hollow or Toby's Hollow, or something like that. We'll have to poke along and ask the natives after the next fifty miles or so. You don't care—do you, dear?"

Her heart softened. She always grew very fond of Peter on these trips through the open, and the worries of her complicated little life insensibly smoothed away with the tired, solid sleep; the early morning starts when they seemed the only living souls under the blue; the lazy, long luncheons by the road, with hot soup and sandwiches and what the children called "motoring desserts."

"Why, no," she said; "I don't mind, dear, except that I must be back by Tuesday surely. The final allotment of subcommittees for the benefit is to be all settled then, you know. So long as you understand that ——"

"Oh, I understand," he interrupted shortly. And throwing away his cigarette he began to test the tires.

A little wrinkle leaped between her brows.

"If Daddy could only understand that I must keep promises when I make them!" she complained to Peep.

"Well, you promised to go with him—didn't you?" suggested Peter's blond and solid replica. "I want to stay. Can't I, mother? I love to eat in the road. I like it better than Switzerland."

"I don't—I love abroad. Everybody calls me mademoiselle, abroad," piped the baby. "Did you know we all have our bathing suits, Muddy? He told Fräulein ——"

"Don't say he; say father," Mattie corrected mechanically. "I suppose Kentucky is warmer, but we shan't have any time for bathing, children. I must be back on Tuesday." Peter, under the car, cleared his throat.

When even the power of sixty horses had reached its limit in the faint sandy road, they anchored the useless

motor under a providential shed and hired of a noncommittal poor-white a rattletrap buckboard and a weatherworn mule. Standing idle among the wondering towheaded progeny of a silent woman, whose patient, lack-luster eyes seemed older than the pyramids, Mattie watched with a real interest Peter's quick, efficient gestures as he loaded the ramshackle cart, and listened vaguely to his curt directions as to ditching round the shed garage, otherwise, for a wonder, watertight, in case of heavy rain.

Then, filing slowly along the rough road, they started out, the baby throned on the waterproofed bundles, Peep proudly leading the mule, the grown-ups, one on either side.

"I love you in these kinds of clothes, Muddy," quoth Peep suddenly.

"So do I," said Peter briefly.

Mattie swung her short tramping skirt high above her stout, blunt-nosed fishing boots and drove her hands into her deep hip pockets.

"Though I can't see the point for just this little way, Peter," she added. "Did you know we'd have to walk? Do you think Dicky'll be there—when we get there?"

"Can't say." And Peter hit the mule a smart cut.

Afterward Martha remembered that walk as an interminable nightmare that cut them off from the habitable world. Long after she had mutinied; long after Peter had patiently explained that to go back would be harder, to wait for Dicky impracticable; long after she had mounted the buckboard beside the baby; long after Peep had capitulated and joined her; long after they had all three fallen fast asleep did that dreamlike journey endure, Peter tramping tirelessly by the tireless mule, while morning wore to noon and noon wore to mid-afternoon and the shadows turned. They saw no one; they heard nothing. Cowbells had long ceased. Fringing woods had melted insensibly into thickening forest, and when the mule stopped with a bump and the three dozers woke, stiff but indubitably refreshed, the last faint woodtrack had vanished and they stood awed, lost in the silence of the mountains.

A sense of something impending, something that would be different soon, grew curiously strong in Martha. This man, strong and supple in his leatherbound khaki, taciturn under the stained sombrero; this tireless, steady guide, whose eyes never, somehow, met hers—was he her husband?—her Peter, that she "wound round her finger"! No one could be afraid with him; he would never do anything weak or stupid in these woods he loved so—but would he do as she wished?

"We'll have to pack it from here," he said shortly. "I'm afraid of the rain unless we hurry, Mat. Rested?"

"Oh, yes," she assured him quickly; "but how if it gets us, dear? My suit's waterproof—this cloth will hold a gallon of water in my lap, you know—but the children——"

"They'll be all right," he interrupted. "I've got ponchos for them. Here, Peep, give me a hand with this." And before the eyes of the delighted youngsters he unrolled two small but bulging packs and fitted them deftly to each slender pair of shoulders. "And here are your raincoats," he concluded, slipping over their beaming faces the round hole of the light rubber cape. "Will you take this, dear? It's only fifteen pounds."

She stood as still as the children while he adjusted the shoulderstraps of her load, a small guide's pack in basket form, and laid his own, twice its size, near by. With practiced haste he unhitched the wagon, laid army blankets across the strong mule, bound a waterproof bundle on each side and lifted the ecstatic baby on to the middle.

"Can you hang on, Sister?" he queried briefly. And her proud assurances bridged the interval wherein he pushed the old wagon behind the underbrush and heaved his pack upon his back.

"Come on, then," he said. "You go ahead, Peep, and see whether you can find the trail—the way I taught you last year."

"Oh, look! It's as fresh as anything—this blaze!" cried Peep triumphantly; and Mattie's sudden doubt and fear subsided at Peter's easy reply:

"Why, of course. Mr. Varnham went all over this, this winter."

"Oh! Then you do know where we're going, Peter?" she ventured. "I suppose you realize that if I had had any idea we were to be dragged on such a wild-goose chase I should never have dreamed for a moment of coming!"

"I suppose I do," he answered her. Again that curious sense of an impending change came over her.

The trail grew faint, fainter, then disappeared. Peter consulted the back of an old envelope, scowled, meditated deeply, and at length led them backward and round a landmark of an oak, the great roots of which wrapped a lichened boulder.

"Here we are!" he cried. "Now it's only a mile or so, I think."

The mule picked his patient way over trees, fallen and fragrant in decay; along the bed of a tiny stream; through thickets that needed Peter's woodsman's ax. Martha's lips, tight-pressed, uttered no word; the affair was too absurd. Yet there seemed to be no point in argument. Somewhere, now, they must camp for the night and she could not wrangle before the children. Visions of the comfortable camps of the Adirondacks, the full kitchen, the clean beds, the wood chopped and ready, cheered her; and there was, at worst, the satisfaction of proving equal, physically, to this unexpected demand upon her strength. Not every woman could have done it.

A great swish of wind, the rush of the leaves, and the first sharp spat of rain—and then Peter's voice!

"Here it is! Just in time, Peep! Now you can rest, dear, and let it rain all it wants to!"

She stopped, bewildered, and stared about her.

"Oh! Oh! Muddy!" Peep's voice fairly broke with joy. "A cave! A cave in the rocks! See!"

Only the great scudding drops forced her to run after Peter and grope into the opening in the solid cliff before her. Then she stared about her.

She stood in an arched room of stone that might have been five yards in diameter, for it was rudely circular. Against one wall a raised hearth of charred stones and a blackened streak that followed the wall into obscurity indicated that some natural draught had been utilized. Even Peter's six feet could stand clear in the center, and the rough beds of leaves in two farther corners had plenty of headspace. Near the fireplace a crude table of peeled logs and several stumps of the general height of stools furnished this retreat, and a rusty skillet, an iron pot, and a candle stuck into a bottle showed that the den had sheltered human life before now.

"Just as Varnham said!"

Peter's voice was as blandly congratulatory as if the royal suite in some great hotel had, after much diplomacy, been secured—and, indeed, it was no less to the enraptured children. Mattie stared, dazed.

"You mean this is the camp? Here? Are we going to sleep here?" Mattie gasped.

"Surest thing you know," said Peter cheerfully. "Hi! There she comes!" And the rain broke in torrents outside.

She sank in a sort of stupor on one of the least uncomfortable stumps and watched, as from a seat in the parquet, the bustle about her.

The opening in the cave was nearly as high as an ordinary door and quite twice as broad, so that a fairly good light poured in and an overhang of irregular rocky formation kept off all but the most daring of the rainscuds. The shadowy corner behind the entrance proved to be stacked with logs and dried fagots, and of these Peter constructed skillfully a roaring blaze. Running his hands through the heaped leaves in the corner, he announced with satisfaction:

"Good! These leaves are fresh and sweet yet. Dicky must have got 'em from hollows and behind rocks," he explained to the eager Peep. "See these nice pine boughs underneath? Best bed in the world! Unstrap the blankets, son—but here, let's have a sweep-out first."

In an unbelievably short time Peter had bound small spray wood about a branch, and Peep was scattering water unskillfully from his father's sombrero before the onslaughts of this rough-and-ready broom. The floor was hard-trodden clay, as solid as asphalt, and Mattie marveled at the dexterity with which her son caught the litter in an old newspaper and emptied it into the blaze.

Like a woman in a dream she watched Peter unroll the tight parcels, spread heavy blankets on the beds, a pair of sheets on one, army blankets again, and atop of the sheeted one a small air pillow.

"That's for mother," he explained between great puffs; "but you and I don't need one on ours."

"No, indeed!" Peep agreed proudly, puttering among the packs, where the baby chirped contentedly, under foot and persistently housewifely.

"The motor trunk!" Mattie cried suddenly. "I believe it's in the car! And my cold cream is in it! And my—and everything!"

"Not a bit," he beamed on her; "don't you believe it! I knew we couldn't pack the beastly thing, so Fräulein put me up this holdall."

She fell on it and scowled at the wonder of its contents—a laboratory of efficient selection and squeezing.

"But it's my crinkly things that don't iron!" she burst out. "Good heavens, does the woman think I'm to be here all summer! What are the sneakers for? Did she suppose I was in this camping scheme?"

By now the tin cups and plates filled the table; a forked stick cleverly propped between stones leaned cranewise over the lowered fire; bacon, condensed milk, eggs and coffee grouped themselves as by miracle about the cook; and Peep, blissful almost beyond bearing, scrubbed the great iron pot with ashes and water collected by hatfuls in perilous dashes from a near-by rock pool.

"There's a spring a few yards off, according to Varnham," said Peter—"I'll be back in a moment." And he was gone with his own great collapsible camp bucket.

Mattie pottered mechanically among the stores and found herself ranging them along the handy ledges of her rocky pantry. The dry warmth of the fire soothed her, the neat toilet roll and warm blanket wrapper assuaged her rising temper, and it could not be denied that the children were amusing to watch.

Peter and his son fell upon the sack of potatoes that had ballasted the mule, and Peep was intrusted—it being still light and the rain nearly over—with the fascinating responsibility of carrying the peelings to that inscrutable animal, which was stabled, nearly as dry as his masters, in a tiny shack of boughs and unbarked logs beyond the spring.

Then, as wide shafts of red light struck down the green aisles and a fragrant fresh incense rose from the watered earth, they

(Continued on Page 44)

Peter Consulted the Back of an Old Envelope

NEW YEAR'S ADAM AND EVE

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE holiday spirit, celebrated on magazine covers and diamond-dust postcards by a perfect thirty-six model with a June face and a fur tippet flying at a wrong angle from the wind, seeks out the corners just as a careful housewife pries out the dust.

In the interim between Christmas and New Year's the very machines in the Imperial Cloak and Suit Company's workrooms wheezed carols and greetings, and scissors snipped as if busy with mistletoe and gold-paper stars instead of non-shrinkable English tweeds.

There was a red-paper bell fluted like a waffle hanging in the elevator that traveled up to the seventh-floor lofts of the Imperial Cloak and Suit Company; and even before you opened the door immediately opposite the elevator the crazy silhouette of a bit of holly hung against the inside of the doorpane outlined itself on the ground glass.

But a geological eon of time yawns between the day before and the day after Christmas; the dyspeptic spirit of the day after regards with jaded eyes the flushed elf of the day before; shop windows and the front-room Christmas tree take on the aspect of a forty-year-old beauty when she steps out of bed the morning after the ball.

The fluted red bell in the elevator had already taken on a light film of dust, and the sprig of holly crackled its dry leaves when the door opened and wept a few red berries.

When Mr. John Fodde, Altoona, Pennsylvania, entered the Imperial Cloak and Suit Company's lofts the day before New Year's the last three red berries fell and rolled to remote corners; but Mr. Fodde's face was ruddy with December and buoyancy of the flesh.

From behind the light oak partitions came the steady whir and purr of the sewing machines, and from the direction of the small inclosed office the rapid tick-a-tock of a typewriter.

Mr. Fodde leaned his crook-handled umbrella in a corner and opened his muffler; his mustache, the color of the light oak partitions, glistened with tiny globules of moisture from the heavy damp without. He brushed them away with an ample handkerchief, kicked each foot against the rung of a chair, causing small packed cakes of slush to scatter, and coughed deep in his throat.

A door leading to the workrooms swung lightly open and Miss Gertrude Vogelbeck, forelady, entered like a streak of advanced spring.

Her starched shirtwaist, with stiff cuffs and a small patch-pocket over the region of her heart, rose above the svelte black tailor-made skirt; the white of her neck showed over the white of her stiff standing collar and put it to shame. Miss Vogelbeck's hair, full of waves, was smooth and close-drawn until the ripples appeared as flat as the blue veins in Carrara marble; there was a frank touch of gray at each temple which the flower-like softness of her skin denied.

"Howdy-do, Miss Gertie?" cried Mr. Fodde.

There were pleasure and admiration in his voice. He peeled off his dogskin gloves five fingers at a jerk and extended his hand; his smile was the smile of one who anticipates that his presence is a well-timed surprise.

"Well, Mr. Fodde, who'd have thought of seein' you here between seasons!"

They shook hands vigorously, Mr. Fodde exhaling an atmosphere of cheer and wet overcoat.

"Didn't expect to see myself here for another six weeks!" he exclaimed. "But, Lordy! just before the holidays along comes the Parisian Drygoods Company smash-up, and I made up my mind in two hours to come on and see what I could pick up."

"Quite a few of our buyers came on for that sale; it was a big failure—wasn't it?"

"It was that; but I could have told you they looked wabbly a year ago. I picked up a lot of odds and ends for a song; got a select line of wash silks and crossbar muslins—job lot—that I can run for a midwinter clearing sale and more than pay for my time and trouble."

"That's why you got such a fine business there in Altoona, Mr. Fodde—you're one of the wideawake merchants."

"Yes; but the deal has cost me my Christmas at home with the youngsters and a lonesome week in the lonesomest town on earth."

"Lonesomest town on earth is good!" agreed Miss Vogelbeck.

"It don't look like I'm going to finish up for another week neither. I got my eye on some of them fixtures in the showrooms, and I'm waitin' round to see if the receivers are open for a offer."

"If I Don't Get the Swellest Pair of Seats That Show's Got, Altoona Ain't on the Map"

"I'm sorry Mr. Ehrenfest ain't in town right now; but he's spendin' the holidays out in Kansas City with his wife's family, and Mr. Gross is at the mills. We ain't showin' no advance styles yet, but maybe I could interest you in some of our late winter goods."

"That's all right, Miss Gertie; I ain't here to talk business anyway. I just dropped in to pick up something fer them youngsters—I promised 'em both them newfangled plaid ulsters that the kids in our town are wearin', and it'll be worth my thumb to go home without them."

"Bless their little hearts!" said Miss Gertrude Vogelbeck. "I guess they're big girls now—ain't they?"

"Big! Didn't I take ten-year-old-size cloaks out of stock for both of 'em early in the season, and bless me if the oldest one's reaches to her knees now!"

"My!" said Miss Vogelbeck. "Ain't they growin'!"

"I got the two greatest kids there you ever seen in your life, if I do say it myself! That little Janie o' mine's got her own paw beat when it comes to readin' and geography."

"I'm sorry, but we ain't got no plaids in stock right now, Mr. Fodde. You see, it's pretty late for them goods. But I got some neat little sample twelve-year-old sizes in hunter's reds and greens, ninety-eight-fifty a dozen, that are well liked."

"Honest now?" said Mr. Fodde, a shade of disappointment in his voice. "And that there little Janie o' mine had her heart set on a plaid one with buttons as big as dollars."

"Now ain't that a shame!"

"Them there youngsters lead their daddy a chase, all righty! That little minx Addie wrote me a letter better'n I could write one myself, tellin' me to send her one o' them pink knit skating caps for the Sunday-school outdoor party Thursday night; and I have been hunting half the afternoon tryin' to find one, wholesale or retail. They got 'em in all other colors but pink; an' if she don't get her cap and Janie her cloak it'll break their little hearts."

"Can't I show you some of those red and green cloaks, Mr. Fodde?"

"I'll look at one of the red ones for Addie—she ain't so dead set in her thinkin' as Janie."

They browsed about the showroom, Miss Vogelbeck sliding back glass doors and pushing various models and sizes forward along the rail.

"Looks like I'm puttin' you to heaps of trouble, Miss Gertie."

"No trouble at all, Mr. Fodde; I always take care of the trade in slack season when Mr. Ehrenfest and Mr. Gross are gone."

She draped a small red coat over the felt-topped table and swung back the revers, displaying a black silk lining.

"There's a little coat that was a good holiday seller, Mr. Fodde—a twelve-year-old size and the last we got in stock; there's a garment that retails from fifteen to twenty dollars."

"Good!" he cried, slapping his thigh. "That'll be nice and warm for the baby. Wouldn't mind a few fer stock if it was earlier—it's a real select little thing."

Miss Vogelbeck ruminated again.

"Ain't it a shame now that we ain't got nothin' in plaids! I just can't bear to have that kid disappointed. If you ain't goin' back for a week, Mr. Fodde, s'pose you let us make you up one—Mr. Ehrenfest would want us to do that much for a customer."

Mr. Fodde regarded her with warming eyes.

The drab, gray daylight, heavy with mist, pressed against the windowpanes and mingled wan rays with the hard white of the showroom arc lights; but the pink flesh-tints of Miss Vogelbeck's complexion persisted bravely—the inside of her mouth when she smiled was fresh and dark red as a cherry.

"Thanks, Miss Gertie; it'll be a favor to me and save me huntin' elsewhere. You oughta seen the way them plaids you put on me last fall went! We ain't had a better seller'n that for seasons back."

"You've had a good season—haven't you, Mr. Fodde?"

"Nothin' to complain about—nothin' to complain about. Since I was here buyin' last August we've put some real up-to-date improvements in the store."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes; I got a new brick front on her—wouldn't look bad right here in New York; and we put some new mahogany fixtures up in the millinery that I ain't seen the like of East. Maybe you noticed—there's a swell picture of the store, with a bunch of us standin' in the doorway, in this month's Retailers' Gazette."

"I think I did notice it. Altoona's quite a little town—ain't it, Mr. Fodde?"

"Town! Say, we got a burg there that'll put New York off the map when it comes to a new crosstown sewer the Citizens Improvement Association built last spring; and, as for homes, we got houses in our town with verandas

"Say, Gertie, Button Me Up, Please!"

built round 'em and three coats of paint put on every other spring! We make you New Yorkers look like a bunch of cliffdwellers."

"That's the real way to live, I think, Mr. Fodde; plenty of fresh air and yards and things."

"Town! Maybe we ain't got no Forty-second Street—and that ain't sayin' Main Street's a country lane neither; but I can sit in my front yard of a Wednesday evenin' in shirtsleeves and a palmleaf fan, with the hose propped up over the back of the lawn bench, squirtin' the lilac bush, and say 'Hi!' to more people passin' to prayer meetin' than you could if you walked up and down Broadway from now till Easter!"

"Right!" exclaimed Miss Vogelbeck. "Say, if I let out a eighth of a inch more of smile between here and my boarding house I'd have so much human waste material in my path in the way of uninvited escorts that I'd have the Belle of New York beat for proper!"

"Ain't that a shame now!" said Mr. Fodde.

"I been wearin' a face like a sphinx so long I think I've turned to stone inside and that my brain is petrified!"

Mr. Fodde clucked in a sympathetic fashion.

"I'm afraid this here sleeve's too long, Mr. Fodde." Miss Vogelbeck ran her hand contemplatively through the little sleeve and turned it inside out. "There," she said—"a tuck right over the cuff won't show, and it'll make Addie more comfy. There ain't nothin' so irritatin' to a child as sleeves that are too long."

He came close to her—so close that only the small woolen garment was between their faces.

"Say, Miss Gertie," he said with a new quality in his voice, "tonight's New Year's Eve."

"Yes," replied Miss Vogelbeck. "Happy New Year to you!"

"Had you planned anything tonight to welcome in the New Year, Miss Gertie? Goin' to celebrate with some friends, I suppose?"

She colored up a bit.

"I had thought some of goin' to the First Church services if one of the girls would go with me; but I ain't got no plans in particular—I ain't the kind that knows many people."

"If you ain't got nothin' particular to do I wish you'd celebrate with me—it's darn lonesome for a fellow like me away from home and the kids; but I guess you ain't got no time for a old one like me?"

"Aw, Mr. Fodde, any time you're a old one!"

"Well," he said, smiling down his embarrassment, "I guess we're both sort of lonesome tonight—ain't it?"

"It won't be the first time I've helped fill in a evening with a customer who was homesick for his wife and kiddies."

She smiled with a semi-bitterness that veiled itself behind raillery.

"What shows ain't you seen, Miss Gertie?"

"Me!—I ain't seen none this winter except the Weissenheimer Kids at the Olympic and the show at the Hippodrome."

"I'm the kind that likes a funny show—how are you on that? I ain't a fellow for your highfalutin talkin' shows. Gimme skirts and plenty of 'em; ginger and plenty of it, with music that tickles your ears and a good-lookin' first row—ain't I right, Miss Gertie?"

Mr. Fodde made a chuckling, playful noise in his throat and quirked the corner of one eye at Miss Vogelbeck in a sly wink.

"I like a funny show too," agreed Miss Vogelbeck. "The shippin' clerk was tellin' me there's a fine show at the Longacre—The Giddy Widow—with lots of swell new song hits in it."

"Good!" he cried. "We'll get seats for The Giddy Widow if I have to build 'em in myself."

"It ain't no easy matter to get seats for a show in New York on New Year's Eve. Our shippin' clerk was telephonin' most o' yesterday morning tryin' to get balcony seats for him and his wife; but he couldn't get nothin' except fifth row at the Empire Theater for some highbrow show that makes a specialty of usin' silver polish on the English language."

Mr. Fodde folded his double-breasted overcoat across his ample bosom and inhaled like a pouter pigeon.

"Leave it to me! There ain't nothin' in this town money won't buy; and if I don't get the swellest pair of seats that show's got before night, Altoona ain't on the map."

"This is a great town on New Year's Eve! I walked down Broadway last year and it was so jammed—honest, me and my girl friend were nearly crushed!"

"I'm goin' to call round for you in a glass wagon, Miss Gertie; we're goin' to do New Year's Eve from soup to nuts."

A faint pink of excitement dyed her face. She wrote her address on a bit of paper and fluttered it into his hand.

"I'll be ready," said Miss Vogelbeck.

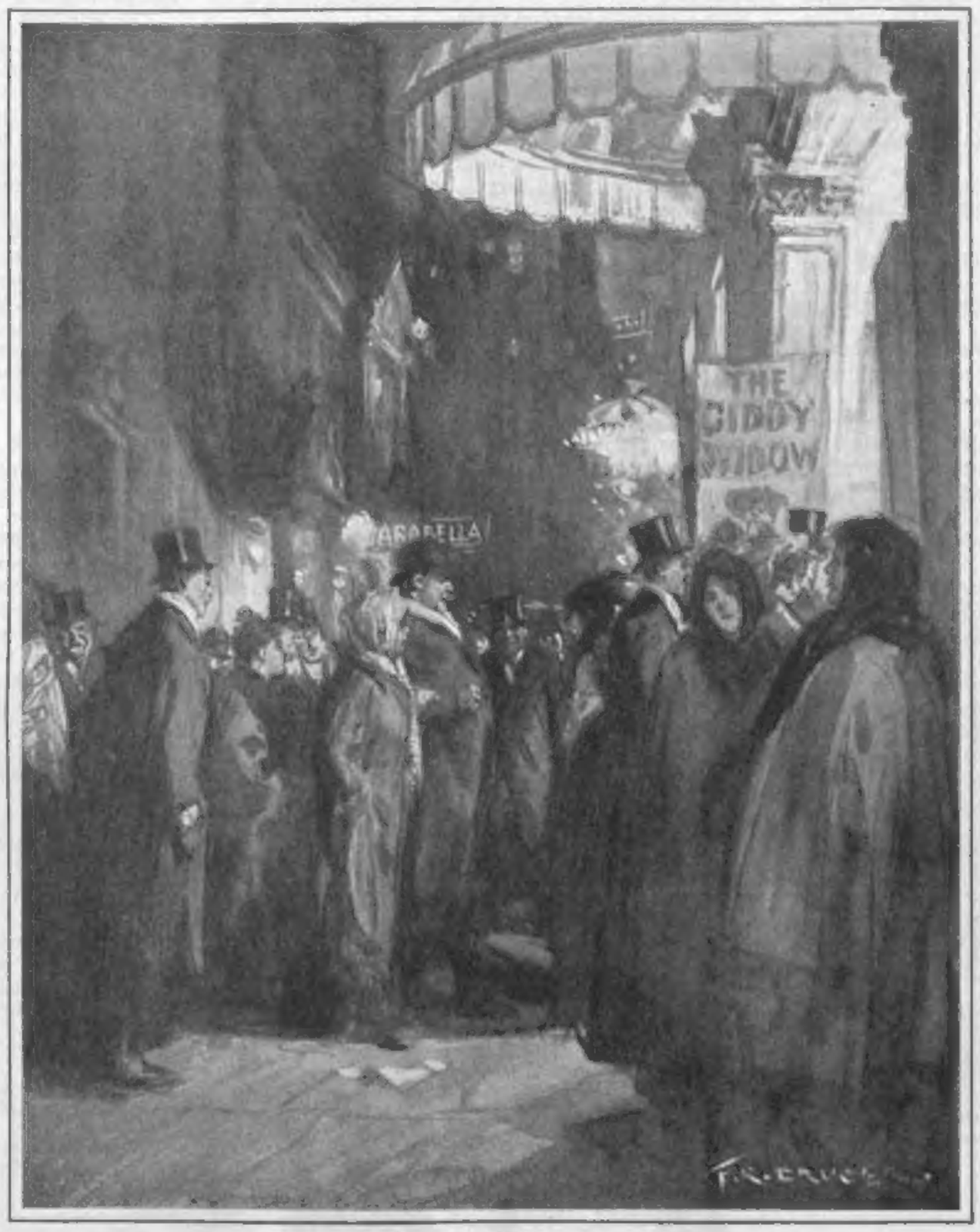
"Shall I leave them orders to you, then, Miss Gertie?"

"Yes, Mr. Fodde." She wrote out a cardboard tag and fastened it in a buttonhole of the cloak. He smiled at her once, twice—hunched snugger into his warm overcoat, and sought out his umbrella in the corner.

"See you later—round eight o'clock, Miss Gertie."

"Yes, Mr. Fodde."

"Any particular hotel or restaurant you'd like to go to for supper? I guess a fellow's got to engage ahead tonight."



They Passed Into the Theater

"I ain't got no particular choice, Mr. Fodde; I only been to the Red Inn and to Ludlow's once or twice, when a couple of buyers' conventions were on."

"Well, then, leave it to me," announced Mr. Fodde grandiloquently. "It's like Mary and the kids say about me—I ain't so slow as I look."

"They'll all be missin' you some tonight—won't they, Mr. Fodde?"

"Oh, they'll miss their daddy, all right! I'm goin' to bring some pictures of 'em round with me tonight and show 'em to you, Miss Gertie; I got 'em back in the hotel in my bag. I don't want to brag, but I've seen a whole lot worse than mine. I got a picture o' my place, too, that I'm goin' to show you."

"That'll be fine, Mr. Fodde."

"So-long!"

"Good-by!"

After the elevator had soughed down Miss Vogelbeck returned to the showroom and tweaked off the lights. In the gray her face was suddenly tired and lifeless; she picked up the red coat, flung it over her arm and went toward the workrooms.

At seven o'clock on New Year's Eve Miss Gertrude Vogelbeck, in her neatly furnished second-story front—running water, southern exposure and first-class table service—removed her starched shirtwaist, slipped out of her black tailored skirt and hung it over a wooden hanger. Then she opened her kid shoes, jerking them from the top button down, until they unfastened with a series of rapid pops, and slid her stockinged feet into a pair of dark-blue flannel slippers.

Next she loosed her hair and the released ripples sprang to their natural waves. The sing of the gasjet adjoining Miss Vogelbeck's dressing table came to her with a mournful insistency—it was out of tune and harsh, like her own nerves.

The shower of hair falling over her shoulders and down her arms, with the white streaks at the temples reaching back like the hairline strokes in a Japanese print, enveloped Miss Vogelbeck like a veil. Scant, hot tears blurred her image in the mirror.

Then Miss Vogelbeck turned the gas lower, so that the singing ceased, and going down on all fours dragged a large dust-covered box from under the bed. From a tissue-paper nest she removed a black silk gown, with the sleeves stuffed out with more tissue paper; a long, decent black serge coat; a pale pink ruff that might have belonged to Marie Antoinette; and, last, a white net Arabian scarf embroidered all over with small silver sequins.

Without, the advance guard of the coming year was already tooting reveille; hoarse, squawking horns and shrill soprano calls passed in the street beneath her window. Off somewhere bells jangled; and with something akin to excitement Miss Vogelbeck drew apart the nicely starched lace curtains at her window and glanced out.

The mist had lifted and the damp had congealed to cold—she could tell by the light film of ice that was forming in the corners of the window-panes, and the heels of passers-by clicked sharply on the dry sidewalks.

The phalanx of brownstone fronts across the street showed square patches of yellow light in all their four stories, as on party and wedding nights, and the squawk-squawk of horns grew more insistent.

Some one knocked at her door. Miss Vogelbeck slipped into a light sacque and, holding it together at the throat, peered cautiously through an inch of reluctantly opened door.

"Well, if it ain't Mae!"

The little public stenographer from the third floor back was scintillating outside like an expectant hummingbird, her small face and bare arms uncertainly defined by the bead of gaslight in the hall.

Boarding-house halls and misers' cellars are lighted by the same degree of candle-power.

"Say, Gertie, button me up, please!"

Miss Vogelbeck opened her door wide.

"Well, Mae Biffin, if you don't look swell!"

Miss Biffin revolved like a doll automaton; some small crystal beads on the pink bodice of her gown quivered like tiny dewdrops; her eyes were night-blue and full of lights.

"Honest, Gert, do you like it? I'm afraid it looks pretty cheap to you, with your twenty-five a week and tailor-mades and all."

Miss Biffin turned her trim back to Miss Vogelbeck, placed her hands on her hips, pressed and breathed inward, thereby reducing her waist-line to lowest terms.

Miss Vogelbeck, with the red of exertion forced up into her face, finally spanned the small circumference and patted a bow deftly into place.

"Mae," she said, "take it from me, you look swell—it looks as good as Sadie's twenty-two-dollar dress!"

"It ain't bad—is it?" agreed Miss Biffin, expressing an exaggerated enthusiasm in negative terms.

She regarded herself in the large tarnished framed mirror that tilted above Miss Vogelbeck's marble mantelpiece.

"If I could afford a room like yours, Gert, I could get a better line on myself—believe me, it ain't no fun tryin' to dress for theater in a two-by-four! But, honest, Gertie, it don't look like it only cost four-seventy, does it?—four-seventy, with this band of bead trimming and all!"

"Four-seventy!" repeated Miss Vogelbeck. "If I didn't know you made it yourself I'd think you and Sadie bought yours together."

"Say, won't Charlie's face be a map of Germany when he sees me? I ain't said a word to him about the dress—he thinks I'm going to wear my old white; and he's that crazy about pink, he is! I always say I'm goin' to furnish up the flat in pink if he ever gets his raise."

On a sudden impulse Miss Vogelbeck lifted the pink ruff off the bed—it was filmy as a dream.

"Here, you wear this tonight, Mae; it'll go fine with your dress."

Miss Biffin's eyes widened and she took it shyly.

"Oh!" she said. "I thought, seein' it there, maybe you was goin' out, Gert."

"Oh, where I'm goin' I don't want to wear it, Mae. I ain't got nothin' pink to go with it."

Her friend took it with a show of reluctance that poorly disguised her eagerness.

"Well, I wouldn't rob you for worlds, Gert!"

However, she snuggled her face in the pink ruche until it peeped out like the heart of a flower.

"Gee!" she said wishfully. "Don't I wish I had a swell job like yours! That there black silk makes this look like paper muslin—I bet you're going out with a swell!"

"My gentleman friend for tonight," replied Miss Vogelbeck, resolutely putting Mary and the kiddies out of her mind, "is Mr. John Fodde, of the Busy Bee, one of the large stores in Altoona, Pennsylvania—he's one of our select customers."

"Believe me," said Miss Biffin impressively, "if anything like that came my way Charlie and his raise would be under the Z's in my dictionary."

She kissed Miss Vogelbeck lightly on the cheek and opened the door.

"Happy New Year!" she called, scooting down the hallway and up a flight of stairs.

"Happy New Year!" replied Miss Vogelbeck, closing the door. Then a tear trickled, but she caught it in time and saved her smoothly powdered cheeks.

Miss Vogelbeck's gown was an echo from two years before, but it fit her trigly and her white shoulders rose from the black bodice like a calla lily out of a black vase.

She was ready too soon, and her cheeks pinked, paled and pinked again as she sat waiting. Cabs scooted in the street; one drew up at the opposite curb and she leaned forward for a moment in her chair and peered out, but a figure in a high hat and long overcoat ran down a flight of steps, said a few rapid words to the chauffeur, and the cab sped into the darkness. She heard Miss Biffin's Sh-sh! down the stairs and the trill and twit of her laughter. A man's voice ejaculated; the street door slammed, then the click of heels on the sidewalk and more laughter!

Then Miss Vogelbeck set her dressing-table top aright, placed her neat German silver articles in a row, replaced the glass cover on her powder dish, and folded back the coverlets of her bed like the flap of an envelope so that the sheets invited her in between.

In the pellmell of a small drawer in her dressing table she came across a red cotton rose, which she held against her bosom and then tried the effect in her hair. The irony of her preening and pecking came over her with a rush, and she replaced the rose in the drawer, sat down beside the window and waited.

At eight o'clock Mr. Fodde arrived. Miss Vogelbeck slipped into the black cloth coat, wrapped her head in the spangled scarf, returned to her dressing table for a small tissue-paper-wrapped package, which she placed in the lining pocket of her coat, and descended to the hall, pushing on her gloves as she went.

Mr. Fodde rose from the halltree—he wore the hat and overcoat she had seen earlier in the day, but the white muffler and black trousers were pleasantly suggestive. He was close-shaved to a babyish pink and exhaled a genial atmosphere of bay rum.

They went out together into the sharp starry evening; at the curb a green taxicab chugged away the moments and the fare. They climbed in; the door clicked sharply; the car plunged forward, jerking them back against the upholstery, turned about with a great snorting and coughing, and suddenly glided swiftly down the narrow street.

The nippy air blew in their faces and stirred her hair.

"Want that window down, Miss Gertie?"

"No, thank you," she replied dreamily. Life was suddenly rubber-tired, riding evenly and with a low purring.

"I told you I'd get the tickets—didn't I?" chuckled Mr. Fodde. "It's just like I said—there ain't nothin' money won't buy!"

"Oh, I knew you'd get what you set out after, Mr. Fodde."

"I saw there wasn't a chance at the box-office, so I went back and says to the hotel clerk, I says: 'Here, I am payin' six dollars a day for room and bath, and it looks like it's up to you fellows who are eatin' holes in my pocketbook to see that I get them tickets.'"

"Did you say that to 'em, Mr. Fodde?"

"Did I say it!—and plenty more. I says to 'em, I says: 'You fellows may not know that Altoona's on the map or that there's a country known as America west of New York, but just the same it's that little section of real estate outside this blamed town that keeps these here marble palaces goin'!"

Miss Vogelbeck laughed again.

"Oh, Mr. Fodde," she cried, "ain't you killin'! It's just like Mr. Gross and Mr. Ehrenfest says—they just love to see you come in, because you always put us all in a good humor."

"Well, I got the tickets all right. It wasn't twenty minutes before they were in my vest pocket, so secure, darned if I didn't most forget 'em when I slid into my clawhammer coat."

"That would have been a joke on you, Mr. Fodde!"

He regarded her in the dim interior of the cab and inclined ever so slightly in her direction.

"If you don't mind my sayin' it, Miss Gertie, you're lookin' as pretty as a hothouse peach tonight!"

For a moment a vague distrust shot over her, but she smiled with a small pucker between her eyes.

"I always tell Mr. Ehrenfest he ought to raise my wages for helpin' customers fill in evenings; and ——"

"Aw, come now, Miss Gertie, you ain't comparin' me with them buyers and drummers—are you? If you knew how long it was since I had a young lady out —— Lordy! If Mary and the kids could see me this evening!"

They both laughed.

"You're safe with me!" she exclaimed.

They turned suddenly into the flux of Broadway, their cab squawking and tooting its warning.

The streets and sidewalks were packed with slow-surging humanity—a humanity blithely forgetting the whacks and bruises of the past and turning shining, full-of-hope faces toward the about-to-be-born year—brave faces, smiling through the wales and welts of old years into the perennial promise of the new.

"Ain't it wonderful!" whispered Miss Vogelbeck.

"After all, there's only one little old New York!" said Mr. Fodde, intent upon exploding a new bomb of thought.

Their cab crept through the traffic-congested streets; lights challenged the arch of night with empyrean whiteness; illuminated signs heralded perfect breakfast foods, patent garters and world-wonder toothbrushes, and put to candle-power shame the somewhat older institutions of Saturn and the Milky Way.

They passed into the theater; men in Inverness coats and high hats crowded about the ticket window; women trailed filmy gowns over the mosaic floor; within, the delicate perfume of warmth and plush greeted them, and Miss Vogelbeck unwound her head and patted her smooth ripples into place. Mr. Fodde slid out of his greatcoat and checked it. His evening clothes were cut of a period fifteen years old; his heavy gold shirtstuds and gold watch-chain with a crystal charm reflected that same period. He shot his cuffs and smiled at the trim girl usher.

"Show us our seats, sister," he said.

They sat in the third row. Mr. Fodde hitched about in his chair and regarded the house frankly.

"Lordy," he said, "ain't the women rigged though!"

Miss Vogelbeck glanced out of the corners of her eyes in a more conservative fashion.

"Yes; it sure looks like the four hundred is here tonight—don't it?"

She let her eyes linger on a figure in a white fur wrap with diamond-tipped aigrettes quivering in her hair, and beside her a pink-cheeked brunette in a gown and head-dress fashioned like a poinsettia.

"It ain't none too good for us!" chuckled Mr. Fodde, curving a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles behind his ears and turning to the program.

The sensuous fragrance of oriental perfumes came to Miss Vogelbeck; points of light gleamed from the hearts of jewels that flashed on women's arms and bosoms. In the soft-draped boxes men in wide white shirtfronts peered over the gleaming shoulders and elaborate coiffures of women. From the gallery came the double hoot of a horn, and a wave of laughter rippled lightly over the lower floor. The orchestra broke into lilty music; the house lights died out with the languor of one drooping off to dreams; the footlights flashed up, and the painted curtain, joyous with fays and fauns and drifting flowers, rose slowly.

Forty Assyrian maidens, recruited from New York, Brooklyn and Chicago, poised forty paper urns on forty bare shoulders and sang of nothing in particular.

Mr. Fodde leaned forward in his chair. "Gee!" he said audibly. "If Mary could only see me now!"

"Sh-sh-h-h-h!" said Miss Vogelbeck, nudging him with her elbow.

A blond siren in gauze skirts fluttered out from a papier-mâché grotto. Mr. Fodde settled to silence.

Even during the intervals between the acts Miss Vogelbeck was inclined to silence. The comings and goings, the low hum of laughter and conversation, the obvious coquetries of the poinsettia brunette and the companion at her shoulder interested her. Mr. Fodde read aloud the jokes printed in the program and rehearsed the scenes.

"That's one thing I gotta admit about Altoona—we don't get these here shows. I put my name down for a hundred and twenty-five for a opery-house subscription once, but somehow the thing fell through."

"Is that so?"

The man at the brunette's shoulder leaned white-gloved hands on the slender gold back of her chair, whispered something, looked something, and regarded the face beneath the red head-dress with low-lidded admiring eyes. A telltale flush flooded the face and neck above the crimson gown, and the brunette whispered something behind the plumes of her fan that set the entire boxful laughing.

" . . . for the Altoona fire department!" Mr. Fodde was saying.

"Is that so?" repeated Miss Vogelbeck.

During the last act, with the odor of sandalwood and deep-pile plush in her nostrils and the rhythm of the music lulling her senses, a pleasant inertia enveloped Miss Vogelbeck. She let the heaviness of the present slip from her like a cloak, and she drifted in a fragrant effluvium with half-closed eyes and smiling lips. The black protecting shoulder at her right loomed pleasantly. She could feel it prick her bare arm where her long glove ended.

A crash of cymbals and bass drums, and the lights flashed on! In a medley of scattered hand-clapping and banging of chairseats she saw Mr. Fodde's pink face regarding her in amusement.

"That was some show—wasn't it, sister?" said he.

"It was that!" Miss Vogelbeck agreed.

"You ain't tired—are you?"

He Exhaled a Genial Atmosphere of Bay Rum

"Tired!" she protested, while he helped her into her long black coat and while she struggled for her bearings. "No; I ain't tired."

"This ain't no time to be tired," amended Mr. Fodde, "'cause we're goin' to have the slickest little New Year's Eve party you ever seen in your life!" He regarded his two-pound gold watch. "One hour and forty minutes left of the Old Year."

In the crush of the aisles his arm closed over hers and he carefully guided her out. Furs brushed her cheeks and all about them was the gentle whisper of soft stuffs trailing on soft carpets.

Miss Vogelbeck's own black silk, with the Mechlin lace trimmings, lost caste like a paste jewel in a cluster of gems; but, in turn, the delicate pink of her cheeks persisted and contrasted with the cheeks about her like pink rose petals with the dew on them contrast with the red petals of a factory-made rose.

They waited in the drafty foyer for their cab. Mr. Fodde drew her collar closer about her neck and sought out a sheltered corner behind a large easel displaying flowery scenes and climaxes from the Giddy Widow.

"Wait here," he said, "and I'll get us fixed up."

She waited, with the sharp air biting her face. Couples drifted past her, the arms of the women curved round the elbows of the men; cabs filled, smiling faces showing against the windows in passing silhouette; the din from the streets was like a joyous prelude.

When Mr. Fodde returned to her side he was glowing with cold and excitement.

"I got us fixed up!" he cried. "Come, let's hurry. Lordy! You ought to see the crowds outside!"

They were carried along the sidewalk in a human tide; feather dusters flashed in their faces until they could taste the gay-colored plumes; confetti showered like iridescent rain over their shoulders and caught like dewdrops on Miss Vogelbeck's hair—one bit of gay-colored paper poised in a comic splotch in Mr. Fodde's light-colored mustache.

They hurried into their cab, with the crowd barking at their heels, and crept down the street with the same crowd surging in and about them and overflowing the crossings. In the narrow cañon of Broadway, to the clang and bang of street cars and screeching of horns, New York was burying the year with raucous shouts and tickling feather dusters.

"I got a little table for two reserved at the Ascott, where I'm stopping"

"Oh!" said Miss Vogelbeck in mellow-voiced delight. "I've never been to the Ascott."

"Honest now—ain't you?" replied Mr. Fodde in polite surprise.

"Never," she repeated.

"Lordy!" said Mr. Fodde, glancing out. "I wonder what them kids of mine would say if they saw all these lights and taxis and fine clothes."

"They wouldn't know what to make of it; but they're better off in their little beds anyway."

"That's where you're right, Miss Vogelbeck." He leaned back and thrust his hands into his pockets. "But, say, you talk about smart young ones, Miss Gertie! I'll bet if Janie saw this here sight she could describe everything just like a grown person. She's got 'em all beat when it comes to learnin' – first in her classes all the time. Wasn't her teacher in the store last week, and didn't she tell me that girl o' mine was the leader in readin' and 'rithmetic from one week to the next!"

Mr. Fodde fingered his crystal watch-charm and regarded the small red flag of the taximeter with unseeing eyes.

"Now take Aggie," he continued—"she's more retirin'-like; but, say, I got her takin' eloquotion lessons from old Nellie Fry, who taught me readin' forty years ago, and you ought to hear her recitin' the piece she was learnin' for Christmas there before I left home—the best thing you ever heard, motions and all!"

"Gee!" said Miss Vogelbeck shyly. "I like kids too; we got a little fellow in the office—he's sharp like that too. I got him a book of children's verses for Christmas and you ought to hear him recitin' them to me at lunchtime. Some kids are real bright."

And so they rolled down Broadway, these two, with eyes that were full of dreams, and the about-to-be-born year trembled on the brink of dawn.

In the polished granite lobby of the Ascott Hotel the scarf fell from Miss Vogelbeck's hair and rested lightly on her shoulders. The lobby of the Ascott Hotel was a cross between a ballroom and the entrance to a bank with a seven-figure capitalization. The shining floor reflected a light-studded ceiling; conventional groups of palms were banked round bronze-and-granite columns.

In the dining hall there was more bronze and granite; bowl-shaped crystal chandeliers, large as witches' caldrons, titillated with a thousand glass prisms; music drifted out from fern-banked balconies, and frail glasses rang. Over the vast room, like large raindrops that spat down in advance of a downpour, came the pop-pop of corks and the soft sing of wine seething into glasses.

A small table, with a red-shaded candlestick, bore Mr. Fodde's name in black letters on an embossed card. They drew up opposite one another in smiling-lipped expectancy, then he rose and must exchange places with her.

"You sit on this side where you can see the door—the womenfolks are great on seein' styles and things."

"Oh, Mr. Fodde, how you do think of every little thing!"

She unfolded her napkin, larger and stiffer and shinier than any she had ever seen. He did likewise, cramming one corner between the buttons of his waistcoat. She placed her own quietly across her lap and took a sip of clear, cold water from a thin-sided tumbler. Then she leaned back and crossed her hands over her napkin.

The group including the woman in the white fur wrap and her crimson-gowned companion trailed past their table in low-cut gowns and the scintillating, sparkling head-dresses. They gathered about an adjoining table;

(Continued on Page 72)

THE SOB SISTER

By Maximilian Foster

He Had Quarreled Furiously With His Wife

HER name was Aggie Mangin McCue, and once a day at least, every day in the year, her picture appeared in the pages of a New York morning newspaper. The paper was the Daily Blatt, we'll say; and Aggie's other name was Berenice Warrington, copyrighted. She was, in short, a lady reporter operating under a nom de plume. Candor also admits that she was the star performer of the daily's well-known seven sob sisters.

The term may need a definition. Arguing, then, that this is a hard world, and that whoever can soften it is entitled to a trading stamp, it was Aggie's *métier* to earn it. Her medium was tears—that is, Aggie supplied the medium and you supplied the tears; and in doing this Aggie took the dust from no one—Dorothy Donnelly and Duse included. Only Aggie's art was, of course, the written art, not the mere mimicry of the footlights. She could have tackled, in fact, a meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, so that the morning after there would not have been a dry eye at any breakfast table, not to say in the Subway. And, as for suicides—these or a manslaughter under sentimental circumstances—why, Aggie ——

Never mind about that, though. The world was Aggie's onion, and whenever she started in to peel it tears followed in her wake like water from a sprinkling cart. Consequently every Saturday at one Aggie went downstairs to the cashier's window where, as a reward of merit, she signed for a thick manila envelope. In it were four ten-dollar bills. These she placed under the notebook, the powder puff and the apple in her reticule; and then, if no one that morning had happened to kill himself, the wife or little tots, Aggie took the Green and Gates Avenue surface to her home. On arriving there she removed first her shoes, then her near Doucet pannier. Afterward she did a little housekeeping, her domestic surroundings being what her sister artists would have written of as bijou—that is, they comprised a parlor and a kitchenette, as well as a bathroom and a cat. By day one perhaps noted the absence of a bedroom, but a davenport in the parlor met the deficiency at night. As for the cat, its name was Ellen Key and Aggie had found it one evening at midnight, when she was attending a *recherché* little coroner's party over on the riverfront. Ellen was, in fact, Aggie's only companion in her somewhat secluded home life, though no one need wonder at that. As Aggie herself would have told you, a public career like hers is almost sure to cultivate a taste for privacy in the home—that is, one's own home, of course.

There was this that was queer, though—Aggie had never married. Neither did it seem likely she would, for no longer the first bloom of maidenhood blushed on Aggie's cheek. She was, in short, as the Blatt's other ladies freely whispered, "thirty-two—going on thirty-eight."

But Aggie never seemed to mind.

"Look here, my girl!" Dunstan, the city editor, said to her. "You know what forty—or at the most forty-five—means in this stonemill, don't you?"

"For muh?" Aggie lightly inquired.

Dunstan nodded.

"For any woman."

"Why, yes!" laughed Aggie. "It's yours for the scrapheap, girlie!" Then she stared down at him curiously. "What's the josh, Dunstan?"

The city editor was a small grim personage whose face looked as if his feet hurt him. They did too. Early in his career he had contracted rheumatism from vigils at the deathbeds—or doorsteps rather—of the dying great; and his men hated him. They could not deny, though, that he got out the best paper the Blatt had ever issued, or that he was considerate of the women he employed. After fumbling with a pencil he looked up suddenly.

"You're the best writer on my staff," he said deliberately, "but I'll tell you this—somewhere in the world, my girl, some man must be waiting to say to you: 'Aggie, you're wasting your time!'"

A faint color crept into Aggie's face; and for an instant the swing, the swagger, the air of knowing wiseness, were put from her like a garment.

"Marry—me?" Aggie echoed faintly.

He nodded, and Aggie leaned forward and touched him on the arm.

"Say," she inquired, "have you ever seen my face?"

Then before he could answer an ironic laugh burst from Aggie, and she was her old, bantering, self-assured self again.

"Nix, Dunstan!" she rattled playfully. "So long as I keep my strength I guess I'll draw my envelope unhelped."

There was often, though, more truth than poetry in Aggie's playfulness, as this in point suggested. Of the Daily Blatt's seven sob sisters six had husbands; and of the six it was a more or less queer coincidence that five were supported by their wives. As for the sixth, he had

quarreled furiously with his wife, and flitted with the cashier of a moving-picture show. No; Aggie had never married.

This, in fine, was the situation the year that Crawley joined the Blatt's art department. It was also the eleventh year of Aggie's employment and the time she wrote the first of her two famous Christmas stories. The least said of Crawley, the better.

Tale number one—it was a news story—appeared on the Blatt's front page the morning before Christmas Day. Sent by Mail! was the heading, and it was flanked by a divorce in high life and a prizefight in low life. Traveling in such distinguished company, anything short of spicy would have had hard work to get a hearing. This did. It was the story of a little child.

The tale was pure art. Not once did it mention "little tots." Not once did it speak of "baby lisps" or "chubby faces." Neither did the eye start or the gorge revolt at the Josh Billings pathos of "muvver," "favver," "bruvver." That morning thousands read—then they wept; and, all unconscious of the havoc she'd created, that morning, too, Aggie sat up in bed and pointed an accusing finger at Ellen Key.

"You scraggy chromo!" she remarked. "I don't believe you either care a snip of your tail for me!"

The story, however, was this: Late in the dusk the day before, the child had appeared at a window in the post-office and had asked to have mailed to his brother a little woolly lamb. It's a shame, of course, to wreck like this Aggie's priceless gem, but there is no help for it. Should you care to see it in its purest ray serene, turn back among the files of the Blatt. The child's baby brother was in Heaven. He had died the night before.

It was noon; the hour had just struck when Aggie entered the city room. She looked gray and wan. Dunstan sat at his desk, but Aggie did not look at him. Removing her gloves and jabbing back her veil, she had just begun to nibble a pencil tentatively when a little sound disturbed her. It was a sob.

The desk behind Aggie's was occupied by a regal personage known to the trade as Madame de Rooker. A daily historian, the Boswell of New York's most eminent beauty doctors, she conducted a column devoted to the face, the figure and the nails. Aggie glanced at her, amazed. She sat reading the Blatt's front page, and from her penciled lids oozed a tear that clinked from her complexion and splashed upon the paper.

"You wrote this, I suppose?" said Madame, and pointed to the item, Sent by Mail!

Aggie nodded guardedly.

"Any kicks coming?" she inquired.

There were no kicks.

"One thing or the other," Madame grimly announced—"either that story's true or you're in love. No woman otherwise could have written it!"

"Well, have a nice little cry, darling," Aggie rejoined; and she was turning away when she happened to glance at the city desk.

There sat Dunstan, his chin sunk upon his breast and his eyes fixed uncertainly on the front page of the Blatt. One could have sworn that, screened by the paper, he too wept; and Aggie whitened to the lips.

A moment later Dunstan felt a hand touch him gently on the shoulder, and he looked up, startled at the familiarity.

"Don't!" said Aggie, her face drawn. "You mustn't!"

For a long moment Dunstan peered at her fixedly.

"Aggie," said he, his tone reflective, "there's something I've always thought—and now I'm sure. You're a woman, aren't you, after all?"

A mocking light danced for an instant in Aggie's eyes, but the mockery was for herself alone. Then her face grew drawn again.

"Old man, I ought to be arrested," she announced. "You ought to fire me besides. Oh, well," she added hopelessly, "it was just this—I got sick and sore writing all the ghastly junk I get. I hated it. I wanted to write something that was simple and clean—not foul—Dunstan," said Aggie. "That story there is nothing but a measly, miserable fake!"

Dunstan did not even blink. Instead, after again regarding Aggie for a moment, he said deliberately:

"Aggie, you're wasting your time!"

At the speech a tide of flaming color swept tumultuously into her face; then she quivered.

"Joe!" she gasped.

"I mean," said Dunstan soberly, "that any one who can write like you ——"

Aggie did not wait to hear the remainder. As she knew, the color mantling her to her eyes had subsided suddenly and, in contrast, she was pallid—blue to the lips. In the dim seclusion of the library she leaned up against the shelves and shook herself together. There, a moment later, Aggie was aware that on the other side of the book-stacks hovered another woman, and that she too was in distress.

"Good Lord!" disgustedly muttered Aggie.

It was Pixie Neely, youngest of the Blatt's seven sob sisters. Usually Pixie's *milieu* was the bright laughter of June brides and the October term of the divorce courts; but now she was shedding tears—her own, not the public's.

"Say," asked Aggie morosely, "have you been reading Sent by Mail! or have they slipped the blue envelope on you?"

No; Pixie had neither been sacked nor had she perused Aggie's little voluntary. Instead, a reporter over on the Sunday edition had been the cause of Pixie's grief. Moved by the situation of the six self-supporting ladies and their unsupporting husbands, he had immortalized it in verse, Pixie enjoying a prominent place in the galaxy.

The creation was an ode in six stanzas, each stanza being devoted to a lady and each ending with the line: "'So let the little woman work!' the husband then did say." And, wailing tremulously, Pixie held out her complimentary copy of the classic.

"It isn't true Harry sits home all day. Often when I'm working on a story he rides round with me!"

Aggie took the verses and, still pallid, walked over to the Sunday room, where she found the author, a stout, jovial youth who sat with his feet on a desk.

"You fat comedian!" she said. "Do you know what ought to happen to you?"

The gentleman hadn't an idea. However, some memory of his early training induced him to remove his feet to the floor, when Aggie told him. It was short, but comprehensive. The author of the verses blinked.

"Thanks, Aggie!" he returned. "Any time you go over the bumps I'll be glad to add a verse for you."

"If I ever do," replied Aggie as she stared the fat poet in the eye, "the man at the altar won't make my wedding look like a hot-air balloon ascension!"

The City Editor Was a Small Grim Personage Whose Face Looked as if His Feet Hurt Him. They Did Too

"Got some one in view?" asked the stout man negligently.

Aggie did not deign to answer. Tearing the verses into scraps, she returned them to their writer in the form of theater snow. Then she went back to the still weeping Pixie. "You poor little chicken!" she soothed, drawing the tear-streaked face to her own. "There, there! Brace up now!" Presently Pixie revived somewhat and, wetting her lips, Aggie croaked buoyantly: "Come, tell me now! What's all this talk I hear? They say Dunstan's getting married!"

It was true. Pixie sat up and interestedly wiped her eyes. A lady who did the West Side society column for one of the evening papers had slipped her the news a week ago. Dunstan's ladylove was a Riverside Drive party—"fiancée, I mean," Pixie nicely corrected. "And they're to be married in June—it's the month of roses," Pixie added dreamily.

"What's she do?" inquired Aggie.

"She doesn't do anything," Pixie answered. "She used to be on the stage, but she gave it up."

"Is she a good-looker?" was Aggie's next remorseless question.

"A beauty!" Pixie rapturously exclaimed.

"Oh, good Lord!" said Aggie piously, but with no particular reference. And, reaching one hand before her, she went zigzag to the door, then down a long dark hall that somehow oscillated to and fro, and came finally to the entrance of the art department. Inside sat a number of young gentlemen, many of whom greatly resembled the Latin Quarter students of Washington Square and the adjacent tables d'hôte.

"I say, Crawley!" she called.

From a distant corner a man of about thirty emerged. There was nothing particularly noticeable about him, except that his pale lips embraced the cold dead butt of a hand-rolled cigarette. Rather miraculously this stuck to his lower lip when he spoke.

"What's the row?" he inquired. "Got an assignment f'r me?"

"Yes," said Aggie; "I want you to come along and illustrate the story of my life."

. . . . . .

That night, over in the Sunday room, the fat comedian labored upon a seventh stanza for his ode. It was known that Aggie at last had married. The man was Crawley and she had taken him home with her.

. . . . . .

The year rolled by, with its many mutations of time, of events and of places, and again Merry Christmas drew near. Aggie sat at her old accustomed place, but Dunstan's desk was vacant—that is to say, Dunstan no longer filled it, for during one of the periodical shakeups that put ginger into a staff he had been knifed by a bosom friend. But this is the way of the newspaper world. In the rush and hurry of keeping up with the procession there is no time to pause and look backward, much less to reflect on so frail a quality as friendship—and Dunstan had looked back! He had paused to stare at the retreating ideals of his youth, his early honesty and compassion; and in that instant the skein had been snatched from his fingers, while another ran on swiftly, skilfully unwinding the thread. One cannot wait when the rotaries begin to grind out their million copies to an edition. Their maws must not be made to wait for food.

Aggie rose and went up to the desk of the new city editor. He was a younger man than Dunstan, but not too young; nor yet old enough to be stung by inconvenient ideals. News of a big divorce suit had just "broken"—that, as well as a murder-suicide—and he was filled with pleasant enthusiasm.

"Say, Mr. Robbin," inquired Aggie, "if there's nothing doing, could I go home?"

"What's your hurry?" Robbin curtly asked.

Aggie aimlessly shrugged herself.

"Oh, I dunno; I just feel tired."

"Tired? So are all of us!" he retorted; then announced as briskly: "Sorry, McCue; but if you can't fill your place we'll have to get some one who will."

"What? . . . Oh, go as far as you like," returned Aggie, and she did not even raise her voice. "You don't need to rattle the can any before you tie it on me. I'll quit whenever you say."

"Oh, don't bother me!" Robbin snapped impatiently, and Aggie went back to her desk.

She looked wan and wistful; years older than even the critical meridian of forty. Forty—the ides of life!—the doomsday of youth, its vitality and its stimulus! Yet Aggie was still only thirty-eight—that plus a few effective months, a few more telling days. It was the pace that told. Sometimes she wished she had never seen a newspaper—as the persons whose names she printed often wished, as well. "Rotten—ain't it all?" Aggie murmured, wondering whether, if she too blew out the gas, the Blatt would also butcher her to make a holiday in Roman type. One year's events may make a lot of difference in a woman.

For Dunstan's face was not the only face missing from the city room. There were others. *O tempora! O mores!* There was, for example, missing the face of Crawley—Aggie's bridegroom, the artist!

Over in the Sunday department the news of Aggie's abrupt marriage had created a proper flutter of attention. Then the first gasp of wonder had been succeeded by the brisk, accustomed offices of the occasion. There were bets laid upon the outcome. The fat man made a handbook, and he gave odds.

"Ten to one he doesn't come home with the money!"

The money in question was Crawley's wages.

"Two to one he doesn't last the journey!"

The journey referred to was the wedding journey.

"Forty to one," roared the fat man, "that he doesn't finish at the distance!" And he named it, the distance being one year from the date.

There were not many layers at the odds, but there burned on Aggie's cheek, when she heard, a flaming color as if all the blood had fled her heart and left it withered and scarified.

Crawley, as a matter of fact, quit at the quarter—the end of the first three months. The finality, however, was more by a process of slow elimination than it was abrupt. For a month he worked—indolently, perhaps, yet still actually. In the second month there were lapses. These in the third month became pronounced. Then he came no more.

"He's studying in oils—portrait work," explained Aggie, though not pretentiously. And, for once, the fat man on the Sunday edition looked abashed. Crawley's art, as he knew, reached the peak, the apex of its inspiration, when Crawley had limned, say, the groundplan of a house or flat, X representing where the shot had been fired, and a dotted line where the murderer had fled to the fire-escape. Portraits in oil?—"Gad!" murmured the fat man to himself, and he blushed.

Then in the sixth month Crawley had disappeared. No more was his coatless, collarless person to be found lolling in Aggie's parlor and kitchenette. However, that he was gone for good was not evident; for every Saturday when Aggie returned from the office a white wheedling face awaited her at the downstairs door. "'Ello, ole gal!" it greeted; and, opening her reticule, Aggie took from under her notebook, her powder puff and the apple a thick manila envelope. In it were four ten-dollar bills. The first Saturday she retained three of them. The second Saturday she retained two. On the third Saturday she retained neither the envelope nor of its contents any part—and so it went.

Crawley and his Saturday, wheedling face were never missing; and when once the weekly toll had been exacted and he had gone swiftly, loosely tottering away, Aggie would often stand there, perplexedly gazing after him.

The Least Said of Crawley, the Better

"I must have been dip!" she'd murmur. "It must have driven me out of my head."

Vaguely, too, whenever the Crawley emerged from its earth the train of association brought other thoughts to her mind. Where was Dunstan? He too seemed to have disappeared. At any rate, after years of esteemed, if not honorable, activity he had been seen no more in Park Row.

And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

All but Ellen Key, at any rate! Dear Ellen Key! To be sure, at Crawley's coming she had flitted, but it had been temporarily and only to the adjacent fences and ash-barrels. Afterward, at Crawley's going, she had returned readily, though it were indeed cautiously, her back arching and her tail swelling, when she disinterred from under the cozy corner sere and melancholy reminders of the past—the butt of a hand-rolled cigarette, a frayed, battered toothpick, a comb for the mustache.

But enough! It was now the Merry Yuletide! It was also the day before the Nativity, and Aggie recalled she had yet to go out and buy Ellen Key a collar. She was still reflecting on it when she heard her name cried vehemently.

"McCue! I say there!"

It was Robbin that called, and, pushing back her chair, Aggie went to him.

"Get out to Central Park!" Robbin ordered briskly. "There's a murder-and-suicide up there!"

"Beautiful!" mocked Aggie; but Robbin didn't notice.

"The man plunked the woman or the woman plunked the man," he said rapidly. "We haven't heard yet—you'll have to find out."

"Lovely!" interpolated Aggie.

"But, anyway," added Robbin, "both are young, and it's right beside the merry-go-round. Understand, don't you?—right by the merry-go-round!"

"Couldn't be better!" Aggie assured him. "What dope now do you want me to sling?"

Robbin's enthusiasm gave to him an almost sacred inspiration.

"Wright and Hoder are covering the main news story—you tackle the flubdub! Hand out the Christmas flavor strong! Get in a lot about sleighbells—there's snow for a wonder!—and then have something about the crowd's happy faces and those two other faces lying there white and still. You know—don't you? You made a hit once with a Christmas story—and why not have a child in this too? Say, f'r instance, that some little tot toddles out of the throng and lays a spray of mistletoe on the girl's cold breast! Do you get me?"

"I gotcha," said Aggie. "I'll buy a sprig of greens on the way up. For a dime or a quarter, I dare say, I can get some brat to do it."

"Fine!" complimented Robbin. "Now you hurry, my dear. We'll want a column and a half for the 'bulldog'!"

The bulldog was the first edition. It was devised to catch the early morning trains, and it got out on the street about an hour after midnight.

Aggie said she'd hurry.

"Remember!" warned Robbin. "Get a jump on! We'll want your story in every home tomorrow morning—Christmas!"

Poor Ellen Key! It meant she must go without her present. There was no help though; and, having put on her arctics and pulled down her veil, Aggie sighed and fared forth into the rushing tide of Park Row. Dusk had begun to fall, and from a distant tower a peal of chimes gave upon the air a stave of holy evening song:

Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild . . .

"Well," mused Aggie wearedly, "whatever I write, it's a cinch I won't use that in a Christmas story!" Pausing for an instant, she stared at the evening sky. "My, but the sky's clean anyway!" she reflected. Then, gripping her reticule with a view to foiling pickpockets, she plunged down into the Subway.

Night fell and it was Christmas Eve! A Child had been born, and He had died and then risen, bringing peace and mercy to all. Just the same, though, as Aggie knew, if she fell down on the present story it would be her last assignment from the Blatt.

. . . . . .

On Christmas Eve, as on other days, all copy for the bulldog must be in hand by eleven-thirty. There is no exception. Thrones may totter or empires fall, and Fate may sow calamity and reap the whirlwind of destruction—at twelve, midnight, the bulldog still goes to press.

Nine struck and there was no Aggie. Ten came and passed. At ten-thirty Robbin rushed up to the night city desk and chattered. It was the fifth or the fifteenth or the twenty-fifth time he had done it, for both Wright and Hoder, two star men, had very nearly fallen down on what appeared to be one of the prettiest murder-suicide romances the Blatt had seen for a long while. Their stories were bald, devoid of facts. They had failed even to identify the subjects. They were entirely at sea. For that matter, though, so was every other reporter on the Row; and unless Aggie turned up with something vital, there would be a gap in the daily's news story big enough to drive a wagon through.

But this is not a newspaper tale. It is the story of a woman—nothing more. At ten minutes to eleven Aggie came into the city room and, what is more, she came negligently. "Can that!" she said to Robbin with her old assumption of flash, vulgar flippancy when Robbin began to rail. "If you have anything to say, save it! I've got the biggest news beat I've ever pulled off in my time!"

Disorder broke in and round the night desk. Wright and Hoder crowded up with the others, but Aggie waved them all aside. "Beat it, you!" she ordered, glancing swiftly at the clock. "If you want me to catch the bulldog I'll need every moment I've got! Skiddoo—d'you hear?"

Her eyes were bright and there was a flush upon her cheek. Together the flush and the brightness transfigured her; for the moment she looked almost beautiful; and, pushing back her veil, she waited only long enough to answer a single question of Robbin's—Did Aggie have the names?

"Names? Oh, certainly," drawled Aggie. "The man's nothing—only a rotter—but the woman's splendid! Tremendous! SUBLIME—— She was a shopgirl," said Aggie, and diving into her reticule she took out her notebook, her powder puff and the apple. The powder puff she at once discarded; but, opening the notebook, she next bit into the apple. Then she wrote.

It was not a news story that Aggie wrote; neither was it the Christmas fantasy Robbin had blithely anticipated. Moreover the grim gray alignment of grim facts so familiar in front-page crimes was utterly missing from the tale. She did not touch upon the grisly—and the public did not miss it. Neither did she once deviate from bald, square-toed journalese into the primrose path of "fine writing"—the sob sister's estimate of it, that is. The story was blunt. It was plain. That was its strength moreover.

What Aggie wrote was the story of a shopgirl who'd shot and killed herself after she'd shot and killed a worthless man. We leave it there.

Upstairs the linotype machines clinked and clattered. Downstairs, far beneath, the rotary presses began to whir. "Copy!" roared the composing room, and in echo the night desk too roared "Copy!" And still Aggie wrote. Page by page the story flowed from beneath her pencil, and was whipped, page by page, away from her. Not once did she pause. With one hand she wrote and with the other fed herself with apple. Once Robbin said to her: "All the space you want!" Aggie merely nodded. After that Robbin did not speak. Page by page he read, and rushed it to the composing room. At each page his eyes gleamed more luminously.

The story made a sensation. For the second time at Christmas Aggie had rung the bell. It was a beat, for one thing, and a big one besides; but it was Aggie's treatment of the story really that set star men and city editors to gaping up and down the Row. There were three columns of it in all.

At eleven-thirty Aggie turned the first column of it. Twenty minutes later the bulldog went to press, with a stick short of a column and a half. At quarter of one Aggie finished the second column and started on the third. By now the fire in her eyes, the flame upon her cheeks, began fitfully to wane, and she crouched down over her desk, driving the pencil in her blistered fingers by strength of will alone. To breathe was agony—to move her limbs, the ecstasy of torture. Then pain passed. She no longer felt the knifeblade stirring in her breast, nor was the pencil she clutched any more an incandescent iron spindle. Nothing remained but the fancy—the sense rather—that she was a mere brain swimming lightly *in vacuo*. And upstairs the linotype machines still clinked and clattered, while downstairs the rotaries whirred.

Two o'clock struck as Aggie finished; and there were of it, say, three thousand words in all. Much? Why, has any lady ever sewed three thousand stitches in a piece of oak-tan leather sole? Try it.

"Done?" inquired Robbin.

"Done," she nodded.

"Tell me," said Robbin, "how do you really know the woman shot the man?—that she wasn't shot by him?"

"How?" Aggie echoed wearedly. "Why, I lit a match and looked at his face. I knew, then, he hadn't the spunk to kill a cockroach." She gave a shrug. "Much less her!" said Aggie, her voice reverent.

Robbin asked no more. He departed stairward, reflecting on his way to the composing room that, of course, he'd better raise Aggie's pay—not sack her. Meanwhile Aggie, having penciled a short note, sealed it and dropped the envelope into the mailbox. Wright and Hoder, as well as all the others, crowded round her then; and they were frankly and honestly glad.

"It's a ten-strike!" said Wright. "Aggie, I'm glad you beat me to it!"

"A beach!" said Hoder, who was German. "A bippin! Shake!"

Aggie gave them a drawn, wistful little smile.

"Boys, I'm nearly all in," she whispered. "To-morrow ——"

Then with her finger on her lips and a last look at them she wandered toward the door. Some one opened it for her and Aggie passed out. No elevator was in sight, so she took to the stairs. It was only eight or ten or twelve stories to the street, but she was not conscious of the fact. All she knew was that she went down! down! down! and that, at the end of the descent, a flaming hell of light and sound flashed upon her and ingulfed her in its vortex.

"Pshaw!" she murmured dreamily. "What a mess!"

It was the rotaries grinding out the city edition; and, turning on her heel, Aggie retraced her steps on the stairway until she had come again to the street floor.

The dash of cold sweet air outside very nearly wakened her, but as another flare of arclights stabbed her sight like a knife she blinked uncertainly, then turned toward it as a moth turns toward a flame. A little dazed still and altogether uncertain, she slipslopped through the snow, hoping she would reach the light—it was a restaurant—are her feet slipped out from under her. Morning drew near and she had not eaten since yesterday—and what morning it was Aggie was also aware, for in the dark the newsboys shrilled it to one another.

"Oh, yes; Merry Christmas!" murmured Aggie. "Christmas!" Then she wrung her hands.

Dunstan, sitting in the tiled, garish, all-night eating house, looked up from his morning newspaper in time to see

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"She Used to be on the Stage, but She Gave it Up"

The Autobiography of a Chief of Police

I WAS born on the third of September, 1886, which is to say that although I am now fifty-two years old I always reckon my age from that date. My life as a policeman really began then, and all that happened before is so dull by comparison that it would only bore you if I took the pains to relate it. At any rate, I know that whenever I start to tell an anecdote or a story relating to my prepolice days my wife always stops me with: "No one cares about that except yourself, John. Tell one of your tales about the force instead. Tell about ——" But you see the point.

Let me start my autobiography then with a brief account of what makes that third day of September, 1886—it was my third day on the force as it chanced—stick out in my memory. I had reported to the desk sergeant and was beating it for home early in the evening, when I found myself all of a sudden in the midst of a lively uproar. The street along which I had walked was used at that time for a sort of fruit and vegetable market, and the Greek and Italian pedlers had bunched their wagons and locked wheels in such a way that all traffic was blocked on a small section of the road. Teamsters were cursing and howling in a vain effort to break through the jam, and the members of these two races were settling international differences on a big scale. Whether the Greeks licked the Italians or the Italians licked the Greeks was all one to me, so long as one of them licked the other, and I was hustling to get out of the mix-up when a well-dressed Italian spotted my tall frame—I am six foot two, by-the-way—and made a rush for me.

"Policea!" he hollered, tossing his hands in the air. "Dey killa da biz! Pedler he coma to buy and no can getta in da store, see? I calla one cop, two cops, three cops, an' dey say: 'You mad in da head, see?' Holy da Mose, dey killa ma biz!"

I didn't understand Italian then, though I have picked up a little of the lingo later, but I finally guessed what he was trying to tell me; and since he had called on me in my capacity as an officer of the law I couldn't very well refuse to do my duty and chase the howling mob away from his door. No sooner had I started to club a path through the outer rim of the fracas and to prove the inferiority of the imported races than a captain of police bobbed up as if out of the ground, caught me by the arm and growled:

"What call have you to be a-buttin' in here? Do you think you're a policeman or only a darned fool? Beat it, you terrier, or I'll have your star and your job for insultin' your superior!"

How the Shopman Learned His Lesson

I TOUCHED my helmet, gaped and passed on, seeing more clearly than ever that I had been a fool not to let the Italians lick the Greeks or the Greeks the Italians, just as they wished, instead of taking it on my shoulders to beat up both of them. Still I was sorely puzzled. I couldn't make out for the life of me why the captain had called me down for performing a simple and obvious duty. Possibly the Greeks were getting the best of it and he may have had it in for the Italians, I thought, and, so thinking, I dismissed the subject from my mind. What was it to me anyhow? I was neither a sociologist nor a Greek scholar, and all I wanted was to get to my supper.

However, when I turned the corner and hiked along for another block or two I met a patrolman I knew, and stopping to pass the time of day with him I mentioned incidentally what this captain had done to me and asked him to explain what in the deuce it all meant.

"Grass is green, John," he roared, "an' an emerald is green, but their greenness is brown next to yours. Couldn't you see the captain was tryin' to make that Dago respect the power and the dignity of the American police force? When that Dago has sense enough to come across to the captain with a barrel of nuts maybe, or a string of bananas maybe, or a ten-dollar bill now and then maybe, the road to his shop will be clear enough. And while he's getting his education, do you mind, don't interfere with the teacher, but keep your eyes open and your ears open to imbibe his wisdom. That's all I have to say, John. You'll soon learn or be fired out of school."

His explanation took the wind out of me and left me feeling a bit queer and depressed. I had always thought the road to advancement lay along the lines of duty, merit and worth, but now it had been hinted to me that the proposition was not so simple or straightforward. Moreover, being a policeman, I was filled with what I may call the spirit of the force, and it hurt to think that officers high in command would cast a slur on the good name of the rest of us by extorting graft. I have learned since, of course, that the powers that be are too prone to reason that the big disgrace they inflict on the well-being of the police is not in refusing the graft, but in being stupid enough to let a brother officer grab it from under their noses. This betrays inefficiency and tends to do away with the competitive idea which is the life of the body; but at that time I was as innocent as a baby of even the existence of this sort of competition. You may not believe that anybody in a blue uniform could be so green; but such is the solemn truth. I even insisted on declaring that the patrolman had been making fun of me. Moreover, even admitting he had told me the facts, I voted this captain a rogue without an equal. On the principle that the police of a feather club together I held his wickedness must make him feel lonely. Now I know it's the honest commanders who suffer from loneliness; but on these the reader need waste little sympathy—he will see that they are not allowed to suffer long.

The best way in the world to pry a man loose from his illusions is to connect him with the police force of a big city. If within a year he doesn't acknowledge that the separation has taken place make up your mind that he either is blind or has seen so much that he's been taken in on the graft, or else that he's doing private detective work to learn how the rest are putting it across.

Speaking personally, I lost my illusions in a little less than six months after the incident I have just related about the Italian. I nearly lost my head with them too. Billie Mallory, a carriage washer for an all-night livery, was really at the bottom of the whole trouble; for one morning at two o'clock when I was marching past his place he called to me and said:

"I wouldn't treat the horses as you treat your feet, and the horses don't belong to me either. You're the only cop I ever knew that liked exercise. The others is all nuts on the rest cure. Come back in the alley with me for a smoke and a chat."

I broke the rules and succumbed to the temptation, although all night I had been resisting the strong desire to smoke, not on account of an excess of virtue but on account of a shortage in change. It will be seen that I hadn't arrived at the stage where cigars—about the only graft he gets—come natural and free of cost to the man on the beat. Billie and I walked to the corner and, turning down the alley, sat down on a pile of lumber that stood in a jog opposite an old shed and settled down for half an hour or so of solid comfort.

Billie had just started to tell me a sure cure for rheumatism—it consisted in carrying a potato in your pocket until it caught the disease and then in burying the tuber—when I heard the swift clatter of horses' hoofs on the asphalt pavement and rushed to the mouth of the alley in time to see the captain of my station whirl by in his buggy. What was worse and more to the point, I feared that the captain had turned his head and seen me in the lamplight with a cigar in my mouth. I came back to Billie sadly rattled, for Captain Murphy was a martinet, and he had built up a reputation for himself by reason of his strictness in enforcing petty rules and the severity with which he punished lapses from the least of them. "I'm done for, Billie," I groaned.

"G'wan; the captain never seen you," he consoled. "He ain't got an eye in the back of his head like a Welsh rabbit." Somebody had stuffed Billie—not with Welsh rarebit either.

I was about to prove why the captain couldn't have failed to see me, in order that Billie could console me by pooh-poohing my reasons, when I heard steps, cautious and catlike, not twenty paces away from where we sat. I motioned Billie to silence. The steps stopped. A hand shot out of the darkness, deposited a small package on the ledge of a window that was cut in the left end of the shed, and then the hand and the owner of it vanished lightning-quick—whereto I took neither the time nor the pains to learn. Other matters more important to my future, in the shape of two plainclothes men who went tearing past us, claimed my attention.

A Find on the Window Ledge

"SOMETHIN' doin', John," whispered Billie; "if there ain't I quit washing carriages and ask the boss to let me drive a hearse."

"You can bank on it, two plainclothes men in a hurry and the captain driving like mad in his buggy," I answered as I got up to take down from the window ledge the package that had so mysteriously been put on it. I held the thing up to the partially screened light of my bull's-eye lantern and saw the very last object I ever expected to find, a jewel-case. Impatient with the cover that laughed at the tug of my strong hands, I forced the small lock with my jackknife.

A pearl necklace, a diamond brooch, a woman's watch studded with jewels and a number of pins and rings glowed before my sight in all their variety and beauty of color. The contents of that box, I had no doubt, represented a colossal fortune.

The carriage washer had no doubts on that score either. "Lord!" he exclaimed, "what luck! If them two plainclothes men knew what they overlooked the boss would have both hearses out tomorrow. Say, we split even, don't we? Only for me givin' you the cigar and ——"

"Not on your life, Billie," I interrupted him, blighting his hopes.

"Then ——"

"No, you don't, Billie," I said, anticipating his movements and jerking the box out of his reach. "I'd make two of you, and I won't stand for any nonsense, understand."

"You ain't got the heart to tell me you're goin' to hog it all?" he muttered, still not grasping my intentions.

"No," I declared firmly, "I'm going to turn it in."

"Gee whiz!" he shrieked. "Turn it in! You're dizzy in the bean. Do you think you can come back tomorrow night and find another like it? I'm too sane to let you commit the crime. What do you think they'll do with that junk at the front when you turn it in? Advertise for the owner maybe? You're a ——"

I walked off with the prize amid a volley of oaths from the carriage washer that grew more violent and abusive the farther I receded. What he didn't call me has never been named. In the street I found a sheet of coarse brown paper and in it I wrapped up the gray leather box clumsily, tucked it under my arm and marched off to the station, apparently as unconcerned as if I were carrying a grub-pail.

There was the atmosphere of great excitement in the station when I entered it. The telephones were all in use; the men were standing about in the attitude of those who didn't know what they might be called upon to do next, and the officers were giving out one set of orders one minute and a contradictory set the next. Piecing together what I heard there with what I already had seen, I arrived at the following conclusions:

The house of some wealthy man in the neighborhood had been robbed. The thieves, detected just as they were making a getaway with the plunder, had been chased by the plainclothes men who had spurted past us in the alley. One of the gang, clinging for dear life to the jewel-box, had risked capture to hide the wonderful piece of swag in a place where he could easily come back and get it the second the coast was clear. As for the captain, he had received a tip over the wire concerning the robbery and had dashed to the scene of it in his buggy. But I am getting ahead of my story. The desk sergeant finally noticed me as I stood on the other side of his wire cage, waiting to give him my precious parcel and tell him how I came into possession of it.

"Did you walk way back here to eat that bundle of lunch?" he growled savagely. "Get back to your beat. When we want you we'll send a carriage after you."

His gruff manner grated on me and induced me to change my mind and keep the jewels and my story for the captain. From what I learned about that desk sergeant in after years, my change of mind prevented him from going into the retail jewelry business on the side.

"I have a date with the captain," I said finally.

"Very well," he returned, "why didn't you say so? The captain is out on this Stachel robbery. He'll be late."

The sergeant proved to be a prophet. Captain Murphy put in his appearance toward daybreak when the station was all but deserted, looking weary, cross and disgusted with life. He pushed by me roughly, not even deigning to give me an answer when I told him I had something of the utmost importance to communicate; then he motioned abruptly for me to follow him and slammed the door with a bang behind us. He was a mild-mannered man, the captain.

What Passed in the Captain's Office

WHEN I displayed that array of jewels and saw the expression of wild joy on Murphy's hard face, I naturally concluded that it would be a good time to confess my transgression before he could threaten to discipline me for it. So, easy boy that I was, I told all I knew and all that I had done down to the minutest detail. Tugging at the loose skin under his double chin, the captain let me go as far as I liked, listening intently and making no comment until I had done; then he asked in matter-of-fact tones:

"An' was no one else with you but this carriage washer, Bill Mallory, at the time?"

"No, sir," I answered positively.

"Mm! Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir," I reaffirmed.

"An' did you speak to anybody here at the station of the findin' of them jewels?"

"To nobody," I replied.

"Sure now?" His sharp gray eyes bored me through and through.

"As sure as I breathe," I assured him, wondering at what in the world he was driving. Was he testing my discretion perhaps before offering to help me to a promotion? Certainly my honesty deserved it. Evidently, however, the captain disagreed with me there, for his big jaw shot forward in an ugly way, the expression on his face changed from one of deep thought to one of anger, and he roared:

"All right; I'll take your star. Rip it off! I'll prefer charges against you before the trial board."

I went white. "Why?" I groaned.

"Just listen to that now!" he shouted. "Haven't you just been telling me yourself, man, that you were loafing on your beat an' smokin'! 'Why?' do ye ask. Is it burglary or murder you'd like to commit, man, before you're fired from the force?"

I may claim for myself without any conceit, I think, that I am as stout-hearted and brave as the next fellow, but the captain's words and threat filled me through and through with terror. My knees quaked under me and my big frame shook. Nor will you blame me altogether for showing the white feather when I explain to you that I was daily expecting an addition to my family, that the times in the city were wretchedly bad just then, and that employment was scarce even for men who had two or three times my resourcefulness.

Moreover, the thought that I was to be thrown penniless and jobless on the streets was no more terrible to me than the feeling that I, an honest fellow, intent as anybody on doing the right thing, was to be fired from the force under a cloud that would soon make a topic of conversation for all my scoffing neighbors.

"Take off your star," repeated Murphy, while thoughts akin to these were whirling through my aching head.

My hand atremble, I started to unfasten the emblem of which I had been so proud, when the expression on the captain's face softened slightly, as if even he had been touched by my grief, and he said in a voice less hard:

"Hold on, Callahan! I'll give you one more chance. I'll make a great exception in your case and one I never made in my life before. I believe you're a good man, and I hate to lose a good man. Discipline is discipline, an' what would become of the force if I overlooked in every man what it's my sworn duty to punish? However, we'll let it pass this time an' say no more about it, but I'll hold it against you on the records and Heaven help you if you slip up again. Good-night!"

My gratitude to the captain was profound indeed; and I verily believe it was all the more profound on account of his rough manner and his general flintiness of character. I have observed that we are always more grateful to a brute for a good turn than to a gentle and good man. It comes with such overwhelming surprise from the brute, while we are prone to take it as a matter of course from your fine soul. I started to murmur my thanks in confusion, when he stopped me with a wave of his hand to remark:

"It might be better if you said nothin' about the jewels to any one until I pass you the word after findin' the thief and fixin' his guilt."

"Yes, sir." I nodded and left.

It took me a long while to recover from the shock the newspapers gave me that next day; in fact, I don't know that I have altogether recovered from the sensation yet. Black headlines told me that the leader of the "mob" of thieves who had robbed the Stachel residence had been caught. And by whom? The fearless Murphy! And when? During the precise time that I had been locked up in his office with him. The alibi was no more marvelous than I have known many a copper to prove since, but the miracle dumfounded me then because it was brand-new. Nor was this by a long shot the only miracle set forth in the two-column account of the exploit. In finer type there was a rather lurid description of how the brave captain had driven the bandit down in his buggy, jumped to the ground, and, after an exchange of bullets at close range, dragged him off to the station house in triumph. All of which made me admit that I had been unjust in my estimate of Murphy—I never had credited him with such a poetic imagination.

But the climax was still to come in the last few paragraphs of the reporter's story, or rather of the story that Murphy, who proved himself the greater fictionist of the two, must have given the writer. These went on to relate how the desperado when sweated had admitted that it was he who had copped the jewel-case, but that no amount of sweating would make him "come through" with the confession as to where he had planted the precious package. However, it was stated, the best detectives on the force were at work on clews that could not but lead in due time to the unearthing of the valuables, and Captain Murphy was able to promise the owners that these would soon be in their hands. How gifted a detective it would take to find those jewels if the admirable Murphy, deciding to give them up, lent his assistance, I was in a position to know; but somehow there was a question in my mind whether or not he would prove altruistic enough to make such a huge sacrifice in order to boost any reputation other than his own.

I think I am safe in leaving the analysis of my condition of mind after reading that article to the common-sense of the reader, but I doubt if his common-sense is strong enough to arrive at a solution of the methods by which the artistic Murphy pulled off one of his minor masterpieces of police-manship. Certainly my own common-sense threw up the sponge, as it were. I was all at sea as to how he had maneuvered it, and there I remained until it was explained to me years afterward that the captain induced one of his protected crooks, Barney McGraw by name, "to stand for a pinch." This, in plainer English, means that Murphy got the felon to assume the responsibility for the Stachel job on the promise that he would be set free when talk about the robbery had died down. This is simpler than it would seem to the laity, for all the captain had to do in order to keep his promise was to declare, when public and journalistic interest had passed on to another crime, that he had made a mistake in identity, or else frame up some other excuse that was quite as plausible. But should worst come to worst and "the full guy" be hauled into court, Murphy and his allies had only to rap easy, or, in other words, voluntarily make out a bad case, in order to clear the man they were seemingly trying to convict.

The Luck of Barney McGraw

BY THE whole of this somewhat roundabout process two or three widely different aims were attained: Murphy added another brilliant feather to his cap for able police work, the newspapers were satisfied with the vigilance of the force, and Barney put an influential official under deeper obligation to him than he already was. Unfortunately for the second party to this queer contract, however, Murphy was seized with a short memory and failed to keep his word. Nor was the captain a man who would conveniently lose his memory unless he would be the gainer by the loss. This crook, presuming too much as it was on the captain's friendship and his knowledge of certain dark police secrets, was getting so bold that he was deemed dangerous. What better excuse than the one offered by the present situation to get him out of the way? And so our friend Murphy, when the trial came along, "rapped hard," and the poor devil went to the penitentiary for stealing jewels that he never saw, but which everybody, including the owner, was made to believe Barney had buried against the day of his release. If Murphy's conscience ever troubled him for this outrage he inflicted on justice I never have heard about it. He was a philosopher, and doubtlessly he argued that if Barney McGraw was being punished for a burglary he never had committed, on the other hand he had committed a score of burglaries for which, owing to past protection, he never had been punished. This more than evened things up for Barney. But since I shall have much to say farther along on the curious and many-sided relations that exist between thieves and police, let me drop this digression and return to my jewels.

I had thought, after reading the newspaper account of the robbery, of Murphy's part in it and of the disappearance of the swag, that surprise had shown its hand too openly ever to startle me again or take me unawares; but only that night when I dropped round at the livery stable to visit my friend the carriage washer and compare notes with him, I learned my mistake. Billie had vanished—whither none knew, or at least none was willing to tell; but why he vanished I was willing to guess. My guess

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THE BLOSSOMING ROD

By Mary Stewart Cutting

ILLUSTRATED BY FANNY MUNSELL

It Wasn't a Fifty-Dollar Rod, of Course

MR. LANGSHAW had vaguely felt unusual preparations for a Christmas gift to him this year; he was always being asked for "change" to pay the children for services rendered.

It might have seemed a pity that calculation as to dollars and cents entered so much into the Christmas festivities of the family if it were not that it entered so largely into the scheme of living that it was naturally interwoven with every dearest hope and fancy; the overcoming of its limitations gave a zest to life. Langshaw himself, stopping now, as was his daily habit, to look at the display made by the sporting-goods shop on his way home the Friday afternoon before Christmas Monday, wondered, as his hand touched the ten-dollar bill in his pocket—a debt unexpectedly paid him that day—if the time had actually arrived at last when he might become the possessor of the trout-rod that stood in the corner of the window; reduced, as the ticket proclaimed, from fifteen dollars to ten.

The inspiration was the more welcome because the moment before his mind had been idly yet disquietingly filled with the shortcomings of George, his eldest child and only son, aged ten, who didn't seem to show that sense of responsibility which his position and advanced years called for—even evading his duties to his fond mother when he should be constituting himself her protector. He was worried as to the way George would turn out when he grew up.

This particular trout rod, however, had an attraction for Langshaw of long standing. He had examined it carefully more than once when in the shop with his neighbor, Wickersham; it wasn't a fifty-dollar rod, of course, but it seemed in some ways as good as if it were—it was expensive enough for him! He had spoken of it once to his wife, with a craving for her usual sympathy, only to meet with a surprise that seemed carelessly disapproving.

"Why, you have that old one of your father's and the bass-rod already; I can't see why you should want another. You always say you can't get off to go fishing as it is."

He couldn't explain that to have this particular split bamboo would be almost as good as going on a fishing trip; with it in his hand, he could feel himself between green meadows, the line swirling down the rushing brook. But later Clytie had gone back to the subject with pondering consideration:

"Ten dollars seems an awful price for a rod! I'm sure I could buy the same thing for much less uptown; wouldn't you like me to see about it some day?"

"Great Scott! Never think of such a thing!" he had replied in horror. "I could get much cheaper ones myself! If I ever have the money I'll do the buying—you hear?"

"——Hello, Langshaw! Looking at that rod again? Why don't you blow yourself to a Christmas present? Haven't you got the nerve?"

"That's what I don't know!" called Langshaw with a wave of the hand as Wickersham passed by. Yet even as he spoke he felt he did know—his mind was joyously, adventurously made up to have "the nerve"; he had a right, for once in the twelve years of his married life, to buy himself a Christmas present that he really wanted, in distinction to the gift that family affection prompted, and held dear as such, but which had no relation to his needs or desires. Children and friends were provided for; his wife's winter suit—a present by her transforming imagination—already in the house; the Christmas turkey for the janitor of the children's school subscribed to—sometimes he had wished himself the janitor! and all the small demands that drain the purse at the festal season carefully counted up and allowed for. There was no lien on this unexpected sum just received. The reel and the line, and the flies and such, would have to wait until another time, to be sure; but no one could realize what it would be to him to come home and find that blessed rod there. He had a wild impulse to go in and buy it that moment, but such haste seemed too slighting to the dignity of that occasion, which should allow the sweets of anticipation—though no one knew better than he the danger of delay where money was concerned; it melted like snow in the pocket. Extra funds always seemed to bring an extra demand.

The last time there was ten dollars to spare there had been a letter from Langshaw's mother, saying that his sister Ella, whose husband was unfortunately out of a position, had developed flat-foot; and a pair of suitable shoes, costing nine-fifty, had been prescribed by the physician. Was it possible for her dear boy to send the money? Ella was so depressed.

The ten dollars had, of course, gone to Ella. Both Langshaw and his wife had an unsympathetic feeling that if they developed flat-foot now they would have to go without appropriate shoes.

"You look quite gay!" said his wife as she greeted him on his return, her pretty oval face, with its large dark eyes and dark curly locks, held up to be kissed. "Has anything nice happened?"

"You look gay too!" he evaded laughingly as his arms lingered round her. Clytie was always a satisfactory person for a wife. "What's this pink stuff on your hair—popcorn?"

"Oh, goodness! Baby has been so bad, she has been throwing it round everywhere," she answered, running ahead of him upstairs to a room that presented a scene of brilliant disorder.

On the bed was a large box of tinseled Christmas-tree decorations and another of pink and white popcorn—the flotsam and jetsam of which strewed the counterpane and the floor to its farthest corners, mingled with scraps of glittering paper, an acreage of which surrounded a table in the center of the room that was adorned with mucilage pot and scissors. A large feathered hat, a blue silk dress and a flowered skirt were on the rug, near which a very plump child of three, with straggling yellow hair, was trying to get a piece of gilt paper off her shoe. She looked up with roguish blue eyes to say rapidly:

"I Hope You'll Show That You're Pleased, Dear"

"Fardie doesn't know what baby goin' a give'm for Kissemus!"

"Hello! This looks like the real thing," said Langshaw, stepping over the débris; "but what are all these clothes on the floor for?"

"Oh, Mary was dressing up and just dropped those things when she went to the village with Viney, though I called her twice to come back and pick them up," said the mother, sweeping the garments out of the way. "It's so tiresome of her! Oh, I know you stand up for everything Mary does, Joe Langshaw; but she is the hardest child to manage!"

Her tone insensibly conveyed a pride in the difficulty of dealing with her elder daughter, aged six.

"But did you ever see anything like baby? She can keep a secret as well as any one! It does look Christmassy, though—doesn't it? Of course all the work of the tree at the mission comes on me as usual. The children, with the two Wickersham girls, were helping me until they got tired. Why don't you come and kiss father, baby? She is going to sweep up the floor with her little broom so that father will give her five cents."

"I don't want to fweep 'e floor!" said the child, snapping her blue eyes.

"She shall get her little broom and fardie will help her," said Langshaw, catching the child up in his arms and holding the round little form closely to him before putting her down carefully on her stubby feet.

Later, when the game of clearing up was over and the nickel clutched in baby's fat palm, he turned to his wife with a half-frown:

"Don't you think you are making the children rather mercenary, Clytie? They seem to want to be paid for everything they do. I'm just about drained out of change!"

"Oh, at Christmas!" said the wife expressively.

"Well, I hope nobody is going to spend any money on me—the only presents I want are those you make for me," said Langshaw warningly. He gave the same warning each year, undeterred by the nature of the articles produced. His last year's "Christmas" from Clytie had been a pair of diaphanous blue China-silk pajamas that were abnormally large in chest and sleeves—as for one of giant proportions—and correspondingly contracted in the legs, owing to her cutting out the tops first and having to get the other necessary adjuncts out of the scant remainder of the material. "You hear me, Clytie?"

"Yes, I hear," returned Clytie in a bored tone.

"Do you know——" Langshaw hesitated, a boyish smile overspreading his countenance. "I was looking at that trout-rod in Burchell's window today. I don't suppose you remember my speaking of it, but I've had my eye on it for a long time." He paused, expectant of encouraging interest.

"Oh, have you, dear?" said Clytie absently. The room was gradually, under her fingers, resuming its normal appearance. She turned suddenly with a vividly animated expression.

"I must tell you that you're going to get a great surprise tonight—it isn't a Christmas present, but it's something that you'll like even better, I know. It's about something that George has been doing. You'll never guess what it is!"

"Is that so?" said Langshaw absently in his turn. He had a momentary sense of being set back in his impulse to confidences that was not, after all, untinged with pleasure. His delightful secret was still his own, unmarred by unresponsive criticism. "By-the-way, Clytie, I don't like the way George has been behaving lately. He hasn't shown me his report from school in months; whenever I ask him for it he has some excuse. Hello! Is that little Mary crying?"

"I wonder what on earth has happened now!" exclaimed the mother, rushing from the room to return the next instant, pulling after her a red-cloaked and red-hatted little girl who sought to hide behind her.

"Well, what do you think she's done?" Clytie's tone was withering as she haled forth the shrinking culprit, her small hands over her eyes. "She lost her purse with the dollar she had saved up for your Christmas present—lost the money for dear father's present; and all because she took it with her to buy a five-cent pencil—a green pencil with purple glass in the end of it; to buy something for herself before Christmas!" Clytie paused tragically. "Of course, if she hadn't taken her money out to spend it on herself she wouldn't have lost it!"

"I don't care!" burst in the culprit, her big, dark eyes—just like her mother's—flashing from under her

brown curls, and her red lips set defiantly. "It was my own money, anyhow, if I did lose it. I earned it all myself. It wasn't yours!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" interposed the father in gentle reproof. "Little girls mustn't talk like that to dear mother. Come, get up here on father's knee—so." He took off the red cap, tucked the brown curly head in the bend of his arm, his chin resting on the top of it as he went on, with the child's small hands clutching at his. "Mary must always do what mother says; but, so far as this money is concerned, you can make me something that I would like far better than anything you could buy. Why don't you make me another pincushion, for instance? The one you gave me last year is quite worn out."

"A pink one?" asked Mary faintly.

"Yes. What's the matter now?" The child had suddenly wriggled to a kneeling posture in his hold and had her little strangling arms round his neck in a tempest of sobs.

"I don't want to give you a pi-ink pincushion—I don't want to! I want my dollar! I want my dollar—to spend! I want—— Father, I want my dollar—my do-o-ol-lar! I want my ——"

"What did I tell you, Mary Langshaw?" cried Clytie. She appealed to her husband. "It's just the way I knew she'd act. Now I suppose you'll have to give it to her. Mary, be still a moment—her head is so hot!"

"There, there!" said Langshaw soothingly. "She shall have her money this minute."

"Of course she doesn't deserve it," said Clytie, but with a tone of relief in her voice that seemed oddly greater than the occasion warranted. Mary had wound herself round him passionately; her sobs were dying away happily in long, deep breaths at intervals. Baby, being undressed on her mother's lap, was laughing over some pieces of gilt paper. In the heart of this domesticity it was as if the father and mother were embarked with this little company on a full and swelling river of love, of which they felt the exquisite soothing ripples.

Langshaw put his hand into his pocket.

"No, I can't give you the dollar this minute, little girl; father has only a ten-dollar bill. I'll get it changed right after dinner. Isn't dinner 'most ready, Clytie?"

"We'll go down just as soon as I get baby in bed," said the mother peacefully. "I don't see why George isn't here. Goodness! There he is now," she added as a tremendous slam of the front door announced the fact. The next moment a small boy, roguishly blue-eyed and yellow-haired like baby, with an extremely dirty face and a gray sweater half covered with mud, hurled himself into the room, surreptitiously tickling one of baby's bare feet and pulling Mary's curls on his way to greet his father.

"What have you been doing to get so dirty?"

"Playing cops and robbers," said the boy serenely. His dimples appeared suddenly; his eyes lit up. "Say, mother"—he turned to her irresolutely—"shall I tell father now?"

"Not until after dinner," returned the mother inexorably. "Go and make yourself clean!"

"May I put on my white silk tie?" George's white tie was the banner of festivity.

"Yes."

"You rouse my curiosity. This seems to be a great occasion," said Langshaw.

"Oh, it is!" agreed the mother happily. She murmured in his ear as they went downstairs: "I hope you'll show that you're pleased, dear. You know sometimes when you really are pleased you don't show it at once—and George has been trying so hard. If you'll only show that you're pleased ——"

"Yes—all right!" returned the husband a little impatiently. Clytie had a sensitive consideration for her son's feelings which struck him at times as exaggerated. He thought of the delightful secret back in his own mind; there was no reason for talking any more about the rod until he brought it—he would manage to replace the dollar abstracted from the reserve fund.

If he gave absent answers during the meal Clytie seemed to be preoccupied also. Little Mary, who sat by him, tucked her hand into his as she prattled.

"Now, George!" said his mother at last suddenly when the rice pudding had been finished. George rose, clean and red-cheeked, looking more than ever like a large edition of baby, in spite of his jacket and knickerbockers, as he stepped over to his father with a new dignity and handed him a folded sheet of paper.

"What's this?" asked Langshaw genially, opening it. He read aloud the words within, written laboriously in a round, boyish hand:

To George Brandor Langshaw, from father.
You Oh me five dolers. Received paiment.

"Hello! Hello! What does this mean?" asked Langshaw slowly with an unpleasant startled sensation that any such sum in connection with George was out of all reason.

"It means a bill for you from me!" announced George. His cheeks grew redder, his blue eyes looked squarely at his father. "It's for this!" He pulled from his pocket a school report card divided into tiny ruled squares, filled with figures for half its length, and flung it down proudly on the table before his parent.

"It's the Deportment—since September. You said when Miss Skinner sent that last note home about me that if I could get a hundred in Deportment for every month up to Christmas you'd be willing to pay me five dollars. You can see there for yourself, father, the three one hundreds—no, not that line—that's only fifty-five for spelling: nobody ever knows their spelling! Here is the place to look—in the Deportment column. I've tried awful hard to be good, father, to surprise you."

"The way that child has tried!" burst forth Clytie, her dark eyes drowned in sparkles. "And they're so unfair at school—giving you a mark if you squeak your chair, or speak, or look at anybody; as if any child could be expected to sit like a stone all the time! I'm sure I love to hear children laughing—and you know yourself how hard it is for George to be quiet! We had a little talk about it together, he and I; and now you see! It's been such work keeping his card from you each month when you asked for it. One day he thought he had a bad mark and he couldn't eat any dinner—you thought he was ill; but he went to Miss Skinner the next day and she took it off because he had been trying so hard to be good. Joe, why don't you speak?"

"George, I'm proud of you!" said Langshaw simply. There was a slight huskiness in his voice—the round face and guileless blue eyes of his little boy, who had tried "awful hard to be good," seemed to have acquired a new dignity. The father saw in him the grown-up son who could be depended upon to look after his mother if need were. Langshaw held out his hand as man to man; the two pairs of eyes met squarely. "Nothing you could have done would have pleased me more than this, George. I value it more than any Christmas present I could have."

"Mother said you'd like it," said the beaming George, ducking his head suddenly and kicking out his legs from behind.

"And you'll pay the five dollars?" supplemented Clytie anxiously.

"Surely!" said Langshaw. The glances of the parents met in one of the highest pleasures that life affords—the approval together of the good action of their dear child. "George can go out and get this ten-dollar bill changed."

"If you can't spare it, father ——" suggested the boy with some new sense of manliness, hanging back.

"I'm glad to be able to spare it," said the father soberly. "It's a good deal of money," he added. "I suppose, of course, you'll put it in the bank, George?"

"Now you mustn't ask what he's going to do with it," said Clytie.

"Oh, isn't it much?" cried little Mary.

"Dear me, there's the doorbell," said Clytie. "Who can it be at this hour? Run, George, and see!"

"It's a letter for you, mother," announced George, reappearing. "There's a man in the hall, waiting for an answer."

"It looks like a bill," said Clytie nervously, tearing open the envelope; "but I don't owe any bill. Why, it's two and a quarter, from the tailor, for fixing over my old suit last fall! I'm positive I paid it weeks ago. There's some mistake."

"He says he's been here three times, but you were out."

"Have you any money for it, Clytie?" asked her husband.

Clytie looked as if a thunderbolt had struck her.

"Yes, I have; but—oh, I don't want to take it for that! I need every penny I've got."

"Well, there's no need of feeling so badly about it," said Langshaw resignedly. "Give the ten-dollar bill to the man, George, and see if he can change it." He couldn't resist a slight masculine touch of severity at her incapacity. "I wish you'd tend to these things at the time, Clytie, or let me know about them." He took the money when George returned. "Here's your dollar now, Mary—don't lose it again!—and your five, George. You might as well take another dollar yourself, Clytie, for extras."

He pocketed the remainder of the change carelessly. After his first pang at the encroachment on the reserve fund the rod had sunk so far out of sight that it was almost as if it had never been. He had, of course, known all along that he would not buy it. Even the sting of the "Amount due" quickly evaporated.

Little Mary gave a jump that bumped her brown curly head against him.

"You don't know what I'm going to give you for Christmas!" she cried joyously.

"It's Father's Turn Now; Father's Going to Have His Presents"

II

LANGSHAW was one of those men who have an inherited capacity for enjoying Christmas. He lent it his attention with zest, choosing the turkey himself with critical care as he went through the big market in town, from whence he brought also wreaths and branches of holly that seemed to have larger and redder berries than could be bought in the village. On Christmas Eve he put up the greens that decorated the parlor and dining room—a ceremony that required large preparations with a step-ladder, a hammer, tacks and string, the removal of his coat, and a lighted pipe in one corner of his mouth, and which proceeded with such painstaking slowness on account of his coming down from the ladder every other moment to view the artistic effect of the arrangements that it was only by sticking the last branches up any old way at Clytie's wild appeal that he ever got it finished at all.

Then he helped her fill the stockings, his own fingers carefully giving the crowning effect of orange and cornucopia in each one and arranging the large packages below, after tiptoeing down the stairs with them so as not to wake the officially sleeping children, who were patently stark awake, thrashing or coughing in their little beds. The sturdy George had never been known to sleep on

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THE MAKING OF AN AVIATOR

By Harry N. Atwood

HOW does it feel to be up in the air thousands of feet and to have something go wrong? What are your sensations when you realize that you and your machine are falling? How does it affect you to read daily of the tragic ends of your friends and fellow-workers? How does it feel to be momentarily in danger of instant death? These are the harrowing questions constantly being asked of the aviator by a curious public, which seems to view him with a mixed air of respect, perplexity and sympathy. People generally assume that his occupation is the most hazardous and the most foolhardy in the world; and therefore that, in order to pursue it, he must be endowed with a special kind of mental makeup, which fears neither pain nor death. This fearlessness, they believe, makes him carefree, easygoing and reckless, not only in all the vocations in which he may be interested, but perhaps in his morals as well. They consider him in a class by himself, without the restraining conservatism of the ordinary man—therefore a person to be avoided in all intimate business or social relations; nevertheless, an interesting person. In other words, they believe they could never follow, with any marked degree of success, such an occupation, because their mental composition lacks the necessary special requirements.

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Think of the Freedom Experienced in Flying Over the Meadows

As a matter of fact, this supposition that the aviator must be equipped with a peculiar type of mentality in order to carry out his work, and the belief that his entire life is given to recklessness and indiscretion, are absolutely wrong. The belief is excusable, because few people have ever been able to make the intimate acquaintance of a birdman, and have, therefore, based their opinions of him wholly upon the sensational reports of his flights and exploits printed in the daily newspapers. Could they but get an insight into his actual thoughts and his inner life they would have an entirely different opinion of him and of his ambitions, and would realize that the very harrowing questions they are constantly asking of him tend to keep them from intimate contact with his personality. They would understand that his apparent recklessness and air of unconcern are not inborn traits or tendencies, but rather conditions of the mind forced upon him by their own unintended curiosity and the attitude of the newspapers.

From the aviator's standpoint it sometimes seems as if the people are not interested in his work other than to satisfy their curiosity by its sensational features. They do not care to assist him, financially or otherwise, in his undertakings, because they fear to lend their backing or conservative names to hazardous enterprises—even worthy ones. Moreover, it seems to the aviator that they are not satisfied in watching him carry on his work in a safe and sane manner, but they must see him perform daring and spectacular feats in the air before they are ready to give him any recognition of their appreciation. If he succeeds in these spectacular performances he is well applauded. If he fails he is another foolish and reckless mortal gone to his end. Therefore, because public opinion obliges the aviator to earn his livelihood in a reckless and dangerous manner, the assumption is made that he is naturally careless and indiscreet. Aviation can be made as safe or as dangerous as the aviator cares to make it. He is hardly to blame for making it dangerous when his safe enterprises are not supported.

Two Avoidable Fatalities

I SHALL not soon forget one sad afternoon in the summer of 1911, when the management of one of the large aviation meets insisted that I and several other aviators should make some exhibition flights when the conditions were exceptionally dangerous. It was a squally, treacherous day, and no one had any business to be in the air at that particular time; but the gate receipts had been collected, and as the management could not afford to return the receipts to the public, the public, of course, was not to blame for desiring to see some good flying. At that time I was engaged in one of my long cross-country flights, and my part of the exhibition merely consisted in flying away, under the escort of the several other aviators.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour, and without a moment's allowance of delay on the part of the management, I flew away, accompanied by my escorts in their machines. Two hours later I landed in a little field bordering a country town, and was met by a multitude of people, whose first sad duty was to inform me that two of my brother aviators and escorts had met their fate a few moments after I left them, on the aviation field, one hundred and ten miles away. One, according to the reports, came to his end while performing a reckless stunt over the field; the other because something broke on his machine and it turned turtle.

This double calamity was particularly deplorable to me, not only because the aviators were my personal friends, but because, if we had all been granted one hour's delay on the part of the management, when the weather conditions proved to be decidedly more favorable, I do not believe the accidents would have happened.

This incident may serve to show, with considerable emphasis, how recklessness is often imputed to the aviator as a natural trait at times when, as a matter of fact, it is really forced upon him. I feel—in fact I might put it more strongly—I know, that the trait of recklessness, or even of fearlessness, is not an essential in the making of an aviator. Having had the pleasure of the intimate acquaintance of most of the prominent aviators in this country, I can further say that a careful study of their natures would reveal that there is no one trait or tendency which predominates in their mental makeups. And I do not believe that any definite trait or tendency is necessary for success in their profession.

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Mr. Atwood on His Way to Call Upon President Taft

To illustrate my meaning, it might be well to compare aviators with men occupied in other definite lines of business or in professions. A study of the successful business man will reveal that he is a type of individual with a more or less defined mental makeup. He possesses a certain progressiveness, a marked intuitiveness, a prophetic shrewdness. All these qualities are necessary for his success. Prominent engineers have minds that are similar, inasmuch as they possess mechanical insight, constructive ability and inventive genius. Without these qualities they would not be successful in their engineering problems. Professors and teachers of the world all have one common mental characteristic—the power to impart to other minds the knowledge they possess. Without this power their knowledge and learning would not be useful in the teaching of others. Again, actors who have made great hits upon the stage all possess the power of being able to depict life as they see it and as others wish it. Similarly, noted physicians and surgeons are conspicuous for their great coolness and composure in the face of gruesome and nerve-racking situations.

The Safest Type of Man

IN OTHER words, all the conservative vocations and professions of life seem to require men whose minds run in certain definite channels, otherwise they could not make a success of their industry or profession. A careful study of the aviator, however, will reveal that his mental makeup is conspicuous because of the absence of any one essential trait or characteristic.

Though there may not be any one tendency essential to the making of an aviator, there may be conditions that, by prevailing in his nature, would help toward his success. For example, the fact that he possessed courage might bring him the greatest of success, provided he had the proper inspiration for taking up the vocation. His lack of fear would enable him to pass through difficulties where coolness and composure were vital. Perhaps not so obviously—but in my opinion much more probably—the man possessing confidence would tend to make the more successful aviator. He might be afraid—then he would use caution. He would never undertake anything unless he were confident—then he would be depending wholly upon his judgment; and thoughtful judgment is usually safe. Of course this last type of man might be wholly lost should an accident occur that would cause him to lose his confidence; whereas the man with courage would pass through the ordeal safely. Obviously the safest type of man would, therefore, be one who possessed not only courage but confidence. Another characteristic that might be suggested as necessary for the mental makeup of an aviator is caution; but here again I can recite instances where caution has killed and where caution has saved.

No one entering into an occupation or profession can make a success of it unless he is first inspired with a real interest in the subject and can see a definite reason as to why he should follow it. He must see wherein it is going to benefit him or, perhaps, others. He must see wherein it fits into or adapts itself to his particular life. He must understand its present limitations as well as its future possibilities. And so I want to point out wherein I believe aviation is adapted to business man, sportsman, professional man, engineer, and even artist.

Flying with my hydro-aëroplane on Lake Winnepesaukee this past summer, a lake on which sailboats are never safe, I had a chance to demonstrate the usefulness of the flying machine from both the business man's and the sportsman's point of view. I had just accomplished a tour of the lake and was talking to a little throng assembled on the pier at Weirs Landing, when a business man singled himself out and began to question me. He stated that he was vacationing on one of the many islands in Lake Winnepesaukee and that he enjoyed the distinction of owning the fastest motor boat on the lake. "Do you believe," he asked me, "there is really any future for the flying machine other than as an exhibition freak?"

According to my Yankee nature I answered his question by asking one of my own: "Would you care to take a little ride over the lake this afternoon?" For a minute he hesitated; then his desire to "risk it" overcame him, and he stepped into the machine. Just previous to starting I said to him: "I am going to answer your question, Mr. Man, by demonstration; and I want you to watch every detail of this flight. Watch me circle round the islands. Watch your safe altitude above the water. Watch the squalls upon the water's surface and see how little they affect me. Watch how easily the machine is controlled. Watch how gently I can land you in the water—or at your very doorstep! Watch the distance we cover in the next few minutes!"

His camp was eleven miles away. The engine was started and for a hundred yards I glided over the surface of the water. Then I rose from it and took to the air. Over the blue surface we flew, winding in and out among the islands, occasionally touching the tips of the waves, and every now and then saluting the motor boats as we rushed by them. At no time did I attain an altitude of over ten feet. Twelve and a half minutes from the time we had started I had landed him safely at his pier—a convinced man!

A peculiar coincidence connected with this episode was the fact that his fast motor boat, in returning with his people to the island, took fire on the way, and the occupants had to be transferred into a passing launch while the flames were being subdued. This affair must at least indicate that there is a field for the aëroplane right at the present time, which is of common interest to the business man and the sportsman. I am not trying to show that the aëroplane is safer than the motor boat, but I am ready to state that there would not be twenty-five days in any one year on which I would be prevented from safely making this same flight. And the safety would depend wholly upon the judgment and skill of the operator. Moreover, on none of the remaining three hundred and forty days would it require an extraordinary amount of courage, confidence and caution to make such a flight safely. It would merely require a little skill, which can easily be acquired by any one; and if its acquisition is not desired this skill can be hired in the person of an aërial chauffeur.

Risk Lessened by Caution

IT IS hardly necessary to show what enormous possibilities the field of aviation presents to the engineer. Think for a moment what it means, from the engineer's standpoint, to construct and to operate a mechanical bird! Think what it means for a mechanism to lift itself from the ground into the air, thousands of feet high, and to sail hither and yon at the will of the operator—a mechanism that, at the lightest, weighs half a ton! For that matter, a machine in France recently flew into the air carrying a load of two tons in addition to its own weight—a heavy load for a modern automobile truck! Aviation at present is a virgin field for the engineer; it is full of problems, and the greatest problem—how to make it safe for the multitude—is not yet wholly solved. But I can state positively that should the engineer who enters the field be thorough and cautious, and should he follow the teachings of men who have had actual experience in the air, he may undertake aviation engineering with but little risk.

This Picture Shows How One Can Light Easily in a Small Space. Mr. Atwood Was Going Forty-five Miles an Hour Toward the White House

Aviation is perhaps most interesting from the artist's standpoint and affords him an unlimited field of possibilities. The adventurer, a species of artist, can find all the excitement and all the glory his heart desires; the poet and literary genius will find in it a virgin field of golden opportunities; the lover of Nature will find in it a study that will exceed all bounds of his imagination. Think of the freedom experienced—and freedom is that which all the world seeks—in flying over the meadows, the swamps, the hills, the valleys, the rivers and the lakes; yes, and even the tall mountains! Imagine the picture lying beneath you when flying high over the big city—above the smoke, the dust and turmoil! You can observe at the same instant the congested streets and the crowded squares of the city proper, and the clear, shaded highways of the suburbs. From your position above the big city you can observe simultaneously the street fight that is taking place in Central Square, the trolley accident that has just occurred on Main Street, the blockade that has formed in the market district, and the sports that are being conducted on the public playgrounds. Even the happy couples who are seeking some sequestered spot for a day's outing on the outskirts of the city are not exempt from a place in this picture.

Then picture the experience of flying over the fresh, green country in the early morning light, when the air currents have not become sufficiently strong to disturb the mists in the valley! You can follow the course of a river; and when it turns and winds through some gateway in the hills you can simply jump the curve and pick it up at another point. It is impossible for me to describe the pictures that I have seen, and the feelings and sensations with which I have been inspired when I have been on some of my cross-country flights. It would take an artist to describe them so that they would be adequately appreciated.

Then again, an interesting feature connected with low flying is the power to observe the details in the moving picture beneath you, either in the depths of a body of water or in the seclusion of a forest. In passing over a lake on a calm day it is possible to observe the bottom when the water is fifty or even a hundred feet deep, and to follow plainly the fish as they sport about. It is likewise possible, in passing over dense woods, to observe the details in their midst almost as plainly as you could observe the details on an open meadow. I remember following two deer that were fleeing wildly through a Central Maine forest when I was flying over it. They could hear my engine very plainly and I suppose were wondering what sort of a bird-monster was pursuing them.

Yes; to the artist, the vocation of aviation presents a world of possibilities, and he may roam as far as his heart desires into this labyrinth of possibilities, making his journey as safe or as dangerous as he desires.

Off to Dinner by Aëroplane

OF COURSE it is impossible to show business or professional men wherein the taking up of aviation may be of commercial value to them at the present time, because the industry is only in its infancy; but it is possible to conceive that future years will find it of great commercial value. We must remember the automobile has only just commenced its commercial conquest. We must first show that the aviation profession is one which can be followed with reasonable safety as a sport; we must show, secondly, that it has an important bearing upon future worldly progress if it is made safe. Then it will conduct its own progress.

I remember one bleak, cloudy afternoon in September, 1911, when the aëroplane did me a considerable and significant service. I was flying for a little fair at Riverhead, Long Island, as much to the amusement of myself as of the delighted community beneath me. Having a dinner engagement at six o'clock in New York, seventy-five miles away, I had intended to finish the day's flying in time to catch the train leaving Riverhead at three-fifteen. A slight accident to the aëroplane engine delayed matters, and consequently I was finishing my last flight as late as four P. M. There was then no means of conveyance to New York, other than by aëroplane, which would allow me to

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Imagine the Picture Lying Beneath You When Flying High!

Leaving the Grounds for an Exhibition Flight

THE SPELLBINDER

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

A Light-Hearted Christmas Love Story

SPUD ROONEY was in love! That somewhat troubling thought he was no longer able to sidestep—he, the erstwhile rolling stone, the airy adventurer up and down the ways of the earth, the prince of platform spellbinders, the master of the shell game and the art of separating the Laodicean cornhusker from his dime, the best ballyhoo who ever faced a boardwalk or a rubefest on a town lot! He, the one and only Spud Rooney, had it bad! As he lugubriously acknowledged, Myrtle McOrmac had "got his Angora!"

Nature, with her eternal perspicacity, had bastioned Spud's infatuation on the old law of the attraction of opposites. Spud, in the first place, had the Hibernian gift of gab. He was a poet without knowing it. He was the possessor of a vivid and active fancy, a flowery vocabulary and a sweetly persuasive smile. He also had sugary and insidious tricks of phrasing, a wistful eye and a vox humana stop to his chest tones that threw in the tremolo and made the unwary weep sympathetic tears over the life story of the latest Wild Man.

Many a Fat Woman, under the epic shower of his oratory, had found herself a second Helen of Troy and, out of sheer gratitude, had tearfully laid her heart at Spud's unresponsive feet.

Myrtle McOrmac, on the other hand, was calm of eye and slow of speech. Being in ladies' whitewear in a Sixth Avenue department store, she knew naught of the troubled world of the ballyhoo. Hers was a home-loving heart, as was attested by the fact that she shared a tiny Thirteenth Street flat with Sadie Wimpler, whose heart had been hardened by three years of switchboard work in a Broadway hotel, and had been further indurated by marrying a shoe traveler who had vanished at the end of a month with her rings. Myrtle herself, however, was quiet in spirit and deliberate in movement. She was a Juno, with the skin of a baby. If her vocabulary was small her lines were large and flowing. Her neck was a milky column of marble. Each end of her soft red mouth was corniced by the shadow of a dimple. She was rounded and mild and yielding—that is, yielding in everything but the matter of Spud's importunities.

One fact above all others fed the flame of Spud's passion—Myrtle was the queen of amateur cooks. Once a week the chrysalis of her spirit expanded into the butterfly of activity, for once a week she reigned autocratically over Sadie's little Thirteenth Street kitchen. That day of aproned industry was her day of glory. She loved it. Her dimpled white arms were only happy when deep in flour dough. Into an abstruse culinary art flowered all the poetry of her inarticulate soul. Sunday by Sunday she concocted meals that were temptation to the throat and unrest to the memory. She could make dumplings that came out of the aromatic chicken stock as light as feathers. She could create potpies that were as delicious as nectar and ambrosia. She conjured up lemon meringues that melted in the mouth and haunted the dreams of hunger. She could carpenter together layer cakes that were four-storied castles of succulent delight, façaded with a rich and buttery dressing. Her piecrust always broke short and crisp. Her jelly always jelled. Her whipped cream was always snowy and stiff. Her roasts were always juicy. Her strawberry-shortcake biscuit was always tender. Her wheatcakes were always an even *colorado maduro* in tint and feathery in texture. None stood beside her—and Spud knew it. She was the queen of cooks!

Above all things Myrtle loved to cook for the lean and cadaverous Spud. In the first place he seemed to need it; and, in the second place, he showed himself an expert in what was tasty—for Spud had traveled and lived high in his time, and in the matter of eats knew what was what! Then, too, when Spud liked a thing he knew how to say so. He orated over it. He could rhapsodize over her creampuffs until her creamy cheeks were pink with happy pride. He could ring in Lucullus and the old Romans, and digress on the way they dished it up at Louis Martin's, and conclude by averring that Myrtle had the Bustanoby Brothers looking seven ways for Sunday!

Spud, when he settled down to talk like that, could always make Myrtle's head swim a little. He could make her breath catch in her throat and her dimpled rosebud of a mouth ripen and fall apart in a dreamy smile of delight. With Sadie, though, who had first claim on the flat and lost no chance to show it, it was different. Sadie was always ready to "knock" Spud and call him the Spiel King and audibly wonder just why it was such a hard winter for wiretappers. More than once Sadie had done her best to open the enamored Myrtle's eyes to Spud's inefficiencies.

One happy Sunday evening Spud had lightly slipped himself a fifth slice of banana cake, turned his wistful smile on Myrtle and gayly extenuated such ventral indulgence by announcing: "They say it's a compliment to the cook, you know, when you come back like this!" The acidulated Sadie calmly studied the half-emptied cake-dish and as calmly inquired:

"Don't yuh think you're makin' it downright flattery this deal, Mista Rooney?"

Thus, seed by seed, the worldly wise Sadie planted the harvest of disquiet in Myrtle's opulent bosom. She took occasion even to point out that most men dragged a girl to a theater once in a century, and usually handed over a shiner or two to make up for the wear and tear on the parlor-chair seats. It was a poor guy, she soliloquized, who couldn't make good with a box of chocolates at least once a month.

"Aw, Sadie, cut out th' anvil woik!" protested the unhappy Myrtle, whose heart was as big as her body. "Spud's up aginst it this winter. Yuh couldn't ast him t' loosen up. He ain't had woik!"

"No, Moitle; he soitenly ain't!"

Myrtle, as she turned on Sadie, filled her generous bosom with a great breath of indignation.

"I ain't holdin' no gen'l'mun fr'en' o' mine up for gran' op'ra and em'ruld bootheels when the runnin's ag'inst him!"

"Well, I don't see w'at yuh're gittin' out o' stall-feedin' a bum who can't come acrost with even a couple o' movin'-pitcher seats!" was the retort of the wiser and craftier Sadie; but Myrtle could not see her hero defamed without protest.

"Spud's a gen'l'mun—that's a pipe!" she stoutly declared. "An' if he had the rhino he'd be as free wit' it as soiten parties are wit' their advice!"

"No; all Spud Rooney's free wit' is that cheap talk o' his!"

"Well, I like that talk o' his," declared Myrtle. "He talks sumpin'gran'! I'd ruther watch his genteel ways and hear him handin' out them lovely thoughts o' his than go to any movin'-pitcher house on Broadway!"

"It soitenly comes cheaper!"

"I consider Spud as gen'l'munly and elegant as Jack Barrymore any day."

"Yuh must miss them shows Gus Burbecker usedt to cart yuh off to twice a week!" acknowledged the sympathetic Sadie.

"Myrtle, Darlin', You'd Make a Crust o' Bread in a Back Garret Sweeter Than Terrapin Under the Chandeliers at Rector's!"

"I guess I ain't missin' such a much, cuttin' out the balcony buckrows, when Spud c'n give me the same feelin' jus' sittin' there and passin' out that lovely po'try o' his!"

"An' w'at good's po'try goin' to do a goil? Yuh're jus' nutty about that ballyhoo, an' yuh know it, Moitle McOrmac! Yuh've threw Gus down f'r him—and Gus gittin' his eighteen a week in that mattress fact'ry and takin' yuh reg'ler all summer long to Sohmer Pawk!"

Myrtle sat staring with troubled eyes at the saddening but inexorable truth.

"I ain't threw Gus down!" she avowed with sudden spirit. "He walked home wit' me two nights ago. He rekernized, he sez, I had a noo gen'l'mun fr'en'. Be that as it may, he sez, he hisself was gittin' a raise o' four a week at Noo Year's. And that'd give him a chancet, he sez, to set up a flat on the instalment plan."

"An' yuh're lettin' a chancet like that git away from yuh?" demanded the older woman.

"Did I say I was lettin' it git away from me?" Myrtle spoke with an acerbity unusual in her.

"Gus ain't no hotair fan!" gently intimated Sadie; but the insinuation was too much for Myrtle's tired nerves.

"If yuh're tryin' to slur Spud as nothin' more'n a kidder, Sadie Wimpler, yuh're dead wrong! Spud was a spender w'en he had it, all right, all right! He bought enough women's white wear offen me over that counter to rig a orphanage out like a bunch o' P'risians!"

"Intendin' the same fur some circus doll he's probably kep' planted over on th' East Side!"

"That ain't true!" cried the tragic-eyed Myrtle. "He loaded up wit' that white wear jus' to git acquainted. He even asted me later on if I knew of any deservin' women as needed such things! He jus' paid that out like a gen'l'mun to git on talkin' terms wit' me! An' I ain't forgot it! And all that's wrong wit' Spud is he ain't got the wad; he ain't weighed down wit' the oof! It ain't happenin' t' come his way! An' yuh can't harpoon a job in his line o' woik like yuh was a dockhand down on West Street!"

"Then w'y don't he switch his line o' woik an' at least make a bluff at keepin' busy," was Sadie's mild inquiry, "instid o' wearin' hisself out slingin' the bunk?"

Myrtle, who was busy adjusting a rhinestone barette—the gift of Gus in other days—to the back of her hair, had no answer for this. However as she quite superfluously dabbed her creamy nose with a final sprinkling of rice powder, stepped into the parlor, turned down the gas and sat waiting for Spud's ring, her face took on a look of profound and troubled thought.

She tried her best not to smile as Spud blew in—for it was characteristic of Spud always to blow in; but such reticence was beyond her. Spud had a way of making you overlook things. He had a way of taking a girl's hand and holding on to it as though it were the final and most precious thing on all the earth.

"Sure, darlin', don't be takin' it away. 'Tis as warm and soft as any bird, that little hand o' yours!" he avowed, as he took possession of the fingers that could fashion such wondrous creampuffs. "But what's brought all the trouble to those blue eyes that make me think it's Heaven I'm lookin' into, and all the Lord's holy angels singin' behind the lips o' you, and your teeth the pearly gates where the laughin' music of your sweet soul comes stealin' through! What is it now troublin' you, darlin'?"

"Don't Yuh Think You're Makin' it Downright Flattery This Deal, Mista Rooney?"

She sighed as Spud led her to the red plush sofa beside the steampipes and seated her there as though he were seating a duchess on a dais.

"Oh, Sadie's bin loosin' her ravin' bug again! And there's soiten knockers git my wires so crost I could cut this bunk wit'out a murmur!" And she sighed again under the melting ardor of Spud's rare sympathetic glance. "For the love o' Pete talk to me, Spud—and talk to me soft an' dreamy! That floorwalker's bin handin' it to me all day an' then I had a run-in wit' the checker; an' when I got home feelin' I could bite a latchkey in two, why, Sadie has to step in and pan me 'bout not bein' perticklar enough 'bout my gen'l'mun fr'en's!"

"'Tis a shame, darlin', you havin' all this to bear! 'Tis you should be ridin' in landaulets and leanin' back on cushions, and steppin' out at the Waldorf for a bit of chocolate, and runnin' up to the Winter Garden and takin' all eyes from the stage as you sweep into your box! 'Tis you should be weighed down with old lace from the boulevards o' Paris and lit up with all the pearls that ever came out of the Indies; for if ever a neck was invitin' to the touch o' fine lace 'tis this neck o' yours, and if ever a face was made to be goin' with joolry 'tis this sweet face o' yours, darlin'!"

A gentle anesthesia stole over the listening Myrtle. Spud's words took the look of trouble from her eyes as a morning sun takes the frost from a meadow.

"Oh, Spud," she weakly expostulated; "that's a wicked lie, an' yuh know it! But say it all over again t' me, Spud, till I get th' cackle o' them she-hen bargain-hunters out o' my ears!"

"Faith, there's nothin' for me to say, darlin', when the face o' you leaves me in a daze and the thought o' you breaks my sleep; and the stones of the sidewalk start singin' aloud as I swing round to your street! Night by night I come up those stairs with my heart in my mouth, wonderin' if you've been taken out o' the big store by some copper king with a million, or coaxed off to the gay boulevards o' Budapest by some visitin' nobleman, or snapped up by some lad o' the Four Hundred with an eye for loveliness!"

"Yuh're kiddin' me, Spud!" murmured the contented and drowsy-eyed girl.

"Kiddin' you!—when I've traveled the length and breadth of America, North and South, and never seen a face so full o' beauty, and the two eyes o' you more like two wells with the moonlight over the top o' them! Myrtle, darlin', if you'd only say the word I've been askin' this many a day you'd make a crust o' bread in a back garret sweeter than terrapin under the chandeliers at Rector's!"

Spud, quite without comprehending it, was venturing out on very thin ice. Myrtle's earlier look of meditative trouble came back to her.

"It takes sumpin more'n a crust to crowbar a goil out of a good job, Spud, no matter how much she's achin' to wipe her Oxfords on her own doormat!"

"'Tis the best in the land you should have, my dear, with servants at your beck and call, and me to be guardin' you from them cheap skates o' floorwalkers; and makin' you a home, with red burlap on the walls and a gas-range in the kitchen, and the neighbors readin' the name on the mail-box and wonderin' what foreign princess might be comin' to live under the same roof with them!"

"Rully?" said Myrtle, with narrowed eyes. "That's exackly the line o' talk Mista Burbecker was handin' out to me yes'erday when he was hot-airin' about his comin' raise at Noo Year's!"

"Was he, now?" said Spud with the wind going a bit out of his sails.

"It's fine for a goil to know she kin cop a good home w'en she happens t' want one," was Myrtle's dreamy rejoinder.

"And you'll be havin' it—the finest in the land, my dear—once my luck turns! You'll have as cozy a flat as ever a dumbwaiter whistle blew into and nothin' but Toorkuh rugs and quartered oak to rest your sweet eyes on!"

There was both impatience and disdain in Myrtle's sudden movement. "Yuh ever overhear that ol' sayin' about fine woids failin' to spread any cream'ry print over your parsnips, Spud?"

"Sure; and I'd eat parsnips raw with you smilin' across the table at me!"

"I wouldn't be sawr dead wit' raw stuff on a table o' mine!" grimly announced the queen of cooks. Then she turned and contemplated her startled companion. "Spud, w'y ain't yuh wolkin' none this winter?"

"Workin'?" demanded Spud. "Goin' off and delvin' in sordid toil when I could be baskin' in the light o' your smile—when I can sit and see the glory o' your dreamin' eyes, me darlin', and hear the words fallin' from that sweet mouth like dew droppin' from a rose!"

"That con don't cut much ice w'en rentday comes roun'! And there's sure goin' to be some changin' here, seein' 's Sadie's gettin' so sore on double-harness runnin'!"

"First Created for the Crowned Heads of Yurrup! Used by the Boss Tong of the Four Hundred!"

"And wouldn't I have been out on the road with the old troupe if it hadn't been for the ache o' leavin' you? And didn't you ask me, darlin', with your own sweet mouth to quarter in this burg through the winter and not be wanderin' about the lonely towns o' the world?"

"Yuh soitenly stuck to the burg!" agreed Myrtle, fixing the bewildered Spud with a studious eye.

"And is it that you're holdin' ag'inst me?"

"I'm soitenly holdin' nothin' ag'inst yuh, Spud; but a gen'l'mun's gotta show me! I'm the Missouri kid w'en it comes to the marriage talk, ev'ry time! A goil's gotta have sumpin more'n music records to feed on!" Myrtle heaved a sigh of regret. "And Sophie Goldberg's tipped me off my gen'l'mun fr'en', Mista Burbecker's showin' roun' a two-carat di'mon' ring he's bruggin' to bring up here!"

"And when will he be bringin' it?" demanded Spud.

"He sez," languidly explained Myrtle, "he'll have my answer by Chris'mas mornin'. I guess that means he'll beat it up here after the big store closes and he gits back from that matruss-makers' mask ball on Chris'mas Eve."

"And you'd be listenin' to that stammerin' mossbeater without a word in his head?"

"Well, he cops a pay envelip oncet a week! An' I guess Sadie ain't so wrong w'en she sez money talks!" retorted Myrtle sharply.

"So it's only money that talks?"

"It most soitenly makes a noise wit' the furniture man!"

"And it's money you want? And it's me you think can't be makin' money the same as a strawpusher in a bed-foundry! And you'd be decidin' Christmas Eve when you're back from work—with a two-carat yellow stone, set crooked to cover the flaw!"

"Oh, I ain't so stuck on di'mon's! But, as I sez before, fine woids don't foinish no flat!"

Spud, as he began to see the light, rose more in sorrow than in anger.

"Then 'tis few fine words I'll be wearyin' you with, my dear. And 'tis right you are not to be wastin' your time on a poor spendthrift with an empty pocket and a sore heart at what you've spoken to me this night!"

"Spud!" cried Myrtle as the prince of ballyhoos started for the door.

"'Tis money talks!" acknowledged Spud as he went out without so much as one look back.

"Spud!" gasped the amazed girl, going to the hall and staring down the stairs—but Spud was gone.

. . . . . .

The prince of ballyhoos was not ignorant of the fact that he was close to the great divide of his career. He knew, in the language of his kind, he had to "make good" with Myrtle McOrmac. He knew also that this rehabilitation could be attained only through the possession of what his colleagues would call a wad, the dough, the oof, rhino—or just plain money.

For a frenzied day he roamed the Rialto, the Bowery, the East Side in general, demanding the right to work, buttonholing his friends of the billiard cellar, cross-questioning his confrères of the poolroom. He wanted anything that would bring in money. For once in his life he was not overfastidious—it was a case of any port in a storm.

Beggars, he acknowledged, could not be choosers; yet when one Dinkey Curnow blandly suggested a partnership for lifting Christmas "leathers" on the car lines Spud extended an arm, palm outward, with a prompt "Nay, nay, Dink; nothin' doin'!"

Neither that day nor the next did Spud and his opportunity coincide. It was, in fact, the day before Christmas that Spud stumbled on his chance. It came when a Nassau Street pushcart pedler received an unsavory Christmas gift in the form of a workhouse commitment for thrice selling half-pint bottles of the Unmatchable Margaret Anglin Oriental Perfume without a city license; and, since this pushcart pedler had twice declined to grease a "canary's" hand and had twice disregarded a court warning, he had lost his liberty and the chance of a lifetime.

Spud realized that chance. Instinct told him what could be done with that Unmatchable Margaret Anglin Oriental Perfume. When he found there was a bankrupt stock of it—especially prepared for the South American trade—he hocked the diamond horseshoe he always kept under his vest lapel as a last resource, took out a pushcart license and then interviewed the jobber with the cellarful of the Unmatchable Margaret Anglin Oriental Perfume. That jobbing commercial undertaker Spud finally talked into weariness and a grubstake, paying a deposit on the first load and promptly migrating up to Sixth Avenue.

Spud had two reasons for this migration. The Unmatchable Margaret Anglin Oriental Perfume he felt would go better with women. It was clearly a moll-graft, and he was anxious for the more opulent uptown trade.

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LAW

By IRVIN S. COBB

DECORATION BY H. J. SOULEN

SPEAKING of the law, isn't it a curious thing how one's adolescent fancies shift and veer? How few of us in after life turn out to be the things that in childhood's budding hours we thought we were going to be?

There was a time in my early youth when I wanted to be a lawyer; that, however, was not at the outset. As I look back on it all now, it seems to me that my earliest remembered ambition centered round being the drum-major of a brass band, with a baton to twirl and a bearskin busby the size of an old-fashioned beehive on my head, marching just ahead of the chaps who were doing the work. This craving persisted until I went to my first circus; and then for a while after that I couldn't make up my mind whether I would become the ringmaster in high boots and a longhorn mustache, or the gentleman bareback rider with the pink rosettes on his bosom, or the talented artist who drove the band-wagon, or the funny old clown who always had another tin fife concealed about his person, no matter how many other tin fifes the ringmaster might take away from him. As I recall, I finally compromised with myself by deciding that I would be all four of them, and between-times would also do lion-taming.

In a period somewhat subsequent to this I made the acquaintance of five-cent libraries, such as could be perused during schoolhours if spread inside of a geography, and again my fancy began to waver. I was going to be a cowboy, or else a pirate—a Christian pirate, though, who would go to Heaven when he died—or a gallant fireman in a red shirt, with a large tin hat. About this time, however, I attended my first variety show; and at once I became convinced that the limit of human endeavor was summed up in being the champion club-swinger of the world, and wear a black velvet suit and own eighteen pairs of assorted Indian clubs, all with mother-of-pearl settings in them. In the sacred privacy of the stable loft I was putting in a good deal of time practicing Indian club-swinging, with a couple of mineral-water bottles for tools, when one momentous day I participated in a Democratic rally—and after that there was no longer any doubt in my mind. I knew that I was called to a nobler and higher sphere of action than any I had hitherto fancied.

The Famous Cow Case

I WOULD be a lawyer. In a long-tailed coat and a white lawn tie, with a high, smooth forehead running up in a kind of peaked effect like the steeple on the Baptist church, I would be a lawyer. I would stand upon a platform, with the American flag at my back and a white china pitcher full of lemonade at my right hand, and make speeches to enthrall the clamoring multitude. Also, between campaigns I would make a specialty of defending the innocently accused without charging him any fee for it, and by my talents I would free him; and then his beauteous daughter would implant the dewy kiss of gratitude upon my high and spire-shaped brow and offer me her hand in wedlock. There was a career for you—one with absolutely not a flaw in it anywhere!

As I figure it out now, this desire was but a natural one, seeing that I was raised in one of the favorite haunts of the silver-tongued school of orators. The town where we lived was in the dead center of the eloquence belt of this hemisphere. Among us a lawyer was no lawyer at all unless he was a combination of Demosthenes, Patrick Henry, Tecumseh the Prophet, and Rebekah at the Well—the first three on account of their well-known gifts of speech and the last-named on account of the water supply. In our country a lawyer, to be worthy of the name, must be able to siphon the salt moisture of emotion out of himself upon any and all public occasions. If the pump does not work properly he might as well quit. I've seen a lawyer of superior aquatic facilities go to court to defend a colored man accused of stealing a couple of shoats, and seen him cry so well himself that the judge would weep and the jury would too—and even the sheriff; and then the jurors would retire, sobbing as though their hearts would break, and come back with a verdict of not guilty, and the lawyer would issue forth from the courtroom, with the tears still rolling down his cheeks in streams, and take both the shoats for his fee.

We were a highstrung and sentimental people, and oratory moved us as nothing else would. There was once a brawny blacksmith out in the county who was elected a justice of the peace on the strength of his Confederate record and because his wife was distantly related to the Breckinridge family; and the first case he sat to hear was one growing out of the death of a cow at the hands of a freight train on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. After the evidence was all in, the attorney for the plaintiff made a most effective argument. In vivid word pictures he sketched the abundant virtues of the late cow; he described her sweetness and her gentleness, and her capacity as to milk; he told of the great loss to her family, consisting of a young calf; and he dwelt upon the iron heartlessness of a railroad system that by its brutal carelessness had at one fell swoop, as it were, made hash of the deceased and an orphan of her offspring. His peroration is still remembered. The language of it was homely yet moving.

"And finally, squire," he said in summing up, "if the train had been run as she should have been ran, and if the bell had been rung as she should have been rang, and if the whistle had been blowed as she should have been blew—both of which they done neither—this here cow would not have been injured at the time she was killed."

As he sat down the new justice said in a voice husky with feeling, "That's enough! Plaintiff wins!" and proceeded to enter judgment for the full amount of damages. But the lawyer for the other side protested. He insisted that he had a right to be heard; and, though the justice said he had already made up his mind, he admitted that it was no more than fair for the gentleman to make a speech, too, if he wanted to, and told him to go ahead.

So the lawyer for the railroad cut his moorings and went straight up. He was a genuine silver tongue, with an automatic tear-valve and a friction-proof jaw. He soared right into the clouds and continued to sail round up there for an hour or more. Among other things pertinent to the issue, he introduced the American Eagle, the Magna Charta, First and Second Manassas, Paul Revere's Ride and the Bonny Blue Flag Which Bears but a Single Star, concluding the whole by giving the Rebel Yell and bursting into a violent fit of weeping. As he sank into his seat the justice, with a touch of the old, true Jeffersonian simplicity, wiped his streaming eyes upon his shirtsleeve, and in a voice quivering with sobs exclaimed: "Well, don't that beat all! Defense wins!"

Reared as I was amid such influences as these, it was but natural that my juvenile aim should have inclined me to the practice of law. I cherished that ambition for years, but I finally gave it up and turned to other and less exciting pursuits. I did this after I discovered that Nature had not seen fit to endow me with what is known as the legal mind. This legal mind, which you hear so much about, is a very complex thing. It is not given to the average person to be able even to understand the legal mind, let alone to have one. Let me illustrate it if I can. If you or I—both of us assumed to be mere laymen—were asked to tell the difference between a poinsettia and an Irish setter we would probably be able to do so in a few words. We would simply say that though both were setters, even if spelled differently, and though both were red in color, yet by placing the two side by side any casual observer would at once be struck by certain strong dissimilarities between them; but the possessor of a legal mind would not go about the matter in that way at all. He would spend at least a week over the problem, meanwhile charging you up for the time spent. He would consult all the available authorities. He would prepare an opinion, citing the decisions bearing upon the subject and seasoned freely with suitable Latin quotations. Following this he would file a demurrer and move for a writ of habeas corpus and a subpœna duces tecum and a nunc pro tunc, and one thing and another. And then, unless he had inadvertently put a comma in the wrong place, thus permitting opportunity for a number of elderly gentlemen asleep on a bench, in silk nightgowns, to reverse him on error—he would, in the course of a year or so, be able to furnish you with a definite ruling, elucidating the principal points of difference, if any, between an Irish setter and a poinsettia. This is how the legal mind works.

The Cruel Wheel of Fortune

I KNOW a man who is of a most daring and adventurous nature. He would take almost any kind of forlorn chance. He impresses me as the kind of man who would undertake to argue the suffrage question with a woman while out skiffriding in a self-rocking boat. He is a natural-born gambler too. I've known him to make book on a steam carrousel and he says that one of those old-fashioned revolving cruets, such as you find on the dining table of a country hotel, makes an excellent substitute for a wheel of fortune, by playing salt and pepper to win, vinegar and mustard to lose, and horseradish to split all bets. But he has always advised me strongly against going to law if it could possibly be avoided. He tells me that once he became involved in litigation over a piece of property and, after a determined and desperate fight in the courts, he won his case on all points; and then by selling the property in question had almost half enough money to pay his attorney's fees.

I believe he would as soon blow down an unloaded gun-barrel as down one that was loaded, but he says he would never go to law again under any circumstances. I would say that he is probably right. So far as I am able to tell, hiring a lawyer is the only two-handed game in the world where you lose if you win and he wins if he loses. And, as I said before, not having the legal mind, I am content to sit back in the crowd and admire the workings of the laws.

(Continued on Page 65)

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

III

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IT LACKED little of the eleventh hour when the football player reached the ballroom—last comer to the revels. A bandage round his head and a rubber noseguard, which also hid his mouth, served for a mask, eked out by crisscrossed strips of court-plaster. One arm was in a sling. As he limped through the door Diogenes hurried to meet him, held up his lantern, peered hopefully into the battered face and shook his disappointed head. "Stung again!" muttered Diogenes.

Jeff lisped in numbers which fully verified the cynic's misgiving. "7—11—4—11—44!" he said jerkily. This was in character and also excused him from entangling talk, leaving him free to search the whirl of dancers.

A bulky Rough Rider volunteered his help. He fixed a gleaming eyeglass on his nose and politely offered Jeff a Big Stick by way of a crutch. "Hit the line hard!" he barked. He bit the words off with a prize-bulldog effect. He had fine teeth.

Jeff waved him off. "16—2—1!" he hissed controversially. He felt his spirits sinking, with a growing doubt of his ability to identify the Only One, and was impatient of interruption. He kept his slow and watchful way down the floor.

Topsy broke away from her partner and stopped Jeff's crippled progress. Her short hair, braided to a dozen tight and tiny pigtails, bristled away in all directions.

"Lawsa, young marsta', you suh-tenly does look puny!" she said. Then she clutched at her knee. "Aie!" she tittered as a loose red stocking dropped flappingly to her ankle. Pray do not be shocked. The effect was startling; but a black stocking, decorously tight and smooth, was beneath the red one. Jeff's mathematics were not equal to the strain of adequate comment. Topsy dived to the rescue.

"Got a string?" she giggled as she hitched the fallen stocking back to place. "I cain't fix this good nohow!"

Jeff jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Man over there with an eyeglass cord—maybe you can get that. What makes you act so?" He looked cold disapproval; nevertheless he looked.

Topsy hung her head, still clutching at the stocking-top. "Dunno. I spec's it's 'cause Ise so wicked!" Finger in mouth, she looked after Jeff as he hobbled away.

A slender witch bounced from a chair and barred his way with a broom. Her eyes were brimming sorcery; her lips looked saucy challenge; she leaned close for a whispered word in his ear: "How would you like to tackle me?"

Poor Jeff! "10, 2—10, 2!" he promised huskily. Yet he ducked beneath the broom.

"But," said the little witch plaintively, "you're going away!" She dropped her broom and wept.

"8, 2—8, 2—8, 2!" said Jeff, almost in tears himself, and again fell back upon English. "Mere figures or mere words can't tell you how much I hate to; but I've got to follow the ball. I'm looking for a fellow."

"If he—if he doesn't love you," sobbed the stricken witch, "then you'll come back to me—won't you? I love a liar!"

"To the very stake!" vowed Jeff. Such heroic if conditional constancy was not to go unrewarded. A couple detached themselves from the dancers, threaded their way to a corner of the long hall and stood there in deep converse. Jeff quickened pulse and pace—for one was a Red Devil and the other wore the soft gray costume of a Friend. She was tall, this Quakeress, and the hobnobbing devil was of Jeff's own height. Jeff began to hope for a goal.

Briskly limping, he came to this engrossed couple and laid a friendly hand on the devil's shoulder. "Brother," he said cordially, "will you please go to—home?"

The devil recoiled an astonished step.

"What? What!! Show me your license!"

"Twenty-three!—Please!—there's a good devil—23! I'm the right guard for this lady, I hope. Oh, please to go home!"

The devil took this request of the newcomer in very bad part.

"Go back fifteen yards for offside play and take a drop kick at yourself!" he suggested sourly.

A burly policeman, plainly conscious of fitting his uniform, paused for warning.

"No scrappin' now! Don't start nothin' or I'll run in the t'ree av yez!" he said, and sauntered on, twirling a graceful nightstick.

"Thee is a local man, judging from thy letters," said the Quaker lady to relieve the somewhat strained situation. "What do they stand for? E. P. Oh, yes—El Paso, of course. If thee was only a Cornell man, now, I might be said to find myself between my old friend here and the big red C."

"I saw you first!" said her old friend doggedly. "And with your disposition you would naturally find me more suitable. Make your choice of gridirons! Send him back to the side lines! Disqualify him for interference!"

"Don't be hurried into a decision," said Jeff. "Eternity is a good while. Before it's over I'm going to be a—well, something more than a footballer. Golf, maybe—or tiddledywinks."

The Quakeress glanced attentively from one to the other.

"Doubtless he will do his best to forward Thy Majesty's interests," she interposed. "Why not give him a chance?"

The devil shrugged his shoulders. "I always prefer to give this branch of work my personal attention," he said stiffly.

"A specialty of thine?" mocked the girl.

The devil bowed sulkily.

"My heart is in it. Of course, if you prefer the bungling of a novice there is no more to be said."

"Thy Majesty's manners have never been questioned," murmured the Quakeress, bowing dismissal. "So kind of you!"

The devil bowed deeply and turned, pausing to hurl a gloomy prophecy over his shoulder. "See you later!" he said, and stalked away with an ill grace. Pigskin hero and girl Friend, left alone, eyed each other with mutual apprehension. The girl Friend was first to recover speech. Her red lips were prim below her vizor, her eyes downcast to hide their dancing lights. Timidly she spread out fan-wise the dove color of her sober costume.

"How does thee like my gray gown?"

"Not at all," said Jeff brutally. "You're no friend of mine, I hope."

A most un-Quakerlike dimple trembled to her chin, relieving the firm austerity of straight lips. Also, Jeff caught a glimpse of her eyes through the vizor. They were crinkling—and they were brown. She ventured another tentative remark, and there was in it an undertone lingering, softly confidential:

"Is thee lame?"

"Not—very," said Jeff, and saw a faint color start to the unmasked moiety of the Quaker cheek. "Still, if I may have the next dance I shall be glad if you will sit it out with me." Painfully he raised the beslinged arm in explanation. *Sobre las Olas* throbbed out its wistful call; they set their thought to its haunting measure.

"By all means!" She took his undamaged arm. "Let us find chairs."

Now there were chairs to the left of them, chairs to the right of them, chairs vacant everywhere; but the gallant Six Hundred themselves were not more heedless or undismayed than these two. Still, all the world did not wonder. On the contrary, not even the anxious devil saw them after they passed behind a knot of would-be dancers who were striving to disentangle themselves. For, seeing traffic thus blocked, the policeman rushed to unsnarl the tangle. Magnificently he flourished his stick. He adjured them roughly: "Move on, yous! Move on!" Whereat, with one impulse, the tangle moved on the copper, swept over him, engulfed him, hustled him to the door and threw him out.

So screened, the chair-hunters vanished in far less than a psychological moment: for Jeff, in obedience to a faint or fancied pressure on his arm, dived through portières into a small room set apart for such as had the heart to prefer cards or chess. The room was deserted now and there was a broad window open

"Never Have I Heard Anything Like It—Never! You Virtually Accuse Me of Throwing Myself at Your Head"

to the night. Thus, thrice favored of Providence, they found themselves in the garden, chairless but cheerful.

A garden with one Eve is the perfect combination in a world awry. Muffled, the music and the sounds of the ballroom came faint and far to them; star-made shadows danced at their feet. The girl paused, expectant; but it was the unexpected that happened. The nimble tongue which had done such faithful service for Mr. Bransford now failed him quite: left him struggling, dumb, inarticulate, helpless—tongue and hand alike forgetful of their cunning.

Be sure the maid had adroitly heard much of Mr. Bransford, his deeds and misdeeds, during the tedious interval since their first meeting. Report had dwelt lovingly upon Mr. Bransford's eloquence at need. This awkward silence was a tribute of sincerity above question.

With difficulty Ellinor mastered a wild desire to ask where the cat had gone. "Oh, come ye in peace here or come ye in war?" The injudicious quotation trembled on the tip of her tongue, but she suppressed it—barely in time. She felt herself growing nervous with the fear lest she should be hurried into some all too luminous speech. And still Jeff stood there, lost, speechless, helpless, unready, a clumsy oaf, an object of pity. Pity at last, or a kindred feeling, drove her to the rescue. And, just as she had feared, she said in her generous haste far too much. "I thought you were not coming?" The inflection made a question of this statement. Also, by implication, it answered so many questions yet unworded that Jeff was able to use his tongue again; but it was not the trusty tongue of yore—witness this wooden speech:

"You mean you thought I said I wasn't coming—don't you? You knew I would come."

"Indeed? How should I know what you would do? I've only seen you once. Aren't you forgetting that?"

"Why else did you make up as a Friend then?"

"Oh! Oh, dear, these men! There's conceit for you! I chose my costume solely to trap Mr. Bransford's eye? Is that it? Doubtless all my thoughts have centered on Mr. Bransford since I first saw him!"

"You know I didn't mean that, Miss Ellinor. I ——"

"Miss Hoffman, if you please!"

"Miss Hoffman. Don't be mean to me. I've only got an hour ——"

"An hour! Do you imagine for one second —— Why, I mustn't stay here. This is really a farewell dance given in my honor. We go back East day after tomorrow. I must go in."

"Only one little hour. And I have come a long ways for my hour. They take their masks off at midnight—don't they? And of course I can't stay after that. I want only just to ask you ——"

"Why did you come then? Isn't it rather unusual to go uninvited to a ball?"

"Why, I reckon you nearly know why I come, Miss Hoffman; but if you want me to say precisely, ma'am——"

"I don't!"

"We'll keep that for a surprise then. Another thing: I wanted to find out just where you live in New York. I forgot to ask you. And I couldn't very well go round asking folks after you're gone—could I? Of course I didn't have any invitation—from Mr. Lake; but I thought, if he didn't know it, he wouldn't mind me just stepping in to get your address."

"Well, of all the assurance!" said Miss Ellinor. "Do you intend to start up a correspondence with me without even the formality of asking my consent?"

"Why, Miss Ellinor, ma'am, I thought ——"

"Miss Hoffman, sir! Yes—and there's another thing. You said you had no invitation—from Mr. Lake. Does that mean, by any chance, that I invited you?"

"You didn't say a word about my coming," said Jeff. He was a flustered man, this poor Bransford, but he managed to put a slight stress upon the word "say."

Miss Ellinor—Miss Hoffman—caught at this faint emphasis instantly.

"Oh, I did n't say anything? I just looked an invitation, I suppose?" she stormed. "Melting eyes—and that sort of thing? Tears in them, maybe? Poor girl! Poor little child! It would be cruel to let her go home without seeing me again. I will give her a little more happiness, poor thing, and write to her a while. Maybe it would be wiser, though, just to make a quarrel and break loose at once. She'll get over it in a little while after she gets back to New York. Well! Upon my word!"

As she advanced these horrible suppositions Miss Hoffman had marked out a short beat of garden path—five steps and a turn; five steps back and whirl again—with, on the whole, a caged-tigress effect. With a double-quick at each turn to keep his place at her elbow, Jeff, utterly

"Twenty-Three! There's a Good Devil! I'm the Right Guard for This Lady, I Hope"

aghast at the damnable perversity of everything on earth, vainly endeavored to make coördinate and stumbling remonstrance. As she stopped for breath, Jeff heard his own voice at last, propounding to the world at large a stunned query as to whether the abode of lost spirits could afford aught to excel the present situation! The remark struck him; he paused to wonder what other things he had been saying.

Miss Ellinor walked her beat, vindictive. Her chin was at an angle of complacency. She turned up the perky corners of an imaginary mustache with an air, an exasperating little finger, separated from the others, pointing upward in hateful self-satisfaction. Her mouth wore a gratified masculine smirk, visible even in the starlight; her gait was a leisured and lordly strut; her hand waved airy pity. Jeff shrank back in horror.

"M-Miss Hoffman, I n-never d-dreamed ——"

Miss Hoffman turned upon him swiftly.

"Never have I heard anything like it—never! You bring me out here willy-nilly, and by way of entertainment you virtually accuse me of throwing myself at your head."

"I never!" said Jeff indignantly. "I d-didn't ——"

Miss Hoffman faced him crouchingly and shook an indictment from her fingers.

"First, you imply that I enticed you to come; second, expecting you, I dressed to catch your eye; third, I was watching eagerly for you ——"

"Come—I say now!" The baited and exasperated victim walked headlong into the trap. "The first thing you did was to ask me if I was lame? Wasn't that question meant to find out who I was? When I answered, 'Not—very,' didn't you know at once that it was me?"

"There! That proves exactly what I was just saying," raged the delighted trapper. "You don't even deny it! You say in so many words that I have been courting you! I had to say something, didn't I? You wouldn't! You were limping, so I asked you if you were lame. What else could I have said? Did you want me to stand there like a stuffed Egyptian mummy? That's the thanks a girl gets for trying to help a great, awkward, blundering butterfingers! Oh, if you could just see yourself! The irresistible conqueror! Not altogether unprincipled though! You are capable of compunction. I'll give you credit for that. Alarmed at your easy success, you try to spare me. It is noble of you—noble! You drag me out here, force a quarrel upon me ——"

"Oh, by Jove now! Really!" Stung by the poignant injustice of crowding events, Jeff took the bit in his teeth and rushed to destruction. "Really, you must see yourself that I couldn't drag you out here! I have never been in that hall before. I didn't know the lay of the ground. I didn't even know that little side room was there. I thought you pressed my arm a little ——" So the brainless colt, in the quicksands, flounders deeper with each effort to extricate himself.

If Miss Ellinor Hoffman had been angry before she was furious now.

"So that's the way of it? Better and better! I dragged you out! Really, Mr. Bransford, I feel that I should take you back to your chaperon at once. You might be compromised, you know!"

Goaded to desperation, he acted on this hint at once. He turned, with stiff and stilted speech:

"I will take you back to the window, Miss Hoffman. Then there is nothing for me to do but go. I am sorry to have caused you even a moment's annoyance. Tomorrow you will see how you have twisted—I mean, how completely you have misinterpreted everything I have said. Perhaps some day you may forgive me. Here is the window. Good night and goodby!"

Miss Hoffman lingered however.

"Of course, if you apologize ——"

"I do, Miss Hoffman. I beg your pardon most sincerely for anything I have ever said or done that could hurt you or offend you in any way."

"If you are sure you are sorry—if you take it all back and will never do such a thing again—perhaps I may forgive you."

"I won't—I am—I will!" said the abject and groveling wretch; which was incoherent but pleasing. "I didn't mean anything the way that you took it; but I'm sorry for everything."

"Then I didn't beguile you to come? Or mask as a Friend in the hope that you would identify me?"

"No, no!"

Miss Ellinor pressed her advantage cruelly: "Nor take stock of each new masker to see if he possibly wasn't the expected Mr. Bransford? Nor drag you into the garden? Nor squeeze your arm?" Her hands went to her face, her lissom body shook. "Oh, Mr. Bransford," she sobbed between her fingers, "how could you—how could you say that!"

The clock chimed. A pealing voice beat out into the night: "Masks off!" A hundred voices swelled the cry; it was drowned in waves of laughter. It rose again tumultuously: "Masks off! Masks off!" Nearer came hateful voices, too, that cried: "Ellinor! Ellinor! Where are you?"

"I must go!" said Jeff. "They'll be looking for you. No; you didn't do any of those things. You couldn't do any of those things. Goodby!"

"Ellinor! Ellinor Hoffman!! Where are you?"

Miss Hoffman whipped off her mask. From the open window a shaft of light fell on her face. It was flushed, sparkling, radiant. "Masks off!" she said. "Stupid! . . . Oh, you great goose! Of course I did!" She stepped back into the shadow.

No one, as the copybook says justly, may be always wise. Conversely, the most unwise of us blunders sometimes upon the right thing to do. With a glimmer of returning intelligence Mr. Bransford laid his noseguard on the window-sill.

"Sir!" said Ellinor then. "How dare you?" Then she turned the other cheek. "Goodby!" she whispered, and fled away to the ballroom.

Mr. Bransford, in the shadows, scratched his head.

"Her Christian name was Ellinor," he muttered. "Ellinor! H'm!—Ellinor! Very appropriate name. . . . Very! . . . And I don't know yet where she lives!"

He wandered disconsolately away to the garden wall, forgetting the discarded noseguard.

IV

ARCADIA'S assets were the railroad, two large modern sawmills, the climate, and printer's ink. The railroad found it a patch of bare ground, six miles from water; put in successively a whistling-post, a signboard, a depot, townsite papers and a water-main from the Alamo; and, when the townsite papers were confirmed, established machine shops and made the new town the division headquarters and base for northward building.

The railroad then set up the sawmills, primarily to get out ties and timbers for its own lanky growth, and built a spur to bring the forest down from Rainbow to the mills. The word "down" is used advisedly. Arcadia nestled on the plain under the very eavespouts of Rainbow Range. The branch, following with slavish fidelity the lines of a twisted corkscrew, took twenty-seven miles, mostly tunnel and trestlework, to clamber to the logging camps, with a minimum grade that was purely prohibitive and a maximum which I dare not state; but there was a rise of six thousand feet in those twenty-seven miles. You can figure the average for yourself. And if the engine should run off the track at the end of her climb she would light on the very roundhouse where she took breakfast, and spoil the shingles.

Yes, that was some railroad. There was a summer hotel—Cloudland—on the summit, largely occupied by slackwire performers. Others walked up or rode a horse. They used stem-winding engines, with eight vertical cylinders on the right side and a shaft like a steamboat, with beveled cogwheel transmission on the axles. And they haven't had a wreck on that branch to date. No matter how late a train is, when an engine sees the tail-lights of her caboose ahead of her she stops and sends out flagmen.

The railroad, under the pseudonym of the Arcadia Development Company, also laid out streets and laid in a network of pipe-lines and staked out lots until the sawmill protested for lack of tie-lumber. It put down miles of cement walks, fringed them with cottonwood saplings, telephone poles and electric lights. It built a hotel and a few streets of party-colored cottages, directoire, with lingerie tile roofs, organdy façades and peplum, intersecting panels and outside fireplace chimneys at the gable ends. It decreed a park, with nooks, lanes, mazes, lake, swans, ballground, grandstand, bandstand and the band appertaining thereunto—all of which apparently came into being overnight. Then it employed a competent staff of word-artists and capitalized the climate.

The result was astonishing. The cottonwoods grew apace and a swift town grew with them—swift in every sense of the word. It took good money to buy good lots in Arcadia. People with money must be fed, served and amused by people wanting money. In three years the trees cast a pleasant shade and the company cast a balance, with gratifying results. They discounted the unearned increment for a generation to come. It was a beneficent scheme, selling ozone and novelty, sunshine and delight. The buyers got far more than the worth of their money, the company got their money, and every one was happy. Health and good spirits are a bargain at any price. There were sandstorms and hot days; but sand promotes digestion and digestion promotes cheerfulness. Heat merely enhanced the luxury of shaded hammocks. As an adventurer thawed out, he sent for seven others worse than himself. Arcadia became the metropolis of the county and, by special election, the county-seat. Courthouse, college and jail followed in quick succession.

For the company, Arcadian life was one grand, sweet song, with, thus far, but a single discord. As has been said, Arcadia was laid out on the plain. There was higher ground on three sides—Rainbow Mountain to the east, the deltas of La Luz Creek and the Alamo to the north and south. New Mexico was dry, as a rule. After the second exception, when enthusiastic citizens went about on stilts to forward a project for changing the town's name to Venice, the company acknowledged its error handsomely. When dry land prevailed once more above the face of the waters it built a mighty moat by way of the *amende honorable*—a moat with its one embankment on the inner side of the five-mile horseshoe about the town. This, with its attendant bridges, gave to Arcadia an aspect singularly medieval. It also furnished a convenient line of social demarcation. Chauffeurs, college professors, lawyers, gamblers, county officers, together with a few tradesmen and railroad officials, abode within the "Isle of Arcady," on more or less even terms with the Arcadians proper; while millmen, railroaders, lumberjacks, and the underworld generally, dwelt without the pale.

The company rubbed its lamp again—and behold! an armory, a hospital and a library! It contributed liberally to churches and campaign funds; it exercised a general supervision over morals and manners. For example, in the deed to every lot sold was an ironclad, fire-tested, automatic and highly constitutional forfeiture clause, to the effect that sale or storage on the premises of any malt, vinous or spirituous liquors should immediately cause the title to revert to the company. The company's own vicarious saloon, on lot number one, was a sumptuous and magnificent affair. It was known as The Mint.

All this while we have been trying to reach the night watchman.

In the early youth of Arcadia there came to Arcadia's borders a warlock Finn, of ruddy countenance and solid build. He had a Finnish name and they called him Lars Porsena.

Lars P. had been a seafaring man. While spending a year's wage in San Francisco, he had wandered into Arcadia by accident. There, being unable to find the sea, he had become a lumberjack—with a custom, when in spirits, of beating the watchman of that date into an omelet.

The indulgence of this penchant gave occasion for much adverse criticism. Fine and imprisonment failed to deter him from this playful habit. One watchman tried to dissuade Lars from his foible with a club, and his successor even went so far as to shoot him—to shoot Lars P., I mean, of course, not his predecessor—the successor's predecessor, not Lars Porsena's—if he ever had one, which he hadn't. What we need is more pronouns! He—the successor of the predecessor—resigned when Lars became convalescent; but Lars was no whit dismayed by this *contretemps*. In his first light-hearted moment he resumed his old amusement with unabated gayety.

Thus was one of our greatest railroad systems subjected to embarrassment and annoyance by the idiosyncrasies of an ignorant but cheerful sailorman. The railroad resolved to no longer submit to such caprice. A middleweight of renown was imported, who—when he was able to be about again—bitterly reproached the president and demanded a bonus on the ground that he had knocked Lars down several times before he—Lars—got angry; and also because of a disquisition in the Finnish tongue which Lars Porsena had emitted during the procedure—which address, the prizefighter stated, had unnerved him and so led to his undoing. It was obviously, he said, of a nature inconceivably insulting; the memory of it rankled yet, though he had heard only the beginning and did not get the—but let that pass.

The thing became a scandal. Watchman succeeded watchman on the company payroll and the hospital list, until some one hit upon a happy and ingenious way to avoid this indignity. Lars Porsena was appointed watchman.

This statesmanlike policy bore gratifying results. Lars Porsena straightway abandoned his absurd and indefensible custom, and no imitator arose. Also, Arcadia within the moat—the island—which was the limit of his jurisdiction, became the most orderly spot in New Mexico.

. . . . . .

In the first gray of dawn, Uncle Sam, whistling down Main Street on his way home from the masquerade, found Lars Porsena lying on his face in a pool of blood.

The belated reveler knelt beside him. The watchman was shot, but still breathed. "Ho! Murder! Help! Murder!" shouted Uncle Sam. The alarm rolled crashing along the quiet street. Heads were thrust from windows; startled voices took up the outcry; other home-goers ran from every corner; hastily arrayed householders poured themselves from street doors.

Lars Porsena was in disastrous plight. He breathed, but that was about all. He was shot through the body. A trail of blood led back a few doors to Lake's Bank. A window was cut out; the blood began at the sill.

Messengers ran to telephone the doctor, the sheriff, Lake. The knot of men grew to a crowd. A rumor spread that there had been an unusual amount of currency in the bank over night—a rumor presently confirmed by Bassett, the bareheaded and white-faced cashier. It was near payday; in addition to the customary amount to cash checks for railroaders and millhands—itself no mean sum—and the money for regular business, there had been provision for contemplated loans to promoters of new local industries.

The doctor came running, made a hasty examination, took emergency measures to stanch the freshly started blood, and swore whole-heartedly at the ambulance and the crowding Arcadians. He administered a stimulant. Lars Porsena fluttered his eyes weakly.

"Stand back, you idiots! Bash these fools' faces in for 'em, some one!" said the medical man. He bent over the watchman.

"Who did it, Lars?"

Lars made a vain effort to speak. The doctor gave him another sip of restorative and then took a swig of it himself.

"Bassett, You Keep the Door. Admit No One!"

"Try again, old man. You're badly hurt and you may not get another chance. Did you know him?"

Lars gathered all his strength to a broken speech:

"No! . . . Bank! . . . Found window! . . . Midnight . . . nearly! . . . Shot me! . . . Didn't see him!" He fell back on Uncle Sam's starry vest.

"Ambulance coming," said Uncle Sam. "Do you think he will live, doc?"

Doc shook his head doubtfully.

"Poor chance. Lost too much blood. If he had been found in time he might have pulled through. Wonderful vitality. Ought to be dead now, by the books. Still, there's a chance."

"I never thought," said Uncle Sam to Cyrano de Bergerac, as the ambulance bore away its unconscious burden, "that I would ever be so sorry at anything that could happen to Lars Porsena, after the way he made me stop singing on my own birthday. He was one grand old fighting machine!"

. . . . . .

That the master's eye is worth two servants' had ever been Lake's favorite maxim. He had not yet gone to bed when the message reached him, where he kept his masterly eye on the proper closing up of the ballroom. He came through the crowd now, shouldering his way roughly, still in his police costume—helmet, tunic and belt. In his wake came the sheriff, who had just arrived, scorching to the scene on his trusty wheel.

On the bank steps Lake turned to face the crowd. His strong canine jaw was set to stubborn fighting lines; the helmet did not wholly hide the black frown or the swollen veins at his temple.

"Come in, Thompson, and help the sheriff size the thing up—and you, Alec"—he stabbed the air at his choice with a strong blunt finger—"and Turnbull—you, Clarke—and you. . . . Bassett, you keep the door. Admit no one!"

Lake was the local great man. Never had he appeared to such advantage to his admirers; never had his ascendency seemed so unquestioned and so justified. As he stood beside the sheriff in the growing light, the man was the incarnation of power—the power of wealth, position, prestige, success. In this moment of yet unplumbed disaster, taken by surprise, summoned from a night of crowded pleasure, he held his mastery, chose his men and measures with unhesitant decision—planned, ordered, kept to that blunt direct speech of his that wasted no word. A buzz went up from the unadmitted as the door swung shut behind him.

Lake had chosen well. Arcadia in epitome was within those pillaged walls. Thompson was president of the rival bank. Alec was division superintendent. Turnbull was the mill-master. Clarke was editor of the Arcadian Day. Clarke had been early to the storm-center; yet, of all the investigators, Clarke alone was not more or less disheveled. He was faultlessly appareled, even to the long Prince Albert and black string tie—in which, indeed, report said, he slept.

So much for capital, industry and the fourth estate. The last of the probers, whom Lake had drafted merely by the slighting personal pronoun "you," was nevertheless identifiable in private life by the name of Billy White—being, indeed, none other than our old friend the devil. His indigenous mustache still retained a Mephistophelian twist; he was becomingly arrayed in slippers, pajamas and a pink bathrobe, girdled at the waist with a most unhermitlike cord; having gone early and surly to bed. In this improvised committee he fitly represented Society; while the sheriff represented society at large and, ex officio, that incautious portion under duress.

Lake led the way.

"Will the watchman die, Alec, d'you think?" whispered Billy as they filed through the grilled door to the counting room.

"Don't know. Hope not. Game old rooster. Good watchman too," said Turnbull, the mill-supe.

Lake turned on the lights. The wall-safe was blown open; fragments of the door were scattered among the overturned chairs.

In an open recess in the vault there was a dull yellow mass; the explosion had spilled the front rows of coin to a golden heap. Behind, some golden rouleaus were intact; others tottered precariously, as you have perhaps seen beautiful tall stacks of colored counters do. Gold pieces were strewn along the floor.

"Thank God, they didn't get all the gold anyhow!" said Lake with a sigh of relief. "Then, of course, they didn't touch the silver; but there was a lot of greenbacks—over twenty-five thousand, I think. Bassett will know. And I don't know how much gold is gone. Look round and see if they left anything incriminating, sheriff, anything that we can trace them by."

"He heard poor old Lars coming," said the sheriff. "Then, after he shot him, he hadn't the nerve to come back for the gold. This strikes me as being a bungler's job. Must have used an awful lot of dynamite to tear that door up like that! Funny no one heard

(Continued on Page 52)

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVII

BEAN went to the office on the morning following his talk with Cassidy, still wondering how rich he might be. The newspaper he read did not enlighten him, though it spoke frankly of the Federal Express scandal. If the thing was very scandalous, perhaps he had made a lot of money. But he could not be sure of this. It might be merely newspaper vituperation, which was something he knew to be not uncommon.

The paper had declared that those directors had juggled a twenty-million-dollar surplus for years, lending it to one another at a low rate of interest until, alarmed by clamoring stockholders, they had declared this enormous dividend, taking first, however, the precaution to buy for a low price all the stock they could. But the newspaper did not say how rich any one would be that had a whole lot of margins on that stock at Kennedy & Balch's. Maybe you had to hire a lawyer in those cases. Entering the office he was rudely shocked by Tully.

"Good morning, Mr. Bean!" said Tully distinctly.

"Good morning!" returned Bean, confused at once by Tully's "Mr." "Uh—pleasant day."

"Yes, sir!" said Tully, again quite distinctly.

Bean controlled himself and went to his desk.

"'Mr.' and 'Sir'! Gee! Am I as rich as that?" he thought.

Half an hour later it no longer seemed to him that he was rich at all. He was seated opposite Breede taking letters in shorthand as if he were merely a thirty-dollar-a-week Bunker Bean. Breede was refusing to recognize any change in their relationship. He made no reference to their talk of the day before, and his detached cuffs stubbornly occupied their old position on the desk. Was it all a dream—and the Flapper too?

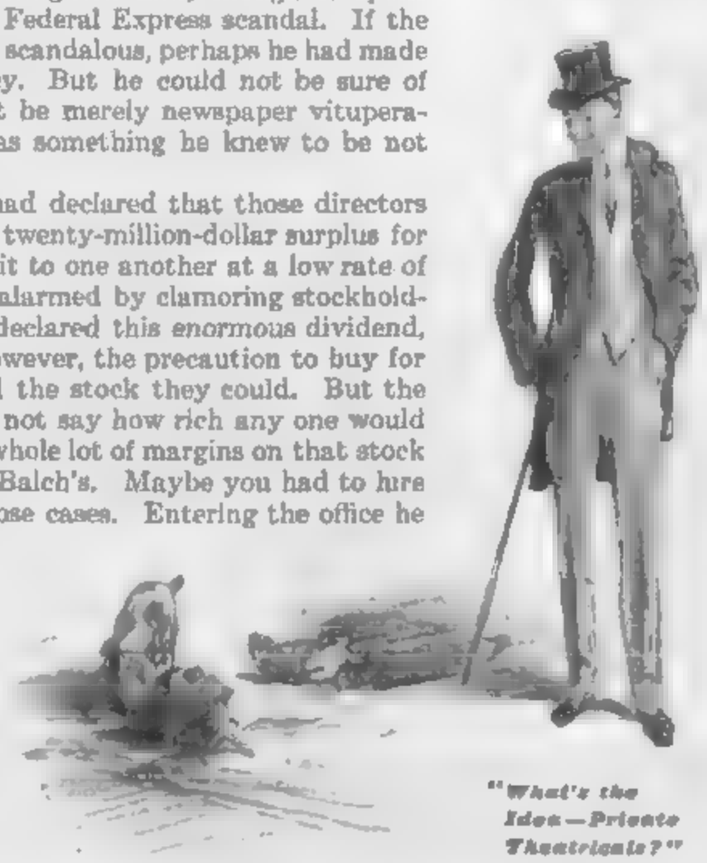
But the Flapper soon called him to the telephone.

"Poor old Pops came home late, and he says you're just perfectly a puzzle to him," she began.

"I know," said Bean; "he says he can't make me out."

"And Moms began to say the silliest things about you, until I just had to take her seriously, so I perfectly told her that woman had come into her own in this generation, thanks to a few noble leaders of our sex—it's in Granny's last speech at the league—and that sent her up in the air. I don't think she can be as well as she used to be. . . . And I told Pops he had to give me some money, and he said he knew it as well as I did so what was the use of talking about it, and so he just perfectly gave me fifty or sixty thousand dollars and told me to make it go as far as I could. . . . But I don't know: that grocer says the cost of living is going up every day because the Senate isn't insurgent enough. . . . And anyway I'll get the tickets and a suite on that little old boat that sails Wednesday—I thought you'd want a day or two—and everything will be very quiet, only the family present, coming into town for it, you know, Wednesday morning, and the boat sails at noon; and I'll be so perfectly glad when it's all over, because it's a very serious step for a young girl to take. Granny herself says it should never be taken lightly unless you just perfectly know, but of course we do, don't we? I think you'll like fumed oak better, after all. . . . And poor old Pops saying you're such a puzzle to him. He says he can't make out just how many kinds of a perfectly swear-word fool you are, but I can, and that's just deliciously enough for anybody. And you're to come out tomorrow and have tea and things in the afternoon, and I'm going to be before sister is, after all. She's perfectly furious about it and says I ought to be put back into short skirts, but I just perfectly knew it the very first time I ever looked at you. Stay around there, in case I think of something I've forgotten. G'by."

Wednesday—a little old steamer sailing at noon! A steamer, and he couldn't swim a stroke and was always terrified by water. And the trip west with the home team! What about that? Why had he not had the presence of mind to cut in and just perfectly tell her where they were going? But he had let the moment pass. It was too late. He didn't want to begin by making a row. And Breede was puzzled by him that way, was he? Couldn't make out how many kinds of a perfectly swear-word fool he was?



"What's the Idea—Private Theatricals?"

He regretted that he had not been more emphatic about those cuffs. And Breede had said it after witnessing that salute from the pitcher's box! He must be a hard man to convince of anything. What more proof did he want?

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The man who couldn't make him out was calling for him. For an hour longer he took down the man's words, not sneering pointedly at the cuffs, yet allowing it to be seen that he was conscious of them. A puzzle was he!

"Hopin' t'ave promp' action accord'n' 'bove 'structions remain yours ver' truly she's got it all reasoned out," concluded Breede.

"She just told me," said Bean; "little old steamer sailing Wednesday."

"Can't make y'out," said Breede.

That thing was getting tiresome.

"You're a puzzle to me too," said Bean.

"Hanh! Wha's 'at—what kinda puzzle?"

"Same kind," said Bean brightly.

"Hum!" said Breede, and pretended to search for a missing document. Then he eyed Bean again.

"Know how much you made on that Federal stuff?"

"I was going to ask a lawyer," confessed Bean. "I got a whole lot of margins, or whatever you call 'em, around at that broker's. Maybe he wouldn't mind letting me know."

"Stock'll be up t' six hundred before week's out—net you round four hund' thous'n'," exploded Breede in his most vicious manner.

"Four hundred thousand margins?"

"Dollars, dammit!" shouted Breede.

Bean was able to remain cool. That amount of money would have meant nothing to him back on the Nile. Why should it now?

"It wasn't the money I was after," he began loftily.

"Hanh!"

"Principle of the thing!" concluded Bean.

Breede had lost control of his capable under jaw. It sagged limply. At last he spoke, slowly and with awe:

"You don't puzzle me any more." He shook his head solemnly. "Not any more. I know now!"

"Little old steamer—can't swim a stroke," said Bean.

"'S all," said Breede, still shaking his head helplessly.

At his desk outside Bean feigned to be absorbed in an intricate calculation. In reality he was putting down "400,000," then "$400,000," then "$400,000.00." By noon he had covered several pages of his notebook with this instructive exercise. Once he had written it $398,973.87 with a half formed idea of showing it to old Metzerger. As he was going out Tully trod lightly over a sheet of very thin ice and accosted him.

"The market was not discouraging today," said Tully genially.

"'S good time to buy heavily in margins," said Bean.

"Yes, sir," said Tully respectfully.

In the street he chanted "four hundred thousand dollars" to himself. He was one of the idle rich. He hoped Cassidy would never hear of it. Then, passing a steamship office, he recalled the horror that lay ahead of him. Little old steamer! But was a financier who had been netted four hundred thousand dollars to be put afloat upon the waters at the whim of a Flapper? She was going too far. He'd better tell her so in plain words; say: "Look here, I've just netted four hundred thousand dollars, and no little old steamer for mine. I don't care much for the ocean. We stay on land. Better understand who's who right at the start."

That is what he would tell the Flapper—make it clear to her. She'd had her own way long enough. Marriage was a serious business. He was still resolving this when he turned into a shop.

"I want to get a steamer trunk—sailing Wednesday," he said in firm tones to the clerk.

. . . . . .

It was midnight of Tuesday. In the steam-heated apartment Bean paced the floor. He was attired in the garments prescribed for gentlemen's evening wear, and he was still pleasantly fretted by the excitement of having dined with the Breede family at the ponderous town house.

He tried to recall in their order the events of those three days since he had left the office on Saturday. His coolest efforts failed. It was like watching a screen upon which many and diverse films were superimposing scenes in which he was an actor of more or less consequence, but in which his figure was always blurred. It was confounding.

Yet he had certainly gone out to that country place Sunday for tea and things, taking Nap. And the Flapper, with a sinful pride, had shown him off to the family. He and the Flapper had clearly been of more consequence than the big sister and the affianced Waster, who wouldn't be able to earn his own cigarettes, say nothing of his ties and gloves. Sister and the Waster, who seemed to be an agreeable young man, were simply engaged in a prosaic way, and looked prosaically forward to a church wedding. No one thought anything about them, and sister was indeed made perfectly furious by the airs the Flapper put on.

Mrs. Breede, from one of the very oldest families of Omaha, had displayed amazing fortitude. She had not

But, More Terrible Than All, the Head of Ramiah Was Not Where it Should Have Been

broken down once, although she plainly regarded Bean as a malignant and fatal disease with which her latest-born had been infected. "I must be brave, brave!" she had seemed to be reminding herself. And when Nap had chased and chewed her toy spaniel, named Rex, until it seemed that Rex might pass on, she had summoned all her woman's resignation and only murmured: "Nothing can matter now!" There had seemed to be one fleeting epoch which he shared alone with the Flapper, feeling the smooth yielding of her cheek and expanding under her very proudest gaze of ownership. And a little more about fumed oak panels and the patent laundry tubs.

Monday there had been a mere look-in at the office, with Tully saying "Sir"; with Breede exploding fragments of words to a middle-aged and severely gowned woman stenographer, who was more formidable than a panorama of the Swiss Alps, and who plainly made Breede uncomfortable; and with Bulger saying: "Never fooled your Uncle Cuthbert for a minute. Did little old George W. Wisenham have you doped out right or not? Ask me—ask me—wake me up any time in the night and ask me!"

Tuesday afternoon he had walked with the Flapper in the park and had learned of many things going forward with solely his welfare in view . . . little old house surrounded on all sides by just perfectly scenery . . . little old next year's car . . . little old going away rag . . . little old perfectly just knew it the first moment she saw him . . . little old new rags to be bought in Paris . . . and sister only going to Asheville on hers.

And the dinner in town, where he had seemed to make an excellent impression, only that Mrs. Breede persisted in behaving as if the body were still upstairs and she must be brave, brave! And Grandma the Demon confiding to him over her after-dinner cigarette that he was in for it now, though she hadn't dared to tell him so before; but he'd find that out for himself soon enough if he wasn't very careful about thwarting her. It made her perfectly furious to be thwarted.

Nor did he fail to note that the stricken mother was distinctly blaming the Demon for the whole dreadful affair. Her child had been allowed to associate with a grandmother who had gone radical at an age when most of her sex simmer in a gentle fireside conservatism and die respectably. But it was too late now. She could only be brave, brave!

And he was to be there at nine sharp, which was too early, but the Flapper could be sure only after he came that nothing had happened to him: that he had neither failed in business, been poisoned by some article of food not on her list, nor diverted by that possible Other One who seemed always to lurk in the Flapper's mental purlieus. She just perfectly wanted him there an hour too early—all there was about it!

These events had beaten upon him with the unhurried but telling impact of an ocean tide. Two facts were salient from the mass: Whatever he had done he had done because of Ramtah; and he was going to Paris where he would see the actual tomb of that other outworn shell of his.

He thought he would not be able to sleep. He had the night in which to pack that steamer trunk. Leisurely he doffed the faultless evening garments—he was going to have a waistcoat pointed like the Waster's, with four of those little shiny buttons, and studs and cufflinks to match—and donned a gayly-flowered silk robe.

With extreme discomfort he surveyed the new steamer trunk. Merely looking at a steamer trunk left him with acute premonitions of what the voyage had in store for him. But it was the only way ever to see that tomb.

The packing began; the choice garments were one by one neatly folded. A light tan overcoat hung in Ramtah's closet back of the case. Ramtah was dragged forth and for the moment lay prone. He was to be left in the locked closet until a more suitable housing could be provided, and Cassidy had been especially warned not to let the steam-heated apartment take fire.

He found the coat and returned to the half-packed trunk in the bedroom, where he resumed his wonderful task, stopping at intervals for always futile efforts at realization of this mad impossibility. It was all Ramtah. Nothing but that kingly manifestation of himself could have brought him up to the thing. He dropped a choice new bit of haberdashery into the trunk and went for another look at it prone on the floor in that other room.

A long time he gazed down at the still face—his own still face, the brow back of which he had once solved difficult problems of administration, the eyes through which he had once beheld the glories of his court, the lips that had kissed his long dead queen, smiled with rapture upon his first-born and uttered the words that had made men call him wise. It was not strange, not unbelievable. It was sane and true. He was still a king.

He reached down and laid a tender, a fraternal hand upon the brow. The contact strengthened him as always. He could believe anything wise and good of himself. He could be a true mate to that bewildering Flapper, full of understanding kindness. He saw little intimate moments of their life together; her perplexities over fumed oak and patent tubs and marketing for pure food—always her terrific earnestness. Now and then he would laugh at that, but then she would laugh too; sometimes the Flapper seemed to show, with an engaging little sense of shame, that she just perfectly knew how funny she was.

Suppose a Policeman Rushed In, Crying: "I Forbid the Banns! The Man is an Impostor!"

But she was staunch; she had perfectly well known the very first moment she saw him. And she had never spoiled it all, like that other one in Chicago, by asking him if he was fond of Nature and good music and such things. The Flapper was capable but quiet. With his hand still upon Ramtah's brow in that half-timid, strange caress, he was flooded with a sudden new gladness about the Flapper. She was dear, if you came right down to it. And Ramtah had brought her to him. He erected himself to look down once more. They knew, those two selves—understood each other and life.

It occurred to him for the first time that Ramtah too must have liked dogs; must have been inexpressibly moved by the chained souls that were always trying to speak from their brown eyes. He looked over to Nap, who fiercely battled with a sofa cushion and was now disemboweling it through a rent in the cover. He wondered what Ramtah's favorite dog had been like.

He went back to the bedroom to finish his packing. Ramtah could lie where he was until the moment came to lock him again in the closet, to leave him once more in a seclusion to which he had long been accustomed.

He worked leisurely, stowing those almost advanced garments so that they should show as few wrinkles as possible after their confinement. Occasionally Nap diverted his thoughts by some louder growl than usual in the outer room or by some noisier scramble.

The trunk was packed and locked for the final time. Thrice had it been unlocked and opened to receive slight forgotten objects. The last to be placed directly under the lid was the entirely scarlet cravat. He was equal to wearing it now, but a sense of the morrow's proprieties deterred him. The stricken mother! In deference to her he laid out for the morning's wear the nearest to a black cravat that he possessed, an article surely unassuming enough to be no offense in a house of mourning.

He fastened the straps of the trunk and sighed in relief. It was a steamer trunk, and he was to sail on a little old steamer, but other people had survived that ordeal. Ramtah would have met it boldly. Ramtah!

He stood in the doorway, his attention attracted to Nap, who had for some moments been more than usually vocal. In a far corner Nap had a roundish object between his paws and his sharp teeth tore viciously at it. He looked up and growled in fierce pretense that his master also wished to gnaw this delectable object.

A moment Bean stood there, looking, looking. Slowly certain details cleared to his vision, the details of an unspeakable atrocity. He felt his knees grow weak and clutched at the doorway for support.

The body of Ramtah was out of its case and half across the room, yards of the swathed linen unfurled; but, more terrible than all, the head of Ramtah was not where it should have been.

In the far corner the crouching Nap gnawed at that head, tearing, mutilating, desecrating.

"Napoleon!" It was a cry of little volume, but tense and terrible. Napoleon, destroyer of kings! In this moment he once more put the creature's full name upon him. The dog found the name alarming; perceived that he had committed some one of those offenses for which he was arbitrarily punished. He relaxed the stout jaws, crawled slinkingly to the couch and leaped upon it. Once there he whimpered protestingly. One of the few clear beliefs he had about a perplexing social system was that nothing hurtful could befall him once he had gained that couch. It was sanctuary.

Bean's next emotion was sympathy for the dog's fright. He tottered across to the couch, mumbling little phrases of reassurance to the abject Nap. He sat down beside him; put a kindly arm about him.

"Why, why, Nappy! Yes—'s all right. Yes, he was—most beautiful doggie in the whole world—yes, he was"

He hardly dared look toward the scene of outrage. The calamity was overwhelming, but how could dogs know any better? Timidly at length he raised his eyes, first to where the fragmentary head lay, then to the torn body.

Something about the latter electrified him. He leaped from the couch and seized an end of the linen that bound the mummy. He pulled, and the linen unwound. He curiously surveyed something at his feet. It was a tightly rolled wad of excelsior. The swathing of linen—he had unwound it to where the hands should have been folded on the breast—had inclosed excelsior.

Dazedly he looked into the empty case. Upon one of the new boards he saw marked with the careless brush of some shipping clerk, "Blank & Co., Hartford, Conn."

Then he fainted.

XVIII

THE next morning at eight-thirty the door of the steam-heated apartment resounded to sharp knocking. There being no response the knocking was repeated and prolonged. Retreating footsteps were heard in the hallway. Five minutes later a key rattled in the door and Cassidy entered, followed by the Waster.

Bean was discovered in a flowered dressing-gown gazing open-eyed at the shut door of a closet. He sat on the couch and one of his arms clasped a sleeping dog. The floor was littered with wisps of excelsior.

"My word, old top—had to have the chap let me into your diggin's, you know! You were sleeping like the dead." The Waster was bustling and breezy.

"Busy," said Bean. He rose and went into the hall where Cassidy stood. *(Continued on Page 69)*

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 7, 1912

An Extra Session

THERE should be an extra session of Congress for tariff legislation, but the Democratic party—and the country—would lose nothing by postponing it until fall.

In Mr. Taft's Administration there have been five sessions of Congress, covering some eight hundred days and largely devoted to tariff debate. What we want now is not debate but action. At the last session four bills, covering the wool, cotton, metal and chemical schedules, passed both the Democratic House and the Republican-Progressive Senate. The metal and chemical bills might be amended in certain particulars; but to the substance of these bills the Democratic party is pledged. After March fourth it will be in a position to enact them; and, as most of the iniquities of the Payne-Aldrich Law are in the four schedules mentioned, that will be a very substantial measure of immediate tariff reform. An announcement that the party will put the substance of these four bills into law next fall would give business a stable line to figure on and be satisfactory, we believe, to the country.

An extra session in April—with a victory-flushed majority containing many new members—will be a much less certain quantity. We would rather see all new—and old—members, whose systems are still afflicted with rhetorical tommy-rot on the tariff question, spend the spring and summer in a remote back lot somewhere, orating to the breeze. We mean both Republican tommy-rot to the effect that any lowering of duties will plunge the country into chaos, and Democratic tommy-rot to the effect that protective tariff causes trusts, high cost of living and infant mortality. Unless the Democratic party goes to pieces at the first test, there is going to be tariff revision on the lines of the Underwood bills. Announce that to the country, settle the program within the party, and act at a short extra session next fall!

Income Tax Again

PRESUMABLY, as the election went, Wisconsin's income-tax law will not be repealed in the near future. Only one assessment has been levied under this law, and there should be a fairer trial than that.

We greatly doubt the expediency of an income tax as a state measure, chiefly because a state cannot tax income at its source, and without taxation at the source there is wide opportunity for evasion. Obviously an income tax that is evaded by many of those legally liable to it becomes another unequal and unfair tax, and of that sort of taxes we already have more than enough.

Wisconsin correspondents write us that the first assessment under the new law was very satisfactory, and that a number of critics, including Professor Bullock, of Harvard, who entertains the same doubts that we do, have become convinced that a state income tax may be successfully applied. In any event, having embarked upon this experiment, Wisconsin can well afford to give it a fair trial.

Thirty-four states have already ratified the Constitutional amendment authorizing a Federal income tax. Two others, making the amendment effective, will probably ratify this winter. Now a Federal income tax need not shut the states from this field. In Prussia, for example, the central government levies an income tax, to which local taxing bodies add certain percentages for their own uses.

The whole subject in this country needs most careful, intelligent handling, or such popular prejudices will be created as to make one of the fairest and best methods of taxation politically unavailable. Two generations of English experience have shown how an income tax should be applied in a democratic country; but any such raw legislation as that contained in the Underwood Sugar and Excise Bill of last winter with no taxation at source, no gradation, no distinction between earned and unearned incomes, or between bachelors and heads of families—will prejudice the whole case here.

Higher Freight Rates

IN MAY, 1910, the railroads proposed a general horizontal advance in freight rates. After hearings that extended through the year the Interstate Commerce Commission very properly vetoed the advance. In the calendar year 1909 railroad net earnings had increased nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars. True, operating expenses increased heavily during 1910 while an application for an advance in rates was pending; but gross earnings increased by two hundred and thirty million dollars, more than offsetting increased expenses. As the situation then stood, the commission was perfectly right in refusing to sanction an advance in rates.

The Eastern roads, we hear, propose applying again for permission to advance rates—in which case, no doubt, the Western roads will follow. They can present a better case now than they could in 1910.

In the calendar year 1911 railroad net earnings fell off two and a half per cent. In the first half of this calendar year a considerable gain in gross earnings was a little more than offset by higher operating expenses, net decreasing half of one per cent. But taxes and interest charges have increased; so for eighteen months the roads actually fell somewhat behind. On the face of that showing, if the commission were satisfied expenses could not be reduced without cutting wages, they would be entitled to some advance in rates.

Since June thirtieth, 1912, however, earnings, both gross and net, have been making handsome gains. If such gains continue the roads will be able to finance new capital requirements without raising rates. That will be the question for the commission to decide if application for a horizontal advance in rates is made.

The More Cars the Better

CALIFORNIA ranks next to New York in the number of automobiles owned, the ratio roughly being as eighty to one hundred; but the ratio of population is as one to four. California has one automobile for each twenty-eight inhabitants; New York, one for each eighty-nine. Even this ratio will not stand long, for this year the registration of new cars in California exceeded that in New York by more than forty per cent. Pennsylvania has three and a half times the population of Iowa, but only about one-quarter more automobiles, and the registration of new cars in Iowa this year has exceeded that in Pennsylvania.

Is there more reckless extravagance in California and Iowa than in New York and Pennsylvania? There is not; but relatively to population there are many more people in comfortable circumstances, who can afford reasonable recreation. Some millions of blast-furnace and steel-mill hands, miners, coke-workers, garment-makers, and so on, in Pennsylvania and New York are far removed from the temptation to waste their substance on automobiles—by the simple fact that they have no substance to waste on anything but tinned goods and chuck beef.

Cease sighing over the automobile as a sign of destructive extravagance and reflect that America has justified herself just about in proportion to the distribution of motor cars for each person. In regions where this distribution is high the United States is worth while. In regions where the ratio is very low it is not.

Platform Buncombe

IMAGINE now that Woodrow Wilson makes one of the very best Presidents the United States has ever known; that his Administration is wise, efficient and popular; that by courage and high statesmanship he leads his party to a satisfactory settlement of the tariff and of the trust problem; even imagine that three years hence there is some crucial struggle in which he embodies the popular will and in which the loss of his leadership would be calamitous. The country would wish to retain a servant who had proved so valuable; but its wish would bump against the following foolish clause in the Democratic platform:

"We favor a single presidential term and urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the president ineligible for reëlection; and we pledge the candidate of this convention to that principle."

In other words, the convention's message was: "We will give you a president preëminent in character and ability, yet so little to be trusted that you should agree to discharge him at the first opportunity." We urge the adoption of a Constitutional amendment by which the writing of platforms shall be confined to persons who cannot write—not merely to those who cannot think.

Villages and Good Roads

THE farm population of Illinois decreased seven per cent in the last census decade, and value of farm machinery increased from forty-five million dollars to seventy-four millions; also the number of horses to the cultivated acre increased nine per cent. With more and better machinery, and more draft animals, fewer hands are needed to cultivate a given number of acres under our present system of extensive farming.

This is what the decrease of farm population—or its failure to increase—in the Mississippi Valley during the last ten years really means. Machinery takes the place of men.

At the same time almost one-half of the Illinois villages having less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants decreased in population. With a smaller farm population there were, of course, fewer people to patronize the villages.

On the other hand, a little more than half of the villages did increase in population, and an elaborate comparison in the Journal of Political Economy shows a close correspondence between increase in village population and the number of rural free-delivery routes that center in the village. Broadly speaking, rural-delivery routes mean better roads; and the facts presented warrant the general deduction that villages with good roads are gaining in population at the expense of villages with poor roads.

A country town, in short, that does not look out for good roads is doomed to stagnation.

Personal Property Tax

IT WAS widely published in 1901 that Mr. Carnegie received from the Steel Trust about two hundred and seventy-five million dollars of first-mortgage five-per-cent bonds in payment for his interest in the Carnegie Company. These bonds were then legally liable to taxation as personal property in the state of New York, where Mr. Carnegie lived, and the tax rate was slightly over two per cent. If the bonds had been assessed as the law provided Mr. Carnegie would have had to pay more than six million dollars a year in taxes on them, or almost one-half of the total income he derived from the bonds. Of course he would not have submitted to any such monstrous amercement, for he could have avoided it by taking up his legal residence in Pennsylvania, or the District of Columbia, where somewhat more enlightened revenue laws prevailed, or somewhere in Europe. For some years there was a practical but illegal compromise, the assessor putting Mr. Carnegie down for about ten million dollars of personalty—evidently on the theory that that was about as much as he would stand. Recently, however, a more intelligent revenue law has come into effect. Under it a bondholder pays the state a registration tax of one-half of one per cent once for all.

This is far better than the old arrangement, under which tax-dodging was a matter of course, winked at by everybody; in fact, the old law practically compelled tax-dodging—for nobody will submit to a tax that takes half his income, except at the point of the bayonet.

How to Write Satire

HARDLY anything in literature is funnier than the pages in which Molière satirizes physicians. He was always at it—partly, no doubt, because it was safer in his day to make fun of medicine than of the other learned callings. In laughing today over his absurd doctors, with their ridiculous prognoses and monstrous prescriptions, we insensibly take it for broad burlesque—something grossly exaggerated and distorted to get a comic effect. It has been shown, however, that Molière drew upon an accurate knowledge of medicine as it was practiced in his day, and simply told the truth about it as the truth appeared to a man with a highly developed sense of humor. The real doctors, with their prodigious doping and everlasting bloodletting, were as funny as his stage characters. To preserve the king's health there were given in a single year over two hundred drug prescriptions, more than two hundred lotions and forty-seven bloodlettings.

For the best satire nothing is needed but the simple truth, with an eye to its comic aspects; and after two hundred and fifty years the simple truth about a great many things reads like broad burlesque. A humorous but absolutely truthful picture of our judicial system, for example, would make an audience of the twenty-second century hold its sides; and that audience would take it for farce. Many a solemn appellate-court decision, reversing a conviction of murder on technical grounds, would look to our descendants like a piece of pure humor, exactly as the diagnosis of the two doctors in Monsieur de Pourceaugnac looks to us.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

England's T. R.

DID you ever escape from prison? No? Well, in case you have escaped from prison, or have had opportunity to read the official descriptions of others who have attained liberty in that fashion, you undoubtedly have been struck by the definiteness of the language used in pointing out the identifying characteristics of those whose presence is again desired behind the bars.

No words are wasted in glossing over or in smoothing down the physical effects or defects that exist. If a man has a squinty eye he is said to have a squinty eye, and is not set down as slightly strabismic. Wherefore, when it comes to a neat, factful, comprehensive description of a leading personage of England who once escaped from prison, I acknowledge the exceeding talent of the unknown Boer who wrote a paragraph about Winston Churchill, the biggest young man in England, now First Lord of the Admiralty, but at that time a war correspondent in South Africa.

Boers run largely to whiskers and assay but a trace of imagination to the pound. This particular Boer saw concretely. He said: "Englishman; twenty-five years old; indifferent build; walks a little bent forward; pale appearance; red-brownish hair; small mustache, barely perceptible; talks through his nose; cannot pronounce the letter S properly and does not know one word of Dutch."

I have watched Winston Churchill in action and in repose, and so have many others; but none of us is able to improve on that paragraph, albeit the red-brownish hair is thinner now than it was then, the mustache is gone, and the years have thickened the frame a bit. He still walks a little bent forward, still has the pallor and still fails when he tackles the letter S. He couldn't say "She sells seashells by the seashore" if he were promised ten new dreadnoughts from Parliament as a reward.

Not that that makes any difference. Very few people want to say "She sells seashells"; and the mere fact that the letter S, occurring now and again in the language, causes Churchill to fizz linguistically like a bottle of soda pop, doesn't detract from his ability as an orator, but rather adds to the piquancy of his speech. Moreover, when it comes to writing the letter S, and all other letters in combinations of words, there are very few persons indulging in that pastime at present who can convey their thought so clearly, so picturesquely, so effectively, as this same young man.

He is only thirty-eight now, and he is a member of the English Ministry, the biggest figure in English politics bar Lloyd-George—and bigger in many ways than that Welshman; and he has been the wonder of the empire since he was twenty-five. The only American to whom he can be compared is Roosevelt; and that comparison isn't especially apt, for Churchill writes far better than Roosevelt does, talks far better, and at thirty-eight has gone farther than Roosevelt had when he reached that age. Of course Churchill never can be king, and Roosevelt has been president; but Churchill will undoubtedly be a Prime Minister of England one of these days—and to be Prime Minister of England is no small shakes of a job!

Churchill's Charming Impudence

THEY have points in common—both are impetuous, virile, enthusiastic, belligerent demagogues in the good sense of the word. Both take their careers as adventures. Both are crusaders. Both have had no hesitancy in shifting political obligations when the time seemed opportune. Both are, indeed, opportunists. Both are men of wide information and great and interesting experience. Both have been soldiers and both are born politicians. Both are tremendous workers.

Both are men of gentle birth, and both are held high in popular esteem, though each is basically of aristocratic tendencies and sympathies.

When Churchill was a youngster he was, speaking Americanwise, a fresh youngster. They used to make him run round the cricket grounds at school a set number of times for talking too much. When he was a subaltern with his regiment he suggested that Lord Kitchener—even then the great general—should be brought over and introduced to him, instead of going over to be introduced to Kitchener. When he came into public life his supporters called this quality charming impudence, and his enemies referred to it as insufferable insolence. Whatever it was, in his early days he had the grand manner. He was quite impressed with his own superiority. He considered himself a natural dominator. He never asked a man to do a thing, but told

He Couldn't Say "She Sells Seashells"

him to do it—not as if he wanted a favor, but as if he expected it as a right. In his early days in politics he took none of the stodgy political pretensions of the older statesmen seriously, but flouted them, laughed at them, was insolent, impudent, satirical, sarcastic, by turns. He would break a lance with any of them, and had no reverence for age, reputation or awe of convention and precedent. The son of Lord Randolph Churchill, himself an English statesman of much renown, he had a great name back of him, and he saw nothing but a future of adventure before him.

The Proprietor of the Sunrise

SO HE weighed in, essaying anything that came to hand and considering himself a knight in search of any hazard that might ensue. His quality of mind was, and is still, that boyish quality that sees a deed of high emprise in anything in which he may be engaged. He thinks in terms of the apotheosis. Let him take up a subject, and that subject immediately becomes the most important subject in the world. The fate of the nation is always impending with Churchill; the ship of state is always going on the rocks; the edge of the precipice is forever close at hand. His sunsets are always more beautiful, his sunrises more glorious, his dangers more vivid, his pleasures more pronounced, than those of any other. As he looks at it, the sunset is his personal perquisite, and the sun always rises for his especial benefit.

When he starts to set forth a proposition he sets it forth in the ultimate manner. Do this—else you perish! He detects the crack of doom when the noise may be only a peaceful Englishman opening an egg. Intrinsically a soldier, he thinks largely in terms of soldiering—Up, guards, and at them! His natural tendency is to boil over like a geyser. He is as ebullient as Old Faithful. In his early days, his friends say, his impudence amounted to rudeness. He defied the whole universe and considered himself eminently capable of making it over to suit his large ideas.

It might be thought that, with attributes of this kind, Churchill would be an impressionist instead of a plodder; but though he is a man who takes impressions instantly, who flashes over a situation and comprehends it, he is in reality a most astonishing digger. He writes and rewrites his important speeches, polishing them for days before he delivers them. He rehearses them time after time, and his industry is monumental. He always has his subjects well in hand. When he speaks he allows himself no asides, such as those that come up to perplex Lloyd-George. He has a good breadth of view, and the facility for preaching economy, for example, and at the same time proposing an unprecedented naval expenditure, weeping the while over the pathetic necessity for the outlay.

He is ardently for peace and he is ardently for war; and he lets the peace hand wash the war hand, and himself gets the proper Churchill use and usufruct of the soap employed in the process.

An Adventure Become a Passion

LIKE every great orator and every great politician, Churchill is an actor. His natural tendency is to exaggeration—that is, his mind, because of that boyish quality I have mentioned, tends to make every impression a great impression, and tends also to lead him to tricks of manner that are impressive, though artificial. When he sits down with an air of weariness he seems to be the weariest man in the world. When he puts his hand on his brow he presents a picture of a man thinking greater thoughts than any other ever has. When he declaims a peroration it is with the conviction that this is the final pronouncement on the subject, the acme of all the wisdom of all the universe—for he convinces himself that this is so.

Before he takes up a cause he first makes himself positive—an easy task with him—that cause is the most important cause there is in the universe. Then he endeavors to impart this conviction to others, and he has a good deal of success at it.

Politics began as an adventure with him, and now it is a passion. He has changed in manner, not because he has really changed in nature but because he has thought it expedient to curb that gay spirit of turbulent dissent and assent, and apparently to be discreet. He wears solemn blacks, gives the air of heavy responsibility, checks his impulsiveness, talks infrequently. This isn't natural. It is artificial and done after thought, clearly mapped out and definitely decided upon as the proper course. Within, Churchill is the same flamboyant, crusading, eager, headlong person he always was—but he is a politician also, and that accounts for his present attitude.

He went into the army when he was twenty-one, and saw service in India, in Africa and elsewhere. He was war correspondent, has been a lecturer, has written several books, all of them excellent, and one—his biography of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill—a work that has been held to be one of the best of English life stories.

If Winston Churchill had no other quality he would be thought of as an author of high rank. He went to the House of Commons when he was but twenty-five, and began in politics as a Tory.

Later he became a Liberal. He was Under Secretary of State for the Colonies after the Boer War and is First Lord of the Admiralty in the present government. And he is only thirty-eight!

What this young man will do in the next twenty years is one of the fascinating problems of English politics. No one can predict, for Churchill isn't subject to predictions. The most favored opinion is that eventually he will be the leader of a party composed of Sir Edward Grey and the younger Tory Democrats against Lloyd-George, leading the Radicals and Socialists. Churchill has worked the greater-navy game with good effect; and he goes on the theory that the English people want to be governed, not legislated for, and that the English hate all foreigners, especially the Germans—which is quite true. But he should have a kindly feeling for Americans, for, you see, his mother is an American and that likewise may account for many things—his quickness of mind, for example!

The Count Around the Corner

By CASPAR DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

MISS Pethenia Leffingwell was fifteen in 1895, when she came to the bakery and turned her back on the stone-walled, unromantic limitations of Stateline. To explain: In the nineties nobody talked Back to the Land—it was, Go West, young man! says Horace Greeley. And as Stateline was Republican to the last soul and had lived for geological ages by the semi-weekly Tribune, the farmers' sons disappeared from Stateline society with appalling regularity. They went and went. After a while the farmers had to hire wandering men for the harvest season. After that there wasn't so much harvesting to be done. The singing school had to be given up because the bassos were getting too old to come out nights with ice on the roads, and there were no tenors at all to take the sopranos and altos home. A township that had woodenware mills and a chair factory, and had marketed beef cattle, rye, draft horses, black-walnut logs, live sheep, cider, peach brandy, tons of butter and dried fruits, and sausages and hemlock bark and buckwheat flour, gradually got down to nothing much but eggs.

Horace Greeley's near-sighted eyes missed seeing a whole section of the human race, else he would have said: "Marry and go West, young man!" The order as he gave it left the women folks of the non-West dangling in a void. Pethenia Leffingwell at fifteen was already tired of dangling, and piecing quilts, and growing enough corn to grow eggs with—at Stateline. She was romantic and not pretty, and an orphan. She had an uncle in East Benson, thirty miles out of Pittsburgh. He had gone West, too, though his momentum had not carried him outside the commonwealth in which he was born; and in East Benson he had settled down to baking.

"Now that I'm here, Uncle Joab," Pethenia had said the morning after her arrival, appearing at four-thirty A. M. in the dim cave where Leffingwell kneaded dough, "the only question is: Do I work for you or do I accept a position with somebody else outside?"

"We-ell, you can work for me, I guess," said Uncle Joab Leffingwell, "and tend shop."

East Benson was a coal-mining town. As years went on it grew to eight thousand people, declined to six thousand—and stuck there. It was not a place for booms.

The shop was an accurate breadgauge of the town's prosperity. Expenses out, the business made about two dollars a day, six days a week. After a while Uncle Joab engaged a baker and took the wagon-route himself, without at all altering the financial equilibrium. Still later Uncle Joab died. Pethenia hired the baker's son, Chris Grundscholl, Junior, to take the cart; she also sold ice cream all summer, had cream puffs every day, and allowed the Cheshire Cheese Circulating Library to set up one of its three-hundred-volume bookcases in her shop at two cents a day. These modernisms so thrilled East Benson—and there was no Uncle Joab any more, either—that, after keeping accounts and ceasing to make milkloaf at a loss, the proprietress brought her clear profits to the dizzy sum of nineteen dollars a week.

She was her own mistress, be it understood, and mistress of the business and of some real estate and of certain money in the savings bank. She lodged upstairs and cooked her own meals in a kitchenette while tending shop; so that, measured by her customary expenditures, this income was enormous.

The highwater mark of nineteen dollars startled Pethenia. It woke her up from the drifting dream with which her naturally cheerful temper had upholstered the hard surface of facts.

One afternoon she had just finished the ninety-second novel of the Cheshire Cheese stack; and after Sir Richard Calmady the worst confessions she could possibly make to herself seemed mild.

"There's no use mincing it," said Miss Leffingwell; "when I left Stateline I was a-following after man. My object was matrimony. I was fifteen years old then and I wasn't pretty to speak of—and it's sixteen years this fall. And I ain't any more married'n I was when I begun. Wonder why!"

She meditated.

"I've had a real romantic life too," she mused, a happy smile turning the corners of her mouth into the upward curve prepared by habit—"leaving home so young and comin' to the city. East Benson's a place folks come an' go in from all parts of the earth too. For instance, this English Richard-man, with no morals, was only a baronet—and a dwarf at that; yet he had a novel written about him! And last week we had a son of a real Polish prince killed in the mines here, with full-sized arms and legs. And Theodore Roosevelt's been through here in an automobile. No; 'tisn't the fault of East Benson if I am without a romance. I wonder ——"

"Pooh! Badges! I've Sold as Good Badges as That Many a Time in the Candy Penny-Draws!"

The evening was early April, but a Januaryish sleet-storm was raging in the world and drawing from the various electric corporations flashes of agony. The time was nine o'clock, with the wind rising and every prospect of a bad night. Through the front windows of the bakery lightnings gleamed as the Pittsburgh & Suburban's eight-o'clock car down lost and made—made and lost—its overhead connection with the street wires.

"Come to think of it," Pethenia continued, in the cozy intimacy of her stove and rocker, "I don't know any gentlemen friends. And they're a starter always. The romance don't raise without you mix a few of them in the sponge. H'm! And if I'd only thought about it sixteen years ago I'd have seen nobody besides women and children come shopping in a bakery—or, at the most, here and there an anxious family man that's been told to stop and get the bread for supper.

"Still, I'm in a pretty good habit of being obliging—and nice too—from tending shop so long. And ever since I read Muriel's Heart of Gold, by The Duchess, on the sly, when Uncle Joab used to measure my candle mornings to keep track of me nights, I guess I been always trying to be affable and disting-gu-ie to folks. If a count came round the corner sudden and eavesdropped on my manners a minute I wanted to deserve he should be satisfied with 'em, like Muriel. I been living up to that count; but he never came. He's been harmless enough, I dare say—but, Petheny, he's all imaginary!"

In some sort this declaration against the nobility and gentry marked a spiritual crisis in the Leffingwell baking business. So absorbed was Pethenia that she hardly looked up as the conductor and motorman of the delayed car came into the shop. As the new Pittsburgh & Suburban ran through thirty miles of bleak country, and since the track ended opposite her shop, passengers and crews had formed a natural custom of using the bakery as a waiting room. All winter the glowing stove and comfortable chairs had been at the service of whoever chose to warm himself between trips; this civility to a count's inferiors had been part of that very cult of the count, who should benignly eavesdrop, emerge and acknowledge himself conquered.

"And Theodore Roosevelt's Been Through Here in an Automobile"

"Ma'am, have you got a safe?" said one of the blue-clad men, advancing. He was tall and blond, with gray eyes; his cap said "Conductor." Pethenia ascertained both characteristics by staring.

"No; but I have a lard tin. It does just as well. I put all my money but a little change in the bank and everybody knows it; so I'm just as safe as—as Gibraltar."

(Here the count would say: "Ah, the dear Rock! You have traveled there?")

What the conductor said was: "Then, for the Lord's sake, keep this forty-two dollars for me till my first trip up tomorrow! There's going to be trouble with some Dagoes this run. Will you?"

"Why, sure," said Miss Leffingwell, ever ready to oblige. "That's easy."

The conductor handed over a roll of money.

"Thanks. You're doin' me a favor."

"Want a receipt?"

"Not necessary," he nodded. "'Sides, I'd rather not have a scrap of such writing on me if we come to close quarters. Percy, here, 'll remember in case anything happens. Good night! Very much obliged."

"Sit down and get warm."

"Can't. We're late now. Good night!"

Therewith he and the motorman walked out. They were a new crew, unknown to Miss Leffingwell. She returned to her musings, the money temporarily in safe deposit in her handkerchief.

"Myself, I'm tired of living up to him without something comin' of it," she said of the count. "I am middling old, I admit; but I'm something of an heiress. This being womanly at home is all right, of course; but I've been too private about it. Guess I'll see what some ravishing teagowns will do. I can afford 'em. I'm piling up three dollars a day. And a hat with willow plumes. And I'll begin going places."

Outside the April weather howled discouragement, but without any effect upon the resolute heiress. The ten-o'clock car came and went in the square before Miss Pethenia Leffingwell's plans were sufficiently matured to permit going to bed.

At seven the next morning two men entered the shop. One was blue-uniformed, with a gauze bandage tied round his head. The other was in brown civilian clothing Pethenia, disturbed over her second cup of coffee, adjudged him "nosey."

"Good morning!" said she with an air.

"Look here!" demanded the man in brown uncivilly. "Did you ever set eyes on this fella before?"

"Half a minute last night," said Miss Leffingwell. "The conductor called him Percy. That's as far as I'm acquainted."

"What brought him in?"

"For one thing, the comp'ny don't heat the cars. I told the men they were perfectly welcome to run in and get comfortable between trips."

"But don't you remember about the ——"

"Shut up! No talk out of you, little hero."

"Is this the one the conductor expected trouble with? Because if so I'll hold my tongue."

"No, he's a detective. Tell him! Tell him, in God's name! I'm in a ——"

"This man and his conductor left a roll of money with me last night to keep safe, because they expected a fight going back to the city. Now, Mister Detective, be politer, if you don't mind. Take your hat off—and your hand off him. There—that's better."

"What'd I tell you?" demanded the motorman of his accuser. "There you get it straight what became of the cash!"

"How much? Where is it? Hand it over!"

"Why? It's not yours."

"Hand it over! I represent the company."

"Represent all the folks you want to," returned the daughter of Stateline. "Be the Mormons if you want to, and the gov'ment of Jeff Davis, and the Codfish Trust. I don't owe a shilling to ary one of 'em; nor I won't give 'em a copper cent. The minute that conductor comes, that minute he'll get the roll, just's he left it; but he's the only representer will."

"Look-a-here!" cried the brown man, throwing back his double-breasted coat and crowding close upon her to exhibit a metal shield near his armpit.

"I see," retorted Miss Leffingwell, now thoroughly angry, "that your shirtsleeve needs to go in the wash. Pooh! Badges! Why, I've sold as good badges as that many a time in the candy penny-draws!"

"Cut out the cheek and can the personal details, Sally!" snapped the man in brown. "Don't be a fool! You'll have to give up the plunder, and quick too. I know your kind."

"'Repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere,'" quoted Pethenia aloud. The words exerted a tonic and soothing effect; they lifted the speaker by association into circles where fine manners are—we hope—commonplace and detectives are never seen. Then with considerable stateliness Miss Leffingwell moved across her shop to the telephone.

"Central," she said, enunciating very purely, "please be so kind as to send me a policeman. Miss Leffingwell on the wire.—Yes, the bakery, in Penn Square. There is a gentleman here blackmailing and I want him cleared away.—Yes.—Yes, he will do. Thank you."

"Oh, gosh!" moaned Percy.

Just here Pethenia remembered a flippant polished peeress of Ouida's who, being annoyed, "made a tiny *moue* of defiance"; and, being annoyed herself, she made one too. Only upon her Yankee features the intended "tiny *moue*" lost prestige.

"Pull snoots at me if you dare, you fancy Flossy!" roared the infuriated stranger. He took her by the shoulder. "Resisting an officer! I'll ——" He essayed to shake her; and, stumbling over the wabbly table which Pethenia used for meals, he sent table, plates, cups, milk, butter, sugar and coffee-pot to the floor in a loud ruin. "You damn liar!"

At the epithet Pethenia's healthy arms flung the short man back just in time to take Motorman Percy's fist on his ear and jaw. He went down lumpishly on the coffee-pot and lay there. Miss Leffingwell's handsome black eyes flamed into Percy's. She gasped.

"The skunk!" said Percy, bandaged, but bristling.

("The count would have said: 'Canaille! How unpleasant to have to chastise the lower orders physically!' and dry-cleansed his tapering fingers on his Irish-linen handkerchief!" regretted Pethenia.)

Still there was a certain satisfaction in seeing the brown man knocked down plebeian fashion.

"Oh, my!" she cried. "Oh, my!"

"Vot's a matter, Petheny?" said a fatherly voice from the front door. "I come so qvick as I could. Iss he drunk? I see him lay hands on to you und opset your breakfus'."

"I don't know whether he is or not," returned Miss Leffingwell, disgusted. "Smell him and see. But, suppose he is, it's no excuse for ——"

"He put in eight drinks since we left the carbarn at Lahore," affirmed Percy, "and there was some foundation laid before that. He's a comp'ny detective; and he said me and my conductor had a lay for getting off with the freight and fares we took in yes'day."

Chief of Police Huppock listened, and turned his slow regard from the bandaged man to breakfastless Pethenia.

"I hate a company tetective still," he announced. "But, so, it ain't explain how he arrests Petheny yet." For the chief was brother-in-law of Chris Grundscholl, the baker, brother-in-lodge of the deceased Uncle Joab Leffingwell, and familiar friend to the heiress and the business.

"Yes. Because I have the money and I wouldn't give it up! The conductor left it with me last night. He expected trouble going through Montfort Tips, I guess."

"Yes'm; that's the place. And he got it. He's dying in Mercy Hospital right now."

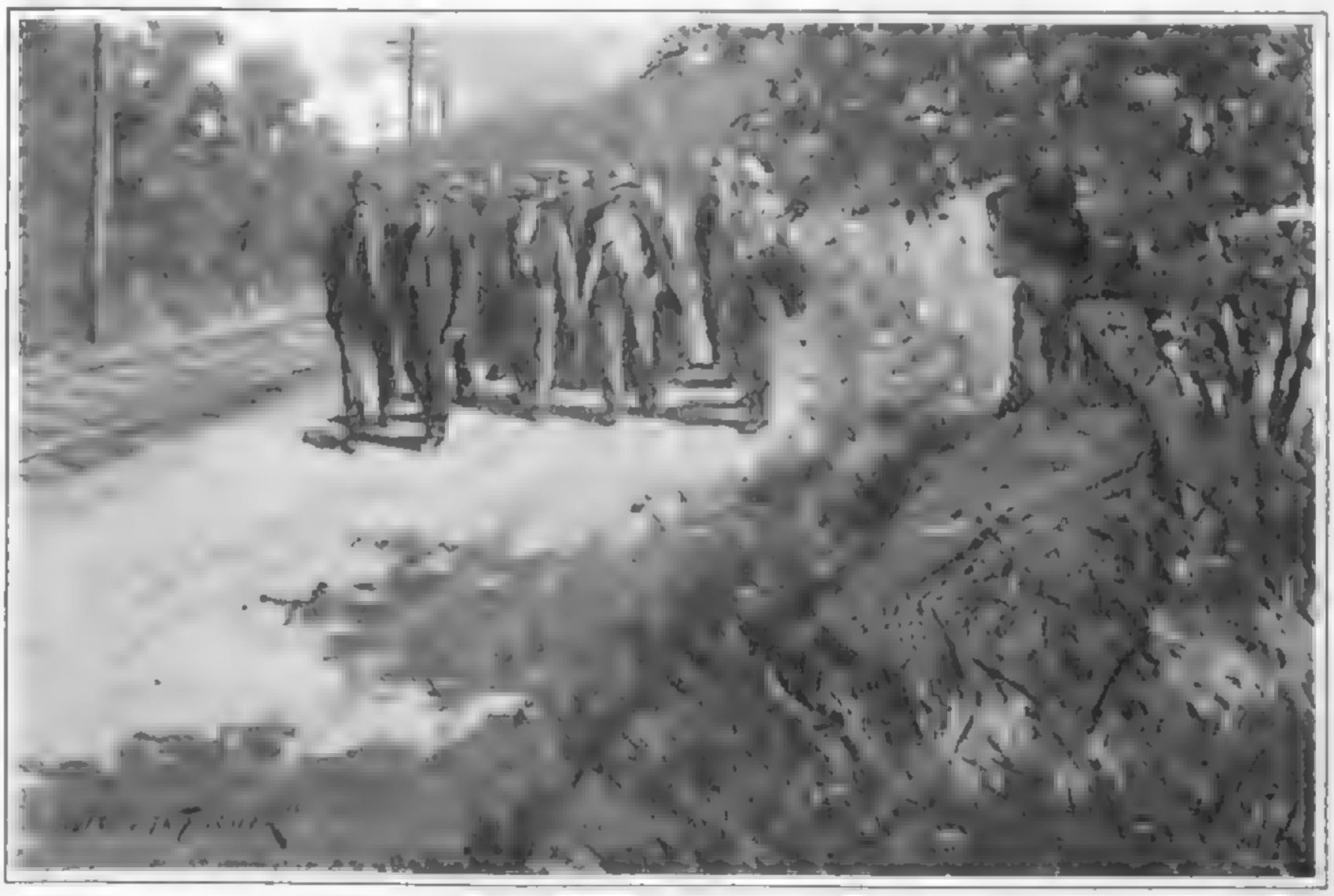
"Vot's his name?" Chief Huppock glared at the motorman and patted his protégée soothingly on the shoulder.

"Charley Mullins—Number Forty-one."

"Vot's your name?"

"Percival Botts. Motorman. Injuries—scalp cut."

"So-so-so!" nodded Huppock, apparently delighted with the casualties. "So-so!" He scowled and puffed.



Passively as a Spectator at a Puppet Show, She Sat and Saw the Victors Return

"He defended me from the drunken sleuth, Uncle Hans; and it isn't his fault they came here. After the conductor was hurt and they got to Pittsburgh, the next question naturally was, where was the money? The detective didn't believe a word of the true account and came right on up to see if I'd tell the same story. This gentleman didn't come of his own accord. And that's how that hound"—concluded Miss Leffingwell with a gesture of great elegance—"comes to lie here in my coffee-grounds at break of day."

"And when he comes to he'll want to jug me for sixty days for handing him one on the jaw," added Motorman Botts in a gloomy postscript to this summary. "But I had to do it didn't I?"

"You did," said she. "My name, Mr. Botts, is Miss Leffingwell."

"Pleased to meet you," Mr. Botts acknowledged formally. "There; he's turning his head. Now he'll come to in a minute."

"Petheny, vere's dot money? You hand it ofer qvick to your own chief police to keep in charge—und vot can anypotty say? Run get it, *schnell!*"

Pethenia caught the idea. She ran to the storeroom, extracted the conductor's property from one of ten precisely similar lard tins and made haste to hand the sum to Uncle Huppock. That official pocketed it, looking unnaturally artless.

"So-so-so! Now I don't know maype is certain mans company tetective or joost common bum. Do I? No. He ain'dt show me. So how vas I to know any difference? All I haf see und smell togedder iss he has got a souse. All I haf see alone iss he wass before mine eyes making aasault and patteries against a grand yoong lady, goot und respectable und mooch beloft, busy by her own house inside, her breakfast eating on it! Hah! It wass," hissed Uncle Hans warming to his subject, "ootrageouss!"

Pethenia and the motorman did not follow his discourse. They stared.

"So, as town peacekeeper, I arrest him by the name of the law!" Uncle Hans leaned down and jerked the brown man violently by the trousers band. "Vich I do. You don't neider of you haf to make conplaint. So!"

"Hold on a minute!" Percy cried. "He is a detective. They'll make trouble if you gather him in."

"So!" The chief winked elaborately. "Dot is right. You shall say dot. But Chief Police Huppock, of dis city, he is ol' German squarehead und don't belief not'ing no outsider should tell him. He is pig-stubborn, Huppock; und he hates you carpeoples. Hah, hah! Ho!"

By sheer strength the chief of police removed his captive from the breakfast cloth and progressed with him to the door.

The motorman watched their departure with grave forebodings. He turned to Miss Leffingwell.

"It's Charley's money. Is he square?"

"Square? Uncle Huppock? Well, I should say he is!"

"All right. If you know I'll take your word for it; but if we get into hot water for letting that detective get pinched we want to tell the same story."

"I shall say," responded Pethenia firmly, "that a homely, dirty man I never saw before came into my store drunk, while I was eating breakfast, and behaved so I had to telephone for the police. But there won't be any trouble. All Uncle Huppock's family are in politics. The main difference that detective really made is that I have to cook another breakfast. Have you had yours?" For up in Stateline it is perfectly proper and usual to inquire into the nourishment of strangers. "No? Well, then, just you sit down for ten minutes and I'll have enough for two. Do you like your coffee strong? Weakish? No, sir; you are not going gallivanting round here in a bandaged head, on an empty stomach!"

"Why, say," cried Percy Botts—"that's awful white of you, ma'am! I will. I do feel sort o' bad."

Pethenia lit the gasplate and worked deftly.

"Now if," she said to herself, "that count of mine that I've just stopped believing in should come round the corner and open the door and find me at it, he'd be real pleased. He'd say: 'It is woman's part to tend the injured and charity begins at home. Do not skimp a hearty man on eggs, Pethenia. Give him seven or eight.' Oh, well! A count one way or t'other can be spared, I guess. While, as for eating, folks have to have it."

II

THE Easter fashions fortunately called for thin women. Pethenia spent a hundred and forty-two dollars for clothes, being guided by a fashion authority of no mean judgment, Miss De Ruhm, the buyer of Tillpenny's Department Store. Certain things—corsets and combinations and mysteries—went dreadfully into money and didn't show; made you look as if you hadn't bought 'em, and didn't put 'em on, or anything else in their place either. However, the Leffingwells have courage. Pethenia defied her preconceived opinions and became straitly modern—four one-piece dresses for wear in the shop, and a silk, and a three-piece suit and two fancy lacy batiste things for best, and an evening cape, and pumps—shoes no longer, but pumps! Pumps!

It took her till June to get the things and be sure they fitted. While her sartorial adventures were at their height she hired a little girl to tend shop; afterward she kept this helper partly as a hooker-up. By way of a complete revolution she had the bakery done over in new paint to match her frocks and sold evening newspapers. There was even free ice-water for everybody.

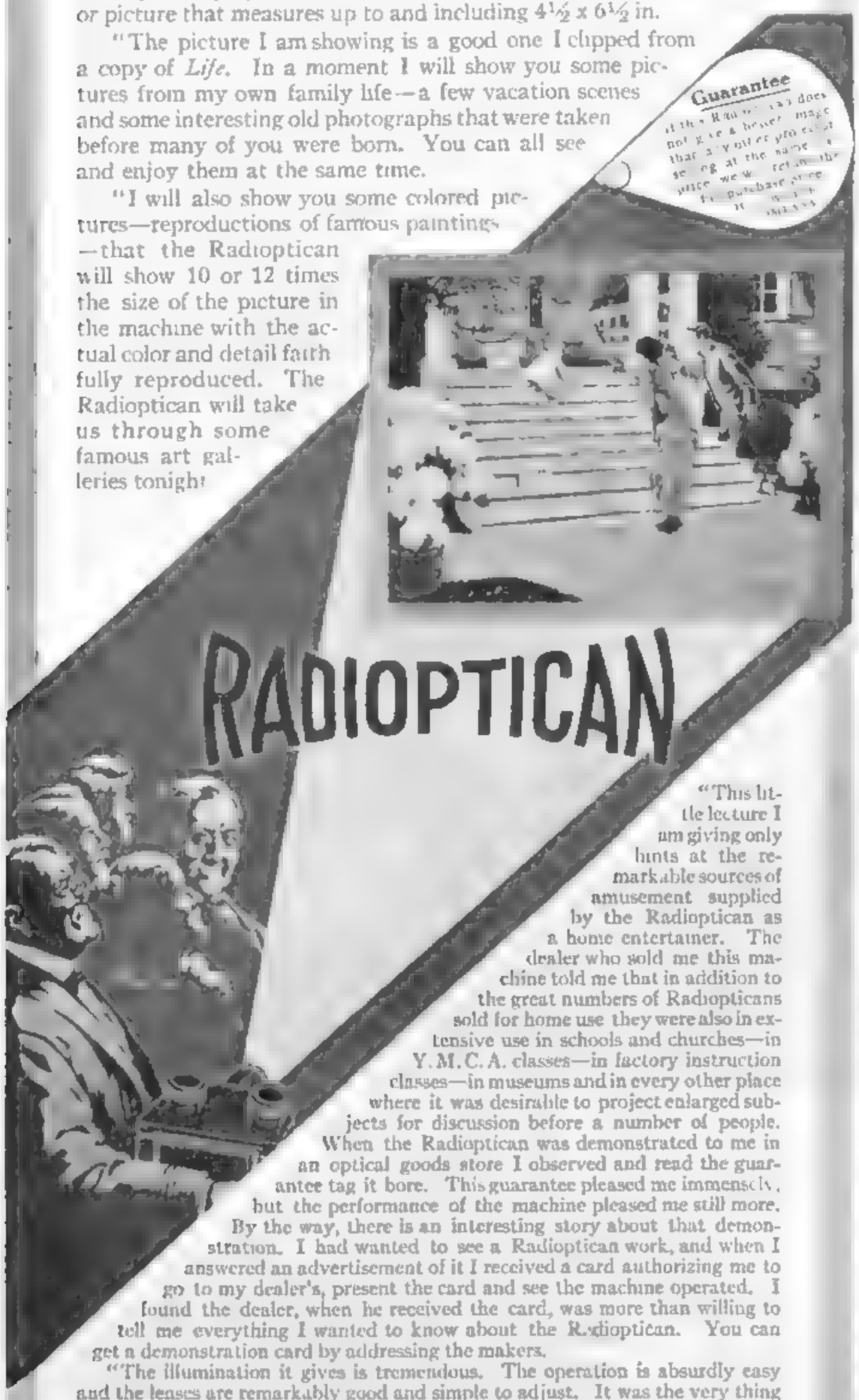
"This is the Radioptican"

"I Will Tell You How It Works and Why I Happened to Buy It"

"My friends, the machine that is showing these pictures here for your entertainment and mine requires no lantern slides. This Radioptican projects on the screen any clipping, post card, photo or picture that measures up to and including 4½ x 6½ in.

"The picture I am showing is a good one I clipped from a copy of *Life*. In a moment I will show you some pictures from my own family life—a few vacation scenes and some interesting old photographs that were taken before many of you were born. You can all see and enjoy them at the same time.

"I will also show you some colored pictures—reproductions of famous paintings—that the Radioptican will show 10 or 12 times the size of the picture in the machine with the actual color and detail faithfully reproduced. The Radioptican will take us through some famous art galleries tonight



"This little lecture I am giving only hints at the remarkable sources of amusement supplied by the Radioptican as a home entertainer. The dealer who sold me this machine told me that in addition to the great numbers of Radiopticans sold for home use they were also in extensive use in schools and churches—in Y. M. C. A. classes—in factory instruction classes—in museums and in every other place where it was desirable to project enlarged subjects for discussion before a number of people. When the Radioptican was demonstrated to me in an optical goods store I observed and read the guarantee tag it bore. This guarantee pleased me immensely, but the performance of the machine pleased me still more. By the way, there is an interesting story about that demonstration. I had wanted to see a Radioptican work, and when I answered an advertisement of it I received a card authorizing me to go to my dealer's, present the card and see the machine operated. I found the dealer, when he received the card, was more than willing to tell me everything I wanted to know about the Radioptican. You can get a demonstration card by addressing the makers.

"The illumination it gives is tremendous. The operation is absurdly easy and the lenses are remarkably good and simple to adjust. It was the very thing I had been wanting ever since I took up photography. It educates my children at the same time that it furnishes fun for them. There are any number of fine instructive games we all play with the assistance of the Radioptican.

"Take notice that this machine works by electric current the same as an electric fan. If you haven't electric lights in your house you can get an acetylene model complete with generator ready to operate, or you can buy a gas model. Prices are from $2.50 to $50.00. The one I bought cost me $15.00. If you want one for yourself I suggest that you

Write for book 'Home Entertainments.'

"This book pictures and describes all the various Radioptican models—gives a more complete description of the machine than I have given here and gives some valuable hints for keeping the winter evenings from seeming long.

"The Radioptican is sold wherever photo supplies or optical goods are sold. Also in department stores and toy shops. Any dealer will gladly give a demonstration to anyone without charge. If you want a duplicate of this machine ask to see model 341. In Canada the prices are 20% higher, owing to duty. Better write for that book tomorrow morning." Address

H. C. WHITE COMPANY, 806 River St., North Bennington, Vt.

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The Pittsburgh carmen, seven crews of them, dropped in regularly; she became popular with their clan. Pethenia was not pretty, not young, not flirtatious; but at slight expense she was now in possession of fourteen gentlemen friends! Some of them, to be sure, were married men and not devoted in the least; but company draws company and custom. Business grew. Even the Cheshire Cheese lost mold.

On the second of July, about two in the afternoon, a shortish, swarthy man entered the Leffingwell bakery. He moved with agility and was quiet. Pethenia, who was in the back room putting on an afternoon lace collar in place of the linen of morning, did not hear him at first.

He Was President, Treasurer and Brains of a Fat Black Hand Territory

The bakery appeared to please the stranger; he smiled, nodded, helped himself to The Farm of the Dagger from the Cheshire Cheese case, an unopened Stateline letter from Pethenia's desk mail on the counter, and proceeded under the blue tasseled lambrequin to the ice-cream precincts. He caught Pethenia at the mirror prinking.

"Queer! One of the street-car fellows'd 'a' been embarrassed; but he don't care," reflected the proprietress. "He bows well to a lady."

"Nize-a-day."

"Yes, but hot. Ice cream? Strawberry, choc'late, vanilla?"

"Vanilla of five cents."

And with this modest ration the person proceeded to make himself much at home in the back parlor. Whenever Pethenia was in range he made conversation.

"Eet is ver' beeg five-cent' wort'," he opined. "Whatta boss will say?"

"Just what I always give," she assured him. "And I mean to while I run this shop."

"Losa monee!" expostulated the man.

"I didn't last season."

"Bad beezness! Bad beezness!"

"Well, I manage to live," remarked Miss Leffingwell, going to the outer shop. As she went the reflection of her figure, remodeled by a nine-dollar corset, greeted her from the glass of a wall-case. Her pink-and-white gingham fitted perfectly. Also from the basement Chris the elder came, bearing the first baking of rolls, mounding the warm brown sheets high on the counter for Pethenia to distribute; their wholesome fragrance diffused itself through the room. With so much to wear as Miss Leffingwell had this summer and so much to eat as this obvious abundance, nobody need worry about her. She sat down at the desk and became absorbed in making up the June bills of her best family trade.

Inside the five-cent customer pecked away at his cream with his left hand, and with his right examined the letter he had purloined. It was interesting reading. After he had studied it he pocketed it and sampled The Farm of the Dagger; but the comparative disarmament of that standard work disappointed him. It was not worth stealing. He laid it openly on the table, yawned and sniffed the wheaty air.

"Too good," he murmured, smelling the bake with knowing sniffs. "Too good. Bad business! Too good lard! What a way to run a bakery!"

After long reflection he called out:

"Meesis!"

"I'm here," Pethenia answered from behind the blue rope portière.

"Meesis, you are widow ladee?"

"No, I'm not."

He strolled out to stand beside her desk.

"Where, then, is Meester Leffenwell, the great fortunate?"

"Dead," said Pethenia.

"I do not understan'," remonstrated the stranger plaintively, looking at her with big velvety eyes of pity.

"Not necessary you should," she told him. "You came in here for five cents' worth of ice cream, and you got it."

"Madam ——" breathed the customer.

Pethenia remained silent. Yet undeniably it was rather nice to be called madam. East Benson people never soared to those little European elegancies.

"Ladee! You are not offend?"

"Busy."

"Meester Leffenwell, maybe, is street-car mans?"

"I'm busy."

"I weesh," murmured the customer—"I weesh I can call you mees!" He laid a nickel on the coin shelf, which Pethenia methodically garnered home. "Ah! But no! In America who is Ernesto? Nobodee!"

"Why'll a chicken cross the road? and how old is Ann? Who is Ernesto? I'm sure I don't know," responded Uncle Joab's niece.

"I do not know Ann," enunciated the stranger with mournful precision.

"No? Well, they're all in the same boat—him and her and the hen."

"Madam!" cried the dark man. "Do you mock? You mock the s-s-soul of a s-s-stranger!"

"Oh, my, no!" responded Pethenia, her natural kindliness overbalancing the vague apprehension that the customer presumed upon her being alone to prosecute a wayside casual flirtation. "It's just a riddle a common saying we have. I guess you don't understand all the English that's spoke in this country, do you? Must be a drawback. Excuse me for joking. Good afternoon."

"I come again!" breathed the person devoutly. Several customers entering at the time by the front door, he backed away with an elegant series of bows.

As he emerged upon the square an orange-colored car was bowling down upon the stopping-place, Motorman Percival Botts applying the brakes. For some reason the man who had had five cents' worth of ice cream began to sneeze so violently that his entire countenance hid itself in his handkerchief and his whole frame was distorted with a stoop. Ere the spasm passed he crossed behind the car and disappeared in a tobacconist's shop.

Motorman Botts, who hated on trust all Mediterranean-looking men now that poor Charley Mullins lay dying back in Pittsburgh of a fractured skull, did not see the person at all. He was cogitating. He firmly purposed to ask Miss Leffingwell to go with him to see The Old Homestead.

III

THREE evenings later Miss Pethenia Leffingwell accompanied Mr. Botts to the East Benson Opera House. It was a first-night performance, in spite of the fact that The Old Homestead had long paid dramatist's royalties. Pethenia had never gone to the theater, supposing the diversion to be at once sinful and expensive. Nor had she ever before been invited to go out of an evening with a man. And she wore, for the great occasion, her first evening wrap and first long gloves and one of the new batiste dresses.

Motorman Percy Botts, in a gray summer suit, was red, resolute and awkward.

"Oh, he's nothing like the count!" thought the lady, looking sidewise at him uncomfortably disposed in his orchestra chair. "The count would look sociably round him at his friends and equals in the boxes and raise a pair of jeweled opera glasses. Mr. Botts, poor man, sets like a gingerbread you took out of the oven too soon and let sink helpless down in the middle." Aloud, however, she remarked upon the play:

"Why, Mr. Botts! Do look there! None of those farmhands show suspenders!"

"Ain't that O. K.?" her gentleman friend inquired. "They look hayseeds to me. Maybe they can holler out on the stage freer with some tight belts round their middles—to kinda get a purchase on the voice."

"A belted farmhand is scarcer than a belted earl," contended Pethenia firmly. "I guess I ought to know. I've cooked for 'em. I didn't see anything else but farms and country till I was fifteen. I was born up in a place you never heard of, entitled Stateline."

"Were you born in the country? Is that straight?" In his excitement he spoke aloud.

"Yes, of course I was. Why?"

"Because," said Mr. Botts, lowering his voice to Hushes from behind, "if you were what would ever make you come away? I can't see it. Don't you mean you just lived in a dull little town that was a near-city?"

"No, sir; I do not. All the Leffingwells and the Winterspoons—that's my mother's stock—farmed. And, let me tell you, it was a solemn, lonesome business. Not so much singing and dancing as"—she indicated the stage with a gloved arm—"you might infer from these folks. Why, it was so still mornings you'd you'd ——"

"Think of that now!" repeated Motorman Botts, regarding her with new and almost tragic interest. "Born on the farm and come away!"

"Lots of people do," she defended. "There's hardly anybody up there that didn't. You would yourself."

"I was born in Pittsburgh—and I lived in Pittsburgh. That's all. In thirty-five years I never been beyond the sound of a flat wheel, awake or asleep."

"Yes, and you're here yet. You must have liked it. You didn't seek adventures or roam."

Percy shook his head and settled down in his seat.

"I couldn't pull out," he whispered. "I been busy raising my mother and her second husband's six kids. If any of them had broke lucky and married on to a farm maybe I could have edged myself into farm circles some, and looked round me and found something in the country I could live by. I used to make the oldest two girls go down to the market mornings, where the truck-teams come into town, hoping something would spring up." He sighed.

"And didn't it?"

"The wrong kind did. Sadie got fascinated with a grocery boy that taught her how to tell frozen potatoes. And Mildred, she had a young fella, a tap and die maker, that found time to carry home the basket for her mornings. They both married 'em; in fact Mildred told me I'd have to marry a country girl myself if I wanted them kind of ties."

The Old Homestead here grew particularly full of comedy and their whispered conversation ceased. Pethenia recognized, with a comfortable sense of fitness, four jokes known to her childhood; there was a farmhand, too, who spat like the skillful Peter McPike. Poor Botts gazed at the stage as upon a dream-paradise made real before his eyes. He laughed immoderately at every point, but almost feared to blink away his tears for fear of missing some dear detail of properties and setting. There before him lay, for two brief hours, his ideal life.

With the curtain at the end of the act, people began to realize that the July night was hot. Motion and chatter spread.

"Today," said Miss Leffingwell lightly, "I had the queerest proposal of marriage you ever heard of. It was brought by a chaperon too. She's a yellowish little woman with black hair and eyes, down in Madam Rice's hairdressing parlor on Floyd Street. They say she's French; but, anyway, she came with the formal proposal."

"That so?" responded Mr. Botts, vigorously rubbing his chin. "Plastered nerve, hadn't she, to butt in on a man that way. It's a wonder he'd allow witnesses."

"Oh, he wasn't along. All I ever saw of him was three times he's indulged in five cents' worth of ice cream; but it seems he already owns one bakery and he wants to consolidate mine. He sent her and an elegant letter."

"Curious!"

"She said I'd won the heart of a nobleman."

"Well—going to take it?"

Miss Leffingwell laughed.

"Bless me, no. He offered to take over all my real estate and business and pay me a hundred dollars a year!"

"Must have thought you were running at a loss," commented her escort shrewdly. "And he hoped you'd dicker low if he opened with a bluff like that."

"I shouldn't wonder. I noticed when he was in that he seemed to worry about the new wall paper some. And, now I think of it, he said I gave too big dishes of cream for the money. Well, let him think. I've never run behind a week since I inherited the business."

"Who is this deadhead?"

"That's the joke of it," said Pethenia, blushing with pardonable vanity. "She represented she was offering me the hand of a foreign count!"

"Well, he might be. I've a cousin who's interpreter now down to the courthouse; he

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	Tomato-Okra
	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato

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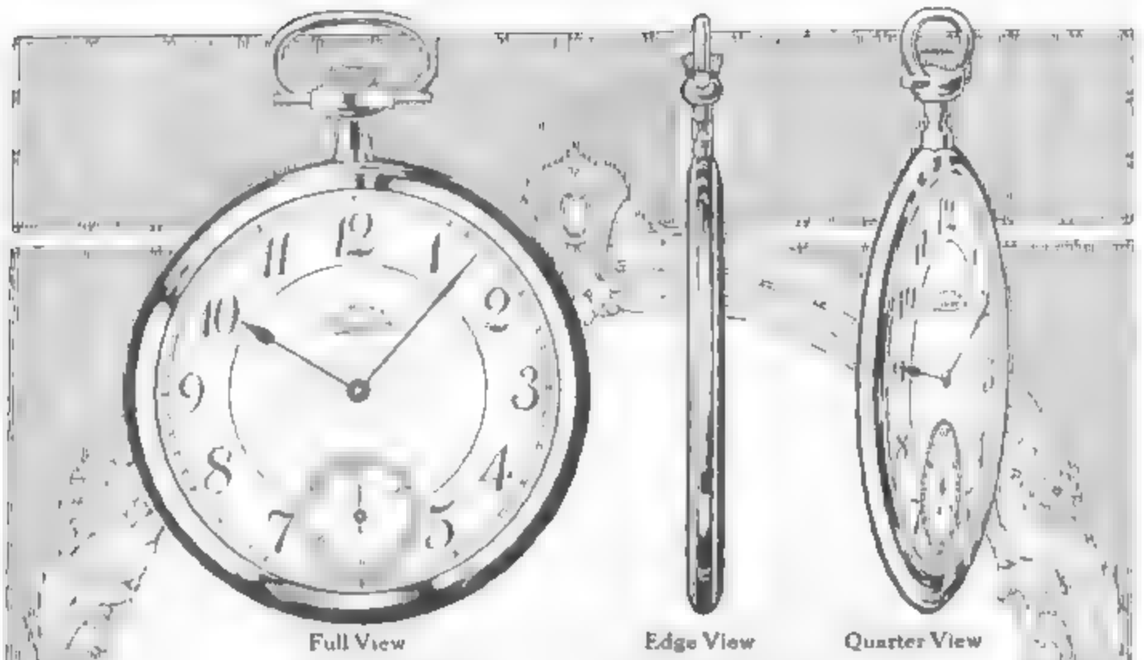

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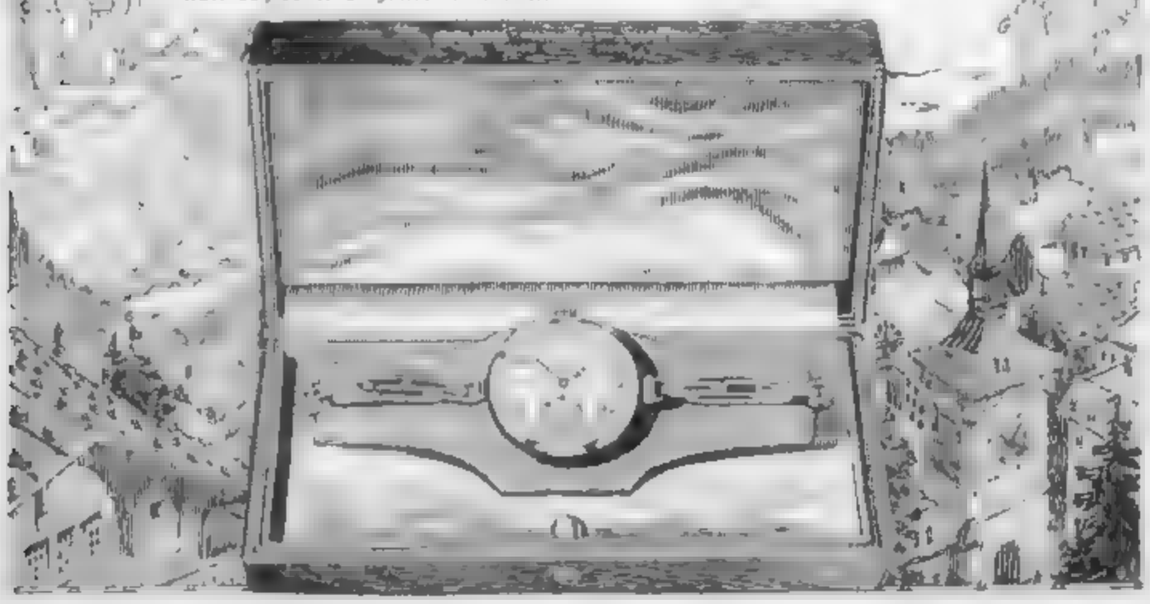


used to sell steamship tickets—and he tells all sorts of stories. He said we had several lords among the Polacks and Germans and Austrians, working with no shirts on in the steel mills. You may remember there was a spy from some king's army tried to put dewdrops in some other king's special order of rails, and got burnt doing it; that man was a run-down baron. So your admirer could be a count. I wouldn't promise, though, that he'd average up even thirty per cent as a husband."

"Prob'ly not. As a Sicily count he isn't my ideal of high life at all. I can judge from experience that I wouldn't hire him as a baker; but I admit I don't size up counts so sharp as I do bakers, for want of experience with 'em every day. He's the kind of man would leave out all the shortening the first week—and I'd lose all my fancy trade."

"Sicilian?"

"So she said—king of the Pittsburgh Italians and a rich boss baker. My! 'Count and Countess Ernesto have the honor to recommend their German coffee-ring as something exclusively new.' Doesn't it sound elegant?"

Pethenia's escort jumped round in his chair with every evidence of concern. "Cheese it!" he ordered. Then with some care he scrutinized the very ordinary patrons of the drama who were seated behind and in front. Finding none of them of Latin types he sighed with relief and settled to a hurried explanation to Miss Leffingwell.

"Some names you don't want to make light of in a crowd. It ain't a joke. He's a horror. He's the boss of the Black Hand round here, which means he's got half a dozen murderers ready when he lifts a finger. You know the Black Hand ain't any joke in this part of the country. Don't ever make fun of that man. The more you have to say or do with him, the worse chances you got for old age!"

"Lands!" cried Pethenia, scarcely impressed. "He looked as mild as a tailor."

"Just what did you say to the woman's proposition?"

"I told her I was engaged to a minister and she must inform the count he came too late."

"Are you?" Mr. Botts inquired, eyes stonily front.

"Not—not exactly; but there are some times in life when a lady feels like lying. That black-eyed woman was one. Do you blame me?"

"Well, seeing he was a count, I guess you had to say something. There go the lights. Now we'll have some more of the farm. My soul! I wish I owned a clover-field with a Newfoundland dog runnin' through it!"

"We always had a Newfoundland dog," mused Pethenia, "to churn."

And with the rustle of the curtain rising upon the stage might be heard Motorman Botts' sentimental sigh.

. . . . . .

Conductor Charley Mullins had finally to be trephined, and in July he was discharged from the hospital as cured—but in wits he hovered between sane and daft. The forty-two dollars he had left at Miss Leffingwell's bakery in April shadowed all his hours and became the fixed idea. He haunted the car-barns and the superintendent's office in a torture of anxious honesty, trying to explain. His women folks could not keep him off the streets. And all at once on a hot Saturday night in the center of busy, lighted downtown Pittsburgh Mullins disappeared.

Motorman Botts, running with a new conductor, spent fifteen minutes at four-hour intervals in the bakery talking over the case with Pethenia.

"No, sir," he would insist; "they'll never find him! It's suicide—that's what it is. His heart was broke. Poor old Charley!"

"Forty-two dollars," Miss Leffingwell argued cheerily in rebuttal, "is too little money for a man to kill himself about. He's just wandered off and thinks he's somebody else."

"If he was well-to-do I suppose they'd say the Italians had kidnapped him for a ransom," said Motorman Botts.

"Maybe they have!" cried Pethenia brightly. "Wouldn't that be romantic? If they have shall I ask the count? We are getting real well acquainted. He can be pleasant when he likes."

Motorman Botts banged his fist down.

"Do you mean to say that man is coming here yet—after what I told you?"

"Well, you see he wanted me to show him the minister I was engaged to; and, of course, I wouldn't do it. And he said till I'd show him he'd still have hopes himself. And when he comes and buys bread or a dish of cream or something, what can I do about it? The store is almost a public place."

"I tell you, I won't have it!" vociferated Percy, very red. "He'll steal the whole money drawer and pick your pocket any day. He'll steal the roof off the shop and the knobs off the doors, and cut your throat!"

"I never missed anything yet," replied Pethenia, settling a hairpin carefully and patting down her lavender lawn. "One day I did catch him reading a bill for flour that lay on my desk—but that's all. And, to tell you the truth, all my whole life since I read a certain book I've been trying to live up to the principles of a model count—a count that was a perfect gentleman. This one couldn't be called a model or perfect, but he's the only count I know—and a suitor for my hand. So you must just excuse me if I take a kind of interest in fooling with him."

"The rotten scoundrel!" groaned Percy.

"So shall I ask him, as a personal favor to me, to make inquiries in Pittsburgh for your friend?"

"I don't want a blame favor from him!"

"Oh, very well," spoke Miss Leffingwell airily. "Dreadful hot in here for so early in August, isn't it? That was all you wanted to say, of course. Your conductor's pounding the bell. Don't leave the fly-screen open when you go out, will you?"

"Look-a-here! Won't you ——"

"Better hurry," Pethenia advised him.

Motorman Botts hesitated, eyed her, turned away and went off, closing the screen with an unqualified slam.

Miss Leffingwell, alone in the store, dropped her face in her hands.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she moaned. "It's too easy! Why didn't I begin this kind of thing when I was sixteen? Once I'd have thought a motorman had a fine, active, wideawake occupation—and I'd have been crazy about Percy. I'd have been crazy about most any decent young fellow that was crazy about me! And now —— I don't know whether it's age and experience that ails me or whether it's my count! I've been such a long time living up to the count who was coming round the corner in a minute more! I reckon he was a false ideal for me though."

With a shake of the shoulders she got up. The pleasant image in soft lavender that looked at her from the mirror was an admirable blossoming of the Miss Leffingwell of the year before. So much, certainly, was not a figment of the imagination. She stood thinking.

"It's the heat," she decided finally. "I'll call Minnie down to the shop and go out and take a nice walk before noon. Percy'll be up on the afternoon trip—I guess I'll have iced tea this afternoon for the car fellows as a special. He's a real good young man, though not a bit my ideal of elegance. I guess I better let him have it over. Minnie!"

The simplest human affairs, however, go wrong at times. Percy did not come that afternoon or the next day. When he did his only interest in a melancholy earthly life seemed centered about the Charley Mullins case. He carried newspapers with cuts of the Mullins back yard and front yard, and for thirteen days not one published word or cut did he miss. His acquaintance with Miss Leffingwell would have perished altogether had she not held him by a tenuous thread of interest, in that she would listen respectfully to all he said on the immortal topic.

IV

"UNLESS I can find his Mullins for him," Pethenia murmured, looking down the empty square through the shimmer of noon heat that swam above its cobbles, "seems as if he'll never sense me again at all, no matter what I have on. It's fierce! I'd do anything."

At the moment an automobile charged through the square, a dust-swirl combing up behind it. In the rear seat were three men, the outer pair holding in the tall, pale middle one. Opposite the bakery and the car-switch the pale man half-jumped from his place.

"Why, that farthest one is Ernesto!" thought the watcher; "but he's not looking. There! The sick one waved his arm. I just saw his face."

Then they were gone. A bit of white paper lay on the cobbles. Miss Leffingwell retrieved it. Among meaningless scribbles she deciphered two words—"Montfort Tips."

"Good glory!" she thought in a flash of inspiration. "That one in the middle looked like Charley Mullins, according to my recollection of his looks. I only saw him that once. And it certainly was Count Ernesto. Montfort Tips—the Dago town! H'm! What to make of it beats me! Which of 'em threw this out? It might be the wrong one—but, no; I'm sure Ernesto never saw me through the lace curtains. The pale man did it."

She retired to the back room under a whirling fan and gave her mind to the matter. It was unreasonable, of course, for the Black Hand to imprison Charley Mullins in an open motor in the streets; yet some inner faculty inclined her to believe. The newspapers had worked up all the reasonable theories, and found reason a failure. "If I don't obey my woman's intuition," murmured she to herself, "I know I shall be punished for it all my life."

"Minnie," said she briskly to her assistant who was reading a book from the Cheshire Cheese treasure-house, "I'm going now to do an errand at Montfort Tips."

Minnie stared.

"When? Alone?"

"Now—in broad daylight."

"Oh, it's an awful place, Miss Pethenia! Nobody goes there! It's terrible! Are you going in that dress?"

"No, ma'am!" With hairpins between her lips, her hands achieved a rapid tightening and flattening that reduced her once-while tresses to a turniplike bob on the apex of the skull. "I am turning detective. I shall go in disguise—a simple one, with a gingham apron, and a shawl on my head, and my hands dirty."

"What you going after?" inquired the phlegmatic Minnie, turning a page.

"Oh, a man."

"Then I wouldn't want to look like that if I was you."

"Yes, you would. Here, do unhook me in the back. If anybody asks for me say I've gone to the moving pictures of the coronation."

"Will I say that to the car fellows and to Mr. Botts?"

Pethenia considered.

"Well, no—not to him. You say —— Never mind; I'll write a note, and at three-ten you be sure and run out and give it to him."

At the desk Miss Leffingwell pinned to a sheet of her business paper the scrap thrown from the automobile, and inscribed a brief communication to Mr. Botts underneath.

Dear Friend Percy: I am going to Montfort Tips to the rescue of Charley Mullins, in disguise as a pedler woman. He is out riding with Count Ernesto in a blue automobile. The count and another were holding him in. He threw this paper to me in the street. Faithfully, P. L.

"I won't be back before suppertime anyhow; and I'm going to take the pillow-shams and my white lace mats and a Marseilles spread and the new red tablecloth and some gum. I hope I won't have to sell 'em—but I will at a pinch."

"All those? What in?"

"Uncle Joab's old telescope. Get me that pink drape off the mantel in the ice-cream parlor; I'll use it over my head. Now I'm going upstairs to pack and complete my disguise as a pedler."

"Pedler!"

"I bet you I can peddle," Miss Leffingwell reassured her. "I've been in business practically all my life."

"But you—you talk English!"

"Can't I stop?"

"My gracious!"

"I just have to say 'Lovelee! Two dollar!' and 'Sheep! Sheep!' and 'Yes, ladee,' and 'No verstand,'" explained the amateur detective, kicking off her fancy pumps and picking them up to put away. "And 'Fort'-nine cent, missus,' for a change occasionally. Those rambling folks with 'Luny lace bargains in a telescope have been pouring into this store in troops for years back. And pouring out too! Now I must hurry."

And, harebrained as the adventure was, Miss Leffingwell, corsetless, flatfooted, dirty, calico-clad and gingham-aproned, with a gay headshawl and a doleful telescope of merchandise, actually left the bakery at half-past one and walked up the open street toward the Malay Hill car. One of her near neighbors met her while Minnie hung watching in the bakery door and failed to see anything familiar in the squat shape.

Minnie, horrified in every thought and every facial muscle, gave no sign. As Miss Leffingwell strode out of sight she was still balanced in the doorway, worrying. She could not return to the polite society of Ancestors; real plebeian life was too depressing. After an hour of fidgeting she went to the telephone and called up her employer's friend, Uncle Huppock, the East Benson chief of police.

V

THERE were eight-and-twenty shantyish houses at Montfort Tips, and in every one of them the smiling, opulent Count Ernesto was magnificently at home. The count did no manual labor. His toil was cerebral. He was president, treasurer and brains of a fat Black Hand territory. Out in the world he owned a bakery; he was about to marry into another bakery. It was convenient for a gentleman of his mixed acquaintance to be an employer. If an intelligent oildriller, with eight acknowledged aliases and a taste in locks, or an engraver, with a numismatic slant to his art, wanted to see Count Ernesto, the innocent doughs and sponges made everything right.

For reasons aside from this story the count had retired to Montfort Tips this August; but latterly he had begun to suspect that certain deputies of his had kidnapped an utterly wrong man. The tall, pale, drugged New Yorker, disguised for convenience in a Subway guard's clothing, in being convoyed from the Pennsylvania train in Pittsburgh to a safe suburban car, had somehow got astray on the busiest transfer corner of the city at ten o'clock at night. Who had got him or what the dope had done to him in the heat remained distressingly obscure; but Charley Somebody, tall, pale, silent and daft, had been picked up in the rush as the New York collar millionaire. At Montfort Tips the conspirators had waited eleven days for the drug to clear away and let the New Yorker write a letter back East to mother; while the captive, getting no saner, continued to ring up five-cent fares on a cord tied between two chairbacks, averring that "Charley was honest, and didn't take the forty-two at all!"

The morning's ride in the hired automobile had been a pleasant break in the count's seclusion, albeit a little risky. However, it had settled one thing—two persons who knew the New Yorker had looked with entire indifference on the captive. He was not the collar man. Therefore he might well be the Mullins the newspapers were all howling for. If he was Mullins of course his kidnapping might—in the interests of all concerned—have to be made eternal and complete before anybody got on his trail.

Some time after he had paid off the blue motor car in Malay Hill, Ernesto was walking up the one street of Montfort Tips. The afternoon was close. Locusts whanged away in the trees on a jutting hill.

A pedler woman, limping wearily and bumping her gray canvas telescope against her knees, emerged from the ninth house on the left and proceeded to the tenth. All doors stood open in such weather; so, at Papelo's, she merely knocked and went in.

The count felt curious. He quickened his steps and went in too.

The Papelos were none of them at home. With a quick motion, the pedler woman snapped down the button on the stairdoor and, crossing the kitchen, locked the rear entrance. Then, as Ernesto saw with displeasure, she began in frantic haste to lift layers of garments hanging on nails on the walls. She seemed not to care for the pockets or to take any article from its place; it was rather as if she were surveying the collected wardrobe in search of some one pattern of garment.

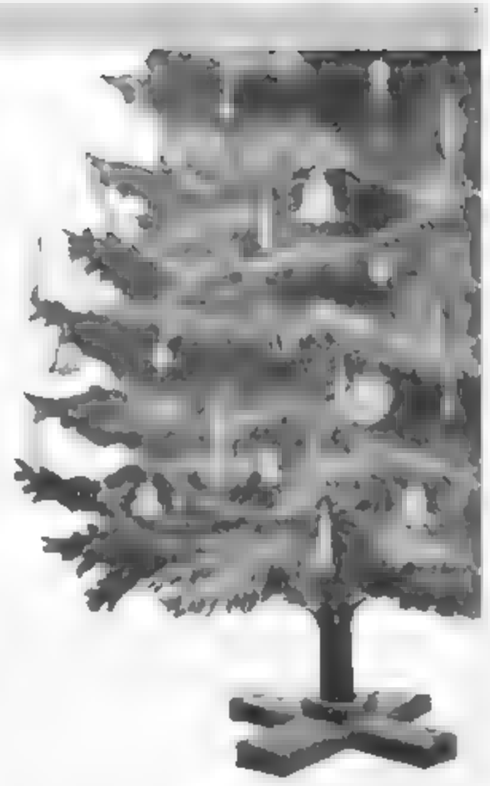
"Who?" said the noble Sicilian to himself. "Why?"

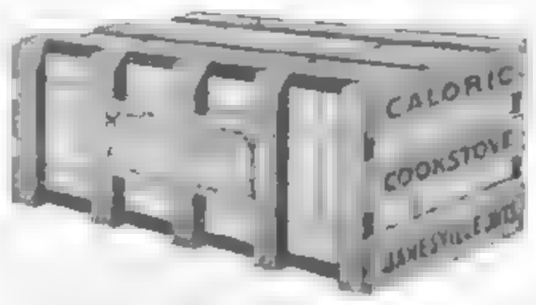
He locked the front door of the Papelo mansion and whirled on his heel to jerk the windowstick from its supporting place. The sash slammed down. He was shut in with the pedler woman.

"You're no Italian," he said in excellent English. "What are you doing in this house?"

The woman had on a cerise headkerchief, protruding far over her eyes. She jumped

Surprise Her With This Christmas Package





To see it under the Christmas tree, no one would ever guess that it contained a Caloric fireless cookstove—fully equipped and ready to use.

The crate is painted a Christmas green and the box inside is tied with Christmas red. Just the sort of a package to fit in well with the other Christmas gifts. And best of all, it's just the sort of Christmas gift *she will like the best.*

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is to ordinary "cookers" what a Tiffany ring is to ordinary rings. Back of the name Caloric stands *perfect reliability.* Every piece of kitchen furniture we build is dependable to the last degree. We not only stand back of the finished article as it leaves the factory, but we stand back of it after it enters your home. We guarantee not only the *commodity* itself but also the *service* it gives you.

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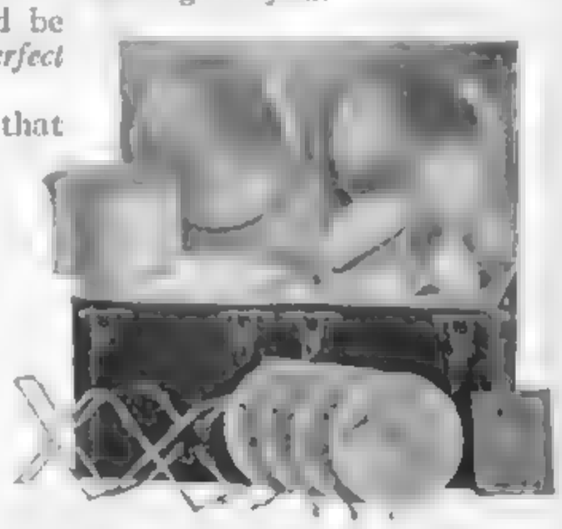
The Caloric gets a dry oven by means of a *steam valve.* No other fireless has this valve. It is an exclusive Caloric patent. It permits the excess of steam to escape while retaining all necessary heat.



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That is another secret of Caloric success. Almost any good cooker can prepare some kinds of food and even a cheap cooker will last a year. But the Caloric cooks *all foods from the raw state.* Its perfect insulation gives an oven temperature of 400 degrees. So that you can bake, roast, boil, stew, steam—in fact, prepare food in any manner you desire and cook any kind of food

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These kitchen specialties are made with the same degree of care and attention to detail that make the Caloric cookstove famous.

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You sit down to the Manualo and pedal easily, naturally—we might say *unconsciously*. No complicated controlling devices demand your attention. Nothing distracts you from the music. No muscular exertion dulls your musical feelings. You play the Manualo as an artist plays the piano,—without a thought as to *how* you secure your effects—but *securing* them. And the reason is this:

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at his voice, but continued the examination of the Papelo costumes, explaining: "Ol' clo'."

"How's that?"

"Me sell lovelees, sheep. Me buy ol' clo'. You got?"

"I guess you've been stealing," he said with a laugh. "You'd better just hustle out of town. First ——" Here, for some reason, Ernesto stepped close to the wall, gathered the dirty pedler to his blue-serge bosom and emphatically kissed her. Ernesto was a promiscuous hair-trigger kisser anywhere.

A catlike yell of fury burst from Miss Leffingwell's polluted lips. With a hand she slapped the count's nose; with a foot she delivered a kick on his shins—and in both impacts there was a wiry Yankee vigor. She was too angry to find words.

The gallant fell back, astonished. Then, his repulse by a cheap calico vagrant intolerably pricking him, he struck out with his fist. Pethenia dodged, jumped past him and sprang behind the kitchen range which held a coal fire and two flatirons heating.

"Too good! So! One of these damned good girls, eh? Yes! Are you? Supporting the family -poor, but honest—I don't think!"

"No verstand," mumbled the pedler.

"I'll teach you!" promised the count, shaking his fist. He advanced behind the stovepipe from the wider side, to pen the fair pedler between the wall and the hot stove. "Come, now!"

From somewhere Miss Leffingwell got two folded cloths. She picked up the flatirons—one in each hand; and the cloths smoked. Ernesto sniffed the scorch. He hesitated.

"He's afraid of fire!" exulted the woman to herself. A warlike flash blazed through her body: the old Leffingwells and Winterspoons who scalped Indians in Pontiac's War came alive. Holding the business side of the two flatirons outward, she charged.

The amorous gentleman got one on the neck and jaw above his collar. The other missed him. Ernesto struck at her, stumbled backward and bellowed a horrible oath. One of the irons was twisted in her grasp and burned her palm; she replaced it on the stove to get a new hold and from the injury took access of temper rather than a sensation of pain. Again she drove at his blue cotton shirt over the breastbone, and landed the blow squarely. He gave ground and retired the width of the room.

"You she-devil!" Whereto the count added also most of a rich vocabulary of abuse in two languages.

"Stop that!" cried Miss Leffingwell clearly. "I've never been called that and I never will. I'll kill you if you say it again!" She stamped her foot, lifted her iron, tried it with a wet finger with professional ease and elicited a most satisfactory s-splopp! She menaced him purposefully. The rage in her clear eyes under the pink handkerchief was soulfully convincing.

Ernesto sank back against the row of coats on the wall and clapped a hand to his smarting face.

"Who are you? Who are you? A spy?"

"None of your business!"

"I know the voice."

"Well, you don't know much! If you did you'd know a hot flatiron is a woman's natural weapon. You'd know enough not to insult a lady in the same room with one on ironing day."

"I never supposed," said Ernesto mildly, "that you was a lady, girlie."

"Don't you call me girlie—or anything else, you old Mormon count!"

"All right—all right! Put it down on the stove. Why name me count?"

"You're afraid of fire!" responded Miss Leffingwell. "So I advise you to stand still just where you are." She came out a step. "You're the Black Hand! You kidnap! Do you think nobody knows about the blue-automobile ride?"

"Heavens!" murmured Ernesto, feeling for his short automatic pistol, with intent to cut short this painful interview. In no pocket could he discover it. Horrors! Penned up with this suffragettish flatironing spy, whose voice was familiar though her identity he could not fix—whose information surpassed what was canny! "God send Papelo in the door!" he sighed piously in Italian; "for I believe she dines on a man's fresh liver every day!"

Miss Leffingwell saw the change in his face when the weapon was not forthcoming.

"Not this time!" she jeered.

"Devil! You laugh at me!"

"I don't know who wouldn't. 'You mock the s-s-soul of a s-s-strangere!'"

"Ah, yes—the ice-cream woman!" he commented with careful self-control. "I could not place you."

"No, you didn't seem to."

"I am a count. That is real."

"I really am the Dowager Queen of France—only I don't wear a crown mornings, because I find it makes the neighbors talk—it's so awful genuine."

"I gave you the honor to demand your hand in marriage," pursued Ernesto evenly.

"Impudence!"

His eyelids jerked, but he commanded his temper.

"Of course," he suggested, "I did not know that a lady so old and dried-up gets immediately jealous. She pretends that a man is nothing. She pretends herself fiancée. She pretends she would not care a damn to become contessa. Oh, no! Oh, she pretends!"

Miss Leffingwell waited, gripping the flatiron.

"Did you for my sake make a scarecrow of yourself? Was it to follow me? To spy? To see"—he chuckled, feeling his way—"if Saint Ernesto didn't some day kiss a Syrian pedler woman? Was it?"

"N-no!" denied Pethenia. Revolted as she was by this statement of her detective adventure, her romance-reading wits saw an advantage in encouraging this fatuity. The more the peacock thought about himself, the less would his mind turn to practical matters. And, as she had got herself into the scrape, she began also to reflect upon the importance of maneuvering a way out. "I'm never jealous. Land sakes, you make me sick!"

"So I can cut out the soft soap and do business with you. Look here! You've got money and the bakery and oil land. That's one reason I'm going to marry you."

"Think again."

"In about half an hour I'll be back here with a mulewhip and a Polish justice of the peace who will do anything he's paid for."

"Rubbish!"

"And a marriage license. Look in the coalbox!"

It was empty, of course, in such weather.

"When the stove cools down," said Conti Ernesto clearly, "and you are married to me and the mulewhip, you'll find out who's boss! Down here they teach the brides good and proper. Nobody'll come when you holler. I'll keep you here a week." He waved a hand airily.

"If you've got so many wives and concubines, as I've made out from some of the things you said a while back," snapped the heroine of this curious betrothal, "I don't for the life of me see how you're going to get a legal hold on my property—not if you chopped me to sausage! And, besides, you forget about Charley Mullins! It complicates your case that you've got him here hid away, with all the newspapers after you today hotfoot!"

Two words Ernesto screamed at her, crazed with the surging fury of his race.

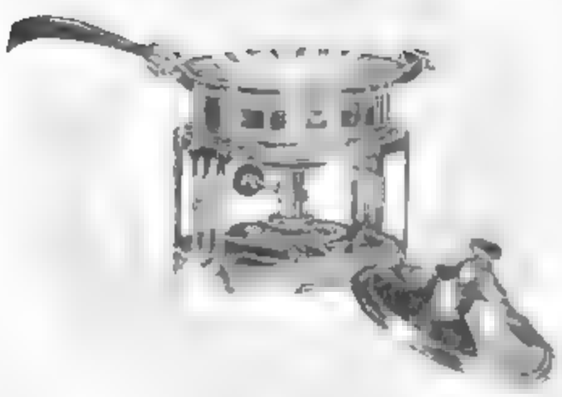
Pethenia Leffingwell was hotter, colder, angrier, crazier than any Sicilian. She used the flatirons.

The count, making a despairing escape with branded nose and shuddering nerves, locked the human volcano in. He paused to howl threats through the keyhole, then departed. He was going to the local commissioner's office in Malay Hill to get his marriage license.

Some natures after a horrible stress must slump and await the worst. Miss Leffingwell, on the contrary, kept an excellent head on her shoulders. Scarcely had her promised spouse left the premises when she piled a chair on the coalbox, flatironed the clumsy small window-sash from its bed and nimbly if ungracefully extruded herself through the casement. She dropped to the ground, picked up her trusty small-arm and, with the clothholder still scorching in its heat, marched across lots to the Pittsburgh car-line. No simpler flight was ever known to fiction.

A beautiful yellow car stood there—safe, sane and very American. How charming its gloss paint, its wicker seats! What a fine manly occupation was that of the motorman of such a vehicle! Or rather, it would be fine and manly when the motorman came back; at present there was nobody on board.

Under an elderberry bush beside the ditch, the tired pedler-detective sat her down in a swale of long grass. She washed her face and hands thoroughly and dried them with her gingham apron. As best she



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Also makers of Manning Bowman Pot and Urn Coffee Percolators, Eclipse Bread Makers, Alcohol Gas Stoves, Chafing Dish Accessories and the Celebrated M & B Brass, Copper and Nickel Polish.

might, she expanded, fluffed and modernized the dressing of her hair. Then she waited. She felt middle-aged -tired too.

Passively as a spectator at a puppet show, she sat and saw the victors return. There were Italians, men and women, handcuffed and led along in human ropes. There was Charley Mullins, pale and weakish, led by a trackhand. The Count Ernesto came, too, with some dignity, chained to the two big Benson policemen who had fished him out of a kerosene barrel. Then there was Chief-of-Police Huppock—dear soul!

And here came Motorman Percy Botts, white and still of feature. He carried -of all things in the world!—one large white pillow-sham, ruffled, fluted, decorated in the center with an L in rickrack braid. And he bore it reverently, as a man might carry a winding-sheet to lay about his beloved dead.

"Oh, say!" called Miss Leffingwell from under the bush. "Percy, I'm much obliged to you; but one sham isn't worth saving unless a person has the mate. They go in pairs. Might as well throw the odd one away."

"By cripes! There she is now!"

"Are you all right?"

"Petheny, you gif me one awful scare," quavered Uncle Huppock, who was nearest.

Percy Botts said nothing; but he began to run, pillow-sham and all, narrowly escaping stumbling on the third rail, and fell on his knees beside her in the grass. He took her face between his flattened palms and stared with anguished questioning into her eyes.

"You were perfectly right all the while, Percy," said Miss Leffingwell at once, "and I was fooled—about the count there, I mean. He's not courtly, or even a gentleman; fact is, he got fresh and I had to flatiron his face."

"Did you?" whispered Percy, a shade less grim, but continuing his soul-searching under the smiles of thirty-seven bystanders.

"And he was everything you said he was."

"Yes."

"He only wanted to marry me for my property."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm done with counts."

Motorman Botts drew a hand across his forehead and saw with stupefaction that the hand was wet. His eyes felt wet too.

"You are all right?" he said thickly. "You are—aren't you?"

"Sound as a dollar. Why not? He'd mislaid his pistol and the other folks didn't shoot at all till just as I got down by the track here. By-the-way, you found Mr. Mullins in the fifth house on the west side, didn't you? I discovered his vest there, but I couldn't get track of his other clothes."

"You look awful queer," said the motorman hoarsely. "I—I guess that scared me."

Pethenia blushed.

"It's my—it's my whole disguise," she enlightened him. "I borrowed the big shoes from Chris' boy; and the apron—and the Mother Hubbard—they—the effect—they don't fit like my own clothes. Never mind the details. But I'd be myself again in ten minutes if I was home. You been used to seeing me in princesse semi-hobbles—don't you know?"

He sank back on the grass, took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"Don't laugh," he muttered. "I been through everything this afternoon, grieving over you; in fact I been feeling pretty sore this two weeks over you throwin' me into the discards. You had a right to, of course; but this here detective stunt in that make-up was different. 'Twasn't a thing any woman has a right to do. And I never s'posed you'd get out of it alive and yourself. I suffered."

"What makes you say I threw you into the discards?"

"That was the fact—if you'll remember," said Mr. Botts stiffly.

"I never!"

He grunted.

"In fact," said Pethenia, loud enough to be overheard by curious bystanders, "if I was anxious to make a big heap of discards—though I don't say I ever was that heartless—I'd be apt to dump the whole human race in, from Noah to Bryan, and keep out you."

"Straight goods?" queried Percy sharply. "You know I've lived in Pittsburgh so much of my life that you call me slow and countrified and hayseedy. Can you put up with that round the bakery? Do you really mean it?"

This Name Should Lead Your Christmas List

Whitman's

For seventy years the delights of Christmas have been made complete in many homes by Whitman's—"Famous Since 1842."

Never before has our distribution over this broad land at Christmas time been so complete. Almost everywhere you can buy Whitman's Chocolates and Confections from our local agent, in your own neighborhood—a dealer worthy of your confidence.

He adds his guarantee to ours on every package of Whitman's that he sells. He has fresh and perfect candies. We ship them to him *direct,* not through a middleman.

Look for the nearest Whitman sign and "when found make a note of." This Christmas choose your candy among the seventy sorts of Whitman's.

A gorgeous holiday gift is the new five-pound Pink of Perfection Package—chocolates or confections, made to meet the widespread demand for something larger than the one-pound and two-pound "Pink" packages.

Fastidious folks will continue to enjoy the *Fussy Package* of hard centre and nut centre chocolates.

Whitman's Sampler, enjoyed by tens of thousands of candy lovers this year, will be welcomed for the first time at Christmas feasts.

We will mail any of these "dollar a pound" chocolates, postpaid, on receipt of price, *only where we have no agency*

We supply also mahogany jewel cases, silk and satin work bags, baskets and decorated boxes holding regular packages of Whitman's in all sizes—beautiful gifts and useful.

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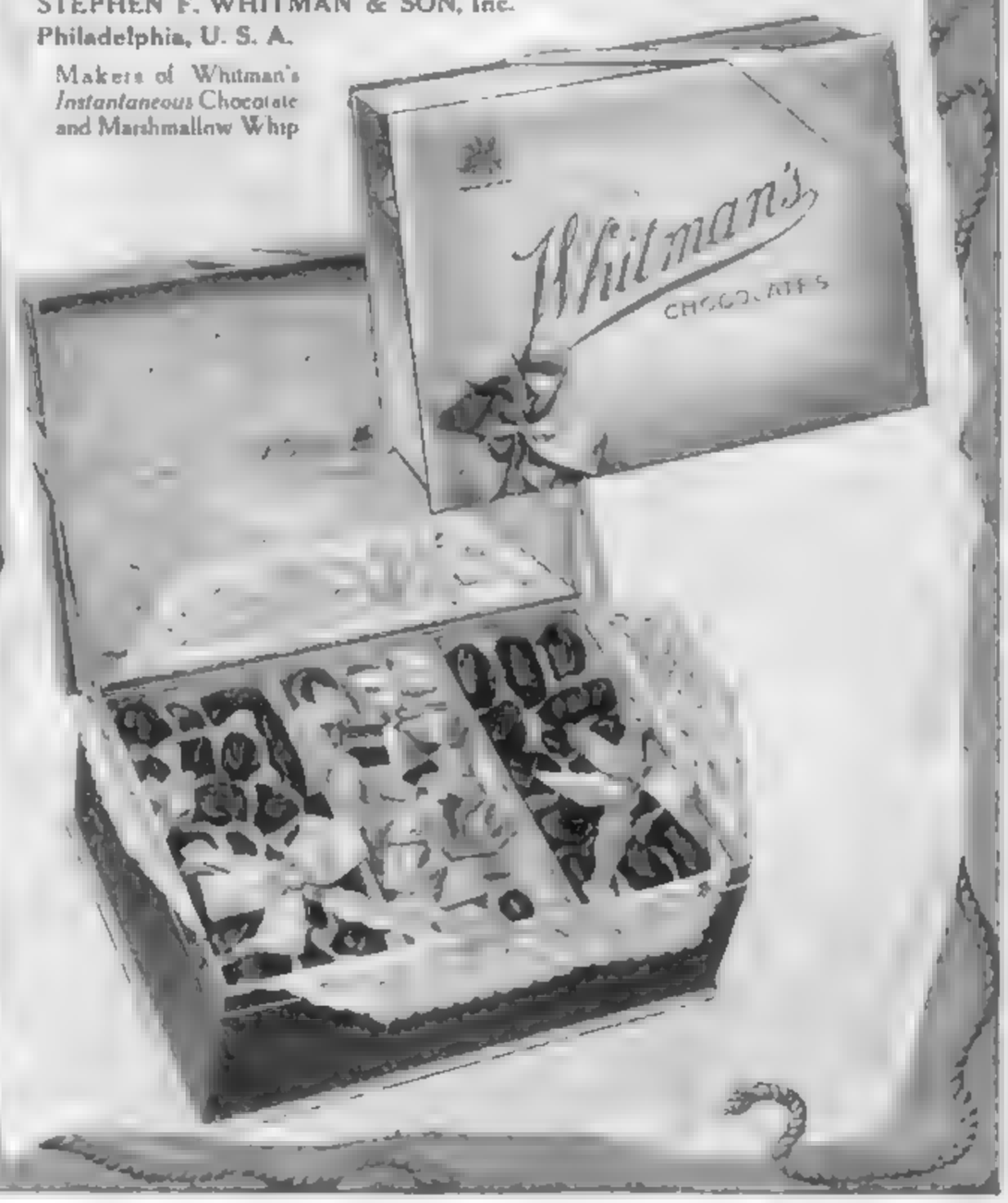
Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate and Marshmallow Whip



IF you're giving a talking machine for Christmas, or want an ideal, inexpensive present for anyone owning a phonograph, be sure to investigate

THE POOLEY Record Cabinet

The "Pooley" Cabinet is not only a convenient stand and handsome piece of furniture, but it solves the record-filing problem. Your enjoyment is not marred by delays and annoyances in locating misfiled records, or fussing with envelopes, albums or files.

To get out a record, just move the indicator to the desired number, press the lever, and the record is at hand.

To replace, slip it through the slot before moving. With the "Pooley," it's actually harder to misfile a record than to file it properly.

Each active record is held in separate grooves by the edges only, keeping the delicate surfaces free from contact, and preventing scratching and warping.

"Pooley" Cabinets are beautifully finished in golden oak, weathered oak or mahogany, and are inexpensive. They fit any type of machine.

Before deciding on *any* gift, let your dealer show you the many advantages and attractive features of the "Pooley" Cabinet.

POOLEY FURNITURE CO.
1620-40 Indiana Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Send for Descriptive Booklet

THE following sizes of "Pooley" Cabinets hold any make of Disc Records:

No. 18—Capacity 75 records (50 ... Size of top 19½ by ... 21 in deep; height ... finish golden oak, weathered oak or mahogany. Price $12

No. 28—Capacity 40 records (120 active). Size of top ... wide, 22½ in deep; height ... Finish golden oak, weathered oak or mahogany. Price $25

No. 48—Capacity 225 records (150 active). Size of top 35½ in wide, 15¼ in deep; height 40 in. Finish golden oak weathered oak or mahogany. Price $40

No. 50—Capacity 225 ... Price $50

No. 80 ... Price $60

(Add freight to distant points.)

"Well, I'll tell you how it is: Since the day you went out of the store mad at me, and never talked of anything again but Charley Mullins, I've been desp'rate. The reason I went detecting today wasn't to get him back. I never saw him but five minutes in my life. It wasn't him I was anxious to stand in with. Naturally it was to please somebody I did know."

"Great Scott!—meaning me, Petheny? Say, kiddie, I won't be able to run my car back the way I feel right now—if you say 'Yes'!"

"Run it off the track if you want to. I'm reckless! Oh, say! Are you busy tonight?"

"Got to hustle up to Benson to see my girl!" pronounced Mr. Botts. For the first time he dared a proud, possessive look at Pethenia, beside him in the shade. "Lord help us, but I'm happy! And you did it all by just saying something. Now ain't that queer? I have been all broke down, like a four-months setter pup in the pound, this two weeks—until just now. Then you up and changed batteries. And I hope it'll be a while before you see fit to hand me another heartache, Pethenia."

Miss Leffingwell, even in that brutal Mother Hubbard gown, with no collar finish, could not forbear a naughty glance that withheld—promised—defied!

"All right!" said Percival in a new tone. "That I'll settle with you tonight, right off the bat! And you're going to promise, too, and keep it."

Naturally one could not droop. Pethenia put her nose in the air.

"This isn't much of a farming country here, is it? Remember the night we went to the theater—and you wanted to own a farm?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Do you yet?"

"I shan't own it; but I expect to marry on to one that Mrs. Botts has." He drew a letter from his coat and handed it to her. "Read that."

It was the letter that Ernesto had purloined on his first visit to the bakery in July. It bore date and Stateline postmark—and had been opened.

"How'd you get it?" she queried, unfolding the sheets. "It never came to me. Huh! Old Lawyer Everest—Aunt Susan's place—subject to taxes and small bequests. Well, I declare, Percy; that's the nicest farm there is up there! I believe, if you're willing to, we might sell the bakery and go back up country. But where was the news all this time?"

"I sat on the King of the Black-Handers' stummick and went through his pockets real searching. He had it. That's all I know. Only"—he added low and huskily—"oncet I had found your letter in that brute's clo'es I give right up. I got off him and I rooted through every shed an' cellar in that patch. I expected to find—your body——"

"No—no—no! Why, my dear, you mustn't borrow trouble! I'm as good at taking care of myself as a banty rooster, if you'd only known it. There—there! Don't!" She patted his arm. "By-the-way, the late Count Ernesto—him, I mean—proposed to me because he said I had oil land. Do you suppose Aunt Susan's farm is that way?"

The Italian prisoners were safely packed in between constables in the car. The conductor cleared his throat and said in suggestive crescendo, "All aboard! All aboard!! All aboard!!!"

"No, I don't," said Percy Botts. "He's a blasted liar—that fella. Anyhow, who wants to spoil a nice farm all up with derricks and grease? We'll go on hoping it ain't for a few years anyway. Come! Give me your two hands and let me help you up. I've never touched 'em both at the same time, and I want to."

"Thanks, no." She whipped the coveted members behind her and sat on them decisively, because Percival was growing so aggressive that one couldn't guess his limits.

"Go and get into your platform and don't even look at me!"

He went three steps and halted.

"Why?"

"Oh, conscience! I'm vain!" confessed the daughter of Stateline. "D'you suppose any lady wants to settle such an important matter disguised as a nasty peddler, and be remembered so always?"

"Shucks!" retorted Mr. Botts. "The main job is, we were in right in sixty seconds after we once really came to the point. And we're going to stay so! All aboard!"

The Fashion that Does not Change

THE dress fashions in the old album have passed, but the dainty good breeding that made the lady of the sixties use

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

the standard dentifrice, makes her grand-daughter use it today.

Dr. Lyon's, prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery, remains the tooth powder of real cleanliness.

A brisk brushing with Dr. Lyon's powder, after each meal, and you will have a set of teeth as white and polished as they ought to be. They not only feel clean; they are clean.

When you consider the importance of good teeth to your looks, your digestion—your health you will realize you cannot be too careful.

Dr. Lyon's contains no saccharine, gelatine or glycerine to stick to the teeth and work harm

Dr. Lyon's cleans by gentle friction. It hardens the gums and preserves the enamel. Teach your children to use it regularly night and morning, especially at night.

In reply to the demand of particular people who use their personal tooth powder receptacles (silver, ivory, cut glass, etc.) we have placed on sale a can containing a full pound of Dr. Lyon's.

If your dealer is not yet ready to supply it, send $1.50 for it direct to I. W. Lyon & Sons, New York City.

Only your dentist is competent to do what Dr. Lyon's will not do

Sold Everywhere

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FELT SHOE CO.'S

COMFY
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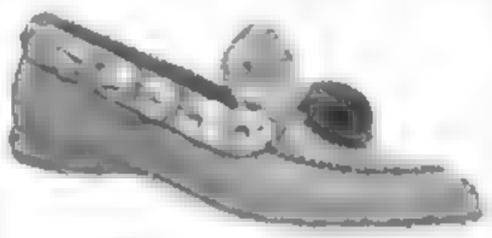

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Women's, *Light Blue, Red, Chinchilla Grey, Lavender, Pink, Oxford Grey, Wine, Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Purple*	Price $1.50

The Tailor-Made

Women's, *Oxford Grey, Chinchilla Grey, Navy Blue, Red, Wine, Brown, Black,*	Price $1.25
Men's, *Same Colors*	$1.50

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Women's, *Light Blue, Lavender, Old Rose, Pink, Fawn, Oxford Grey, Wine, Chinchilla Grey*	Price $2.00
Men's, same as Women's, but without ribbon *Oxford Grey*	$2.00

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For Children

Misses', $1.75 Children's, $1.50

In Red only

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Insist on getting Daniel Green "Comfys"

If your dealer does not sell them, we will send direct on receipt of price. Express prepaid, if you give dealer's name

See that this Trade Mark label is in the slipper.

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Slippers without this Trade Mark are not "Comfys."

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There are no "Comfys" but Daniel Green Comfys

Send for our handsome illustrated Catalogue, No. 38, showing many new styles

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Sole manufacturers of "Comfy" Footwear.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Worse and Worse

IN A CERTAIN hotel in a certain Southern town a certain group of gentlemen—a colonel, a judge, a doctor, two majors and a captain or so—used to play poker. Always they were waited upon by a shrewd old negro. The grand jury sometimes felt an official curiosity regarding this poker game, and upon one occasion sent for the old negro, hoping to extort from him evidence upon which to base indictments for gaming.

In answer to the foreman's questions the old man admitted readily enough that he waited upon certain gentlemen who, he said, gathered regularly in a specified room of the hotel. To the best of his belief they played a game with cards and chips for money stakes. Then the head of the grand jury called upon him to give names.

"Boss, I'd lak to obleege you, suh, de bes' in de world," said Uncle John, "but hit can't be did. You see, suh, always before dem gen'l'men starts in playin' dey has a toddy sometimes dey has two or three toddies. And bein' puffect gen'l'men dey always leaves a little bit in de glasses and I drinks it. And, boss, dat whisky meks me so drunk dat afterward I never kin remember a single one of dem."

The grand jury sent him away, after threatening him with jail. As he was leaving, with many bows and profuse apologies, the foreman called him back and ordered him to report again in a week.

"In the meanwhile," he commanded sternly, "I don't want you to take any drinks, and in addition you had better go to a doctor and get something that will assist your memory."

Uncle John promised to do so and withdrew. True to orders he was back again in a week, smiling blandly upon the inquisitors.

"Now then, Uncle John," said the foreman, "how about it?"

"Boss," said Uncle John with a winning grin, "Ise monstrous sorry to hab to disap'int you gen'l'men agin, but 'tain't my fault dis time. I went to Doctor Brooks, jes lak you told me, and I axed him fur somethin' to he'p my wits. But he muster gimme somethin' outen de wrong bottle, 'case de medicine done plum destroy my memory entirely and now I can't remember nothin' 'tall."

How the Trouble Started

TWO copy boys on the New York Evening World were having an acrimonious discussion one afternoon as they sat on their bench next to the city editor's desk.

"I guess they never named any towns for you," said one.

"Maybe not," said the other; "but there's a town up yonder in New England named for you, all right."

"What town is that?" asked the first boy, falling into the trap.

"Marblehead," said the other.

At this point the first blow was struck.

A Total Eclipse

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, the novelist, has a husband. The two were at a dinner. The lady who sat next to Mr. Humphry Ward in making conversation said to him: "In olden times it was claimed men could make themselves invisible."

"That's still possible, madam," put in Mr. Ward.

"You are joking," retorted the lady. "How can a man make himself invisible?"

"By marrying a celebrated wife."

False, But Funny

HUGO N. SCHLESINGER is a police prosecutor in Cleveland. He comes from a small town in Ohio, but he is trying to forget it, and he acts with great dignity in court.

Not long ago he was prosecuting a negro for some crime. The negro looked Hugo over and asked one of the court attendants: "Is that prosecutah's name Hugo Schlesingah?"

"It is," the attendant answered.

"Hello, the', Hugo," bawled the defendant. "Ain't seen you sense th' night we-all robbed ol' Ben Farber's watahmelon patch."

"Which was the truth," some of Schlesinger's friends are mean enough to add.

Give Him This Fountain Pen That Fills Itself

He will commend your good judgment and appreciate your thoughtfulness in choosing a gift so useful—a fountain pen so convenient, so distinctive—*a pen that really fills itself.*

The illustration below shows why the ***self-filling Conklin*** is so different from the old-style dropper-filler fountain pen. The **Conklin** will not leak in your pocket or on your hands—it will not sputter or clog when you write—it will not ink your fingers when you fill it. A dip in any ink, a thumb-pressure on the "Crescent-Filler," and the pen ***fills itself***—that is the **Conklin** way.

As the ink-feed is automatically cleaned by each filling, the **Conklin** never accumulates sediment or dried ink to clog it up. Writes without a scratch, always.

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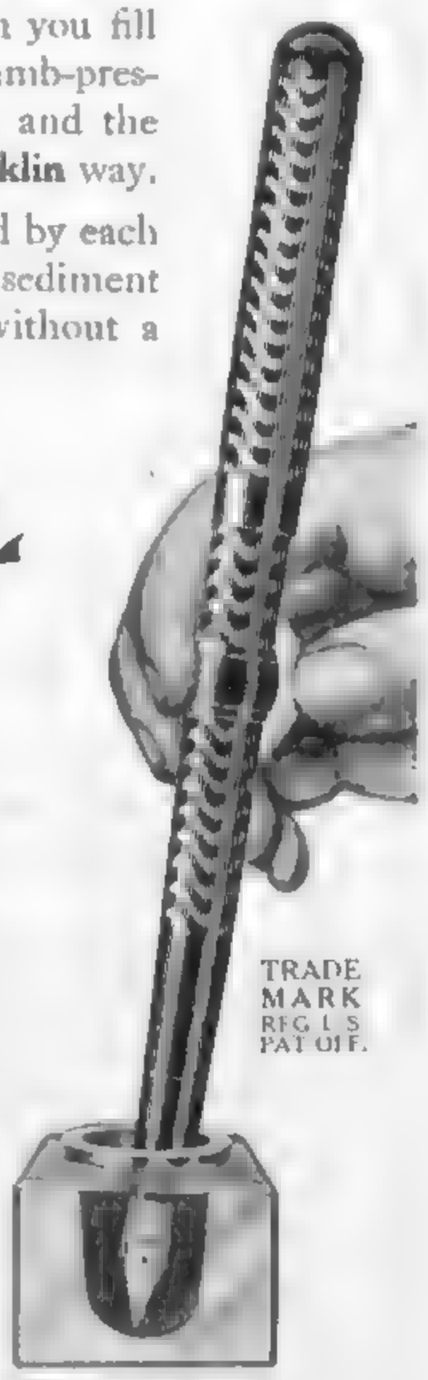
The thumb-press "Crescent-Filler" identifies it always. Every self-filling **Conklin** Pen has it—no other has. The Non-Leakable Screw Cap styles are made in both regular and short pocket lengths. The latter are only 4 inches long and may be carried with perfect safety in a woman's hand bag. Stationers, Jewelers and Druggists sell the ***self-filling Conklin*** on 30 days' trial.



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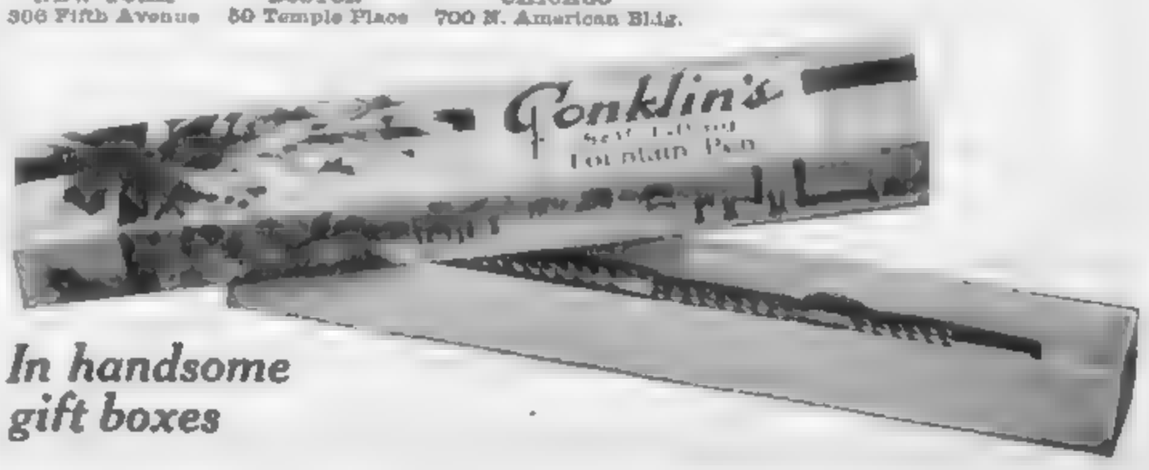

In handsome gift boxes

Clear Vision Brougham

Model 42 $3000
F. O. B. Detroit

Too Big to Come Down the Chimney!

THE wonderful sleigh of Santa Claus that rides over all the world in a single night is not more fascinating than the charm of the modern Detroit Electric. Imagine the exclamations of surprise and delight from wife or daughter if this beautiful motor car were delivered at *your* home Christmas morning.

What more exquisite expression of the Christmas spirit could you possibly offer?

It will bring joy to *all* the family from morning till night, from Christmas till Christmas, year after year—a perennial pleasure.

The real advances made in the development of the electric automobile are distinctly Detroit Electric ideas. Conspicuous among them are:

The "Chainless" Shaft Drive—a real shaft drive; Horizontal controller lever, built into the side of the car itself, out of the way; Clear Vision in *all* directions (note rear curved glass panels); All seats facing forward with front seats *centrally* located, giving well-balanced appearance whether occupied by one or more persons; Body panels, door panels and roof made of pure aluminum which retains a beautiful and permanent finish without danger of checking or warping; "Closed-in" fenders made of aluminum instead of leather; Piano-hinged hoods; Doors opening forward to prevent accidents and for convenience in reaching for door handles; Springs with an elastic limit, exceeding 200,000 pounds per square inch; Four (2 sets) extra powerful brakes; Adjustable brake pedals, and other equally important features.

The vital unseen parts of an electric automobile are the very bulwark of your investment. Our new 1913 Detroit Electric catalog covers these points in detail. Sent upon request. Christmas deliveries cannot be made unless you order early.

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America's Great Industries

Wool—By Roger W. Babson

FOR a long time the American people have been noting vociferous references to Schedule K. Most readers know this phrase has something to do with the woolen industry. I myself once sent to Washington and obtained a copy of President Taft's Tariff Board report on Schedule K and endeavored to learn something about this mysterious schedule; but it was all in vain. Since then I have tried to learn about it from the wool-growers of Montana, the woolen merchants of New York and the mill-owners of New England; but this attempt also has been in vain. To mention the subject to any of them is like waving a red flag at a bull; and it is even said that nothing so excites the anger of any of those concerned—from the humblest mill operator in Lawrence to President Taft himself—as the mere words, Schedule K! To study the woolen schedule has been like attempting to translate the characters on an Egyptian obelisk.

During attempts, however, to discover something about Schedule K, I have learned a lot about the woolen business itself that should be of interest to a million of American people more or less dependent upon this industry for their livelihood. At the present time there are roaming over the United States about fifty million sheep, which produce about three hundred and fifty million pounds of wool annually. With the exception of some states, like Texas and California, where sheep are shorn twice a year, the wool is sheared, as a rule, once a year. Until recently the wool-growing industry had been practically in the same state of development for the last one thousand years. Even today the flocks of Montana and Wyoming, with their sheepherders, resemble the shepherds and their flocks of two thousand years ago in the time of Christ, or years previous in the days of Abraham and David. So far as my studies of great industries have progressed, I have found that the sheep-raising industry has perhaps the oldest history of any. Moreover, the conditions and methods under which the sheep are raised are almost identical with those existing years ago. The most notable progress is in the method of shearing. Instead of the hand-shears our grandfathers used, which limited the work of one man to a few sheep each day, we now have the machine clippers, which enable a man to shear about one hundred and fifty sheep a day.

Sheep are fairly sensitive animals and cannot stand either severely hot or severely cold weather. Consequently they are most common in countries with a more or less equable climate; and the best wool in the world is said to come from Australia, where sheep are grazed under very favorable conditions. A clean, grassy country, with a moderate range of temperature throughout the year, produces the best animals and the cleanest, lightest and most attractive wool. Whether or not among human beings there is any direct relation between their digestive organs and the hair on their heads I do not know; but certainly there is a most direct relation between the quality of wool on a sheep's back and the food, shelter and care the animal receives.

Moreover, there is a direct relation between the condition of the sheep on our prairies and our own income and comfort. In sections where an abundance of grass is found the wool is cleaner, lighter and contains less sand, thus being of texture less likely to shrink. On the other hand, the wool that comes from certain Western states with great sandy prairies is apt to be dirty, heavy and subject to a great shrinkage. Wool-growers tell me that the average crop clipped from the back of a sheep ranges in weight from six to seven pounds, but that sixty per cent of this is dirt, grease and waste. In other words, out of every hundred pounds clipped only about forty pounds of clean wool is obtainable.

Australasia leads the world in the production of wool, so far as quantity is concerned, as the following table will show:

GRAND DIVISIONS	CLIP IN POUNDS
Australasia	833,711,665
Europe	813,139,600
South America	585,573,970
North America, Central America and West Indies	340,572,750
Asia	248,146,000
Africa	161,639,000

When studying the supply of the United States we find that Montana leads, with about five million sheep, yielding about thirty-three million pounds of wool; Wyoming next, with possibly fewer sheep, but yielding more pounds; then Idaho, with about three million sheep. After these three great wool-producing states we have Utah, Nevada, Texas, California, New Mexico, Arizona, Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania, in the order mentioned. As to the annual cost of raising a sheep, growers state that it averages from one dollar to one dollar and a quarter.

Our exports of wool are practically nil, the United States not only consuming all it produces but importing large quantities besides. The exact figures are shown in the following table, and it will be noticed that, in addition to the total production of the United States of about three hundred and fifty million pounds of wool a year, from one hundred and fifty million to two hundred and fifty million pounds are being imported. Seventy per cent of the total United States production and imports is handled in Boston, where a warehouse costing three and a half million dollars—the largest wool warehouse in the world—holds one hundred and twenty million pounds of wool under one roof—or over one-third of the United States production.

In this connection I shall mention one of the ingenious features of Schedule K. Owing to the fact that the duty is specific—that is, so much a pound, whether the wool is of heavy or light shrinkage—it is necessary for the importer to select wool of the lightest shrinkage. For instance, an eleven-cents-a-pound duty does not seem so bad offhand; but if the wool shrinks fifty per cent, that in reality means a twenty-two-cent duty when the wool is scoured; or, if the wool shrinks sixty-six and two-thirds per cent, it means practically a thirty-three-cent duty.

There are many other similar facts that I have learned from wool-buyers whom I have met when crossing and recrossing the ocean; for the foreign wools are disposed of at auction in London, which is personally attended by the buyers of the American wool houses. Space will not permit my

WOOL PRODUCED—UNITED STATES

IMPORTED, EXPORTED AND RETAINED FOR CONSUMPTION—YEARS ENDING JUNE 30

YEAR	PRODUCTION IN POUNDS	EXPORTS IN POUNDS		IMPORTS IN POUNDS	TOTAL CONSUMPTION IN POUNDS	PER CENT OF CONSUMPTION, FOREIGN
		DOMESTIC	FOREIGN			
1840	35,500,000		85,000	9,690,000	45,615,000	21.5
1850	52,500,000	37,000		18,695,000	71,176,000	26.3
1860	60,300,000	1,055,000	157,000	26,282,000	85,334,000	30.6
*1862–70	142,900,000	507,000	918,000	53,138,000	194,600,000	28.8
*1871–80	186,300,000	152,000	3,938,000	68,030,000	250,214,000	25.6
*1881–90	280,700,000	1,500,000	4,294,000	93,194,000	369,485,000	24.1
1895	300,700,000	4,247,000	2,343,000	208,033,000	509,159,000	40.0
1901	265,000,000	2,200,000	5,772,000	177,428,000	436,662,000	41.1
1905	267,500,000	12,000	2,437,000	277,077,000	542,062,000	51.7
1910	321,400,000	47,000	4,007,000	203,928,000	581,235,000	41.7
1911	318,500,000	.....	8,205,000	137,647,000	447,989,000	28.1

*Average per year for the periods indicated.

dwelling upon this feature, but it should be said that for the novice to buy and sell wool is very foolish. The business is dangerous enough for the dealer who has been years in the trade; but for any one who is not an experienced dealer it is more than foolhardy. Moreover, let me take this occasion to caution any reader who calls himself an investor against speculation in any of the commodities. Don't buy or sell wool, cotton, or any other commodity, on a margin. Don't speculate in wheat, corn, oats, or any other cereal. Don't try to beat the other man at his game.

Like the wheat and corn crops, wool has its seasonal and annual features. The Boston, New York and Philadelphia buyers begin to go West about the first of January, as Arizona wools are sold about the fifteenth of that month. As the season progresses these buyers work northward, for the shearing in Montana and Wyoming begins in earnest about the first of April and the entire crop has been clipped by the first of July. The first thing the buyer usually does is to go to the various ranches and learn the condition of the new season's wool—noting whether the sheep have had a good winter, how severe the storms have been and whether there has been any disease among the animals. All these things greatly affect the wool and especially the strength of the yarn. Therefore a small clip does not always mean higher prices, but in many cases lower prices, owing to the poorer quality of the wool.

Most of the wool is quickly shipped East as soon as it leaves the backs of the sheep, for the West has very limited facilities for storage. The wool is shipped in carload lots, a draft being attached to the bill-of-lading. Thus the wool-buyers are obliged to purchase all their wool in about three months—from April to July—and wait from six to nine months before getting back their money. This brings me to a discussion of the middleman, who performs an important part in the woolen industry.

Up to this point we have referred only to the growing of the wool or the work of the wool-growers; but now a word relative to the wool merchant.

The Work of the Middleman

In discussions of that interesting subject of today—namely, the middleman I have always frankly admitted that he is a distinct factor in the increased cost of living; but I have also insisted that we cannot arbitrarily eliminate the middleman unless we ourselves are willing to do his work. I agree that the middleman is a luxury, like bathrooms, electric lights and other conveniences that we can do without and save money. On the other hand, if we are to do without the middleman and save his profit we must perform for ourselves the work that we are now hiring him to perform for us. In short, we hire the middleman—and, like any other man we hire, we can fire him at any time; but when we dismiss him we shall have to endure some aching backs, sore hands and give up many of the moments now open to pleasure. This especially applies to the middleman in the woolen industry; for without him we should be obliged to raise and shear the sheep ourselves, or else order our woolen goods in much larger quantities, attend to our own deliveries, pay cash—often cash in advance—and in many other ways return to the methods of our grandfathers, who raised their own wool, spun their own yarn and made the family clothes.

To begin with, the wool merchant eliminates the shrinkage risk by buying the wool on a clean-scoured basis. For instance, he may determine that fifty cents a pound is a fair price the coming season for clean wool landed in Boston, and he is willing to buy a million pounds on this basis. This decision he telegraphs to his buyers and the wool is purchased on that basis. If a buyer figures that the wool on a certain ranch will shrink fifty per cent he will offer only twenty-five cents a pound for this wool, minus, say, three cents for freight, and a certain charge for other expenses; and perhaps will pay the ranch-owner somewhere from fifteen to twenty cents a pound for his wool. If he thinks the shrinkage is greater he will pay the ranch-owner less; or if the shrinkage is less he will pay the ranch-owner more.

Now the middleman assumes this risk for the consumer and stands as a protector of the consumer's interests. An error of only one per cent in shrinkage-judgment on a million pounds of wool often means a loss of five thousand dollars to the wool merchant; while a misjudgment of five per cent on shrinkage will make a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars. The wool merchant and his buyers who spend two or three months of the year in Montana and Wyoming, or who take a winter voyage across the Atlantic to inspect the samples that are brought to the London auction, are performing a distinct service to society. Such trips enable a man to obtain a suit of clothes either for less money or a suit of better quality than he would obtain if left to the mercy of the wool-growers, however generous these wool-growers may be.

The wool merchant, however, does not bother with pounds of wool when buying and selling, but rather with great burlap bags of wool, about seven feet in length, containing the fleeces of from forty to fifty sheep and weighing from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds each. It is in this form that the wool reaches the East; and in this connection it is interesting to think of the money wasted on freight and handling by reason of the sand, dirt and grease contained in these bags. To quote a wool expert of Boston, to whom I am indebted for many of these facts: "If, for instance, the wool clipped amounts in the aggregate to three hundred and fifty million pounds, with sixty per cent, or two hundred and ten million pounds, as dirt and grease, this means a vast amount of money wasted on packing, freighting and handling this two hundred and ten million pounds of dirt." This is the statement of a man in the business. Should not the wool-growers of the world do more to eliminate this great waste?

Grading Wool for Market

When the wool merchant receives the wool it is put either in public storage or in the warehouse of the firm to which it is consigned. Some of the wool is graded in the West and holds its grade; but the majority of the bags are opened in the East and regraded by experts. Here again the middleman performs a distinct service, for his experts empty these bags on tables and the fine wool is collected in one pile, the medium in another and the coarse in another, in order that consumers may get the special kind desired. There are two classes of mills: woolen mills that card the wool, and the worsted mills that comb it. The latter require a much longer grade—that is, wool from sheep with long hair. Consequently high-grade worsted is more serviceable as wearing apparel than ordinary woolens. I am told that these woolen-graders work so rapidly that some can handle about one hundred bags a day.

After the wool merchant has graded the wool it is placed in the various piles according to quality and is then ready for sale to the mills. Often the entire loft of a great building will contain nothing but these different piles. These piles are sold to mills according to whether the manufacturer sells good worsteds, cheap worsteds, ordinary woolens and blankets whether the wool is to be used for rough goods or fine wearing apparel. For overcoats, coarse wool is wanted, while for manufacturing fine dress goods the very finest fleeces are in demand.

As to the failures among the sheep-growers I have been unable to obtain any satisfactory statistics. From personal observations, however, I think the industry has been fairly successful until possibly two or three years ago. In my early trips to the West I found great prosperity existing in Wyoming and the sheep centers—all the ranches seemed to be prosperous, the banks were making money and the sheep seemed to be a source of great income. In the last few years, however, there has been some change for the worse in the industry. My friends in the West write that this has been due to the weather, the cold winters interfering both with the breeding of the sheep and the quality of the wool; also many sheep have been lost through lack of sufficient food. Whatever the cause, it is safe to say that just for the moment the growers are not so prosperous as formerly; and with free wool I am afraid the industry would be severely hurt in this country and many sheep-raisers forced into bankruptcy.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on the woolen industry. The second, in which Mr. Babson will discuss the manufacture of wool, will appear in an early issue.

Will there be Music and Surprise like this at Your Christmas Tree?

Read this picture of Christmas Morning by the Owner of a Virtuolo

"IT was Christmas morning a year ago. Dawn was scarcely due. The 'tiny tads' were up and shouting 'Santa Claus's been here!'

"I put on my Santa Claus wig and rig and stole down stairs. I lighted the tree and fixed all the things around.

"Then I opened the beautiful new mahogany 'Virtuolo' with a big thrill inside of me, wondering what they'd all say. None but I knew it was there. I had sent the folks away the night before, and smuggled it in.

"Said I, 'I'll just play a piece as they come down to the tree.' So I put 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' into the Virtuolo—the stirringest piece I had—and shouted to them to 'come on down and hear "Alexander's Ragtime Band".'

"Give you my word, I never heard such a riot. Don't believe the kids hit a single step on the way down. And my wife was so happy she had to cry.

"We never had such a happy Christmas. Wish I could buy a Virtuolo every Christmas." *(Name on request)*

Why shouldn't you have a glorious surprise like this for your family at your Christmas Tree, when you can get a Virtuolo as low as $575, and have three years in which to pay for it?

Do you say you don't like to incur such an obligation? Why, most of us never save any money or have anything until we obligate ourselves to make regular payment in some way.

Buying a Virtuolo on a monthly payment plan is saving money, acquiring property. It is no different from building a house. If you have never enjoyed the fascination of saving to meet regular payments get a Virtuolo this Christmas and enjoy it while you are paying.

We will put the Virtuolo in your home over the holidays without any cost or obligation on your part, provided you are located near one of our dealers. See coupon below. The

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VIRTUOLO
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The Virtuolo is the newest invention in player pianos and the most ingenious. It does away with the mechanical sound of the player piano by doing away with the need of following fixed guides and instructions on the roll, which, we believe, cause the mechanical sound.

On the Virtuolo there are four marvellous buttons called aeolo buttons. With these under your left fingers you can bring louds and softs or pick out the solo in the bass or treble with a skill that astonishes you.

You forget guides and instructions when you play the Virtuolo. You forget everything save the sound of the music. You close your eyes and let your immortal instinct tell you how to play the piece. You never go wrong when you follow your instinct; therefore, you play the Virtuolo with a feeling which touches all that is beautiful and graceful in you and your hearers.

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a handsome free booklet which tells all about the new and ingenious invention of instinctive playing and how it abolishes mechanicalness in player piano music. Also tells how music is a language by which the composer talks to you. Send for it now. Then you'll not forget it.

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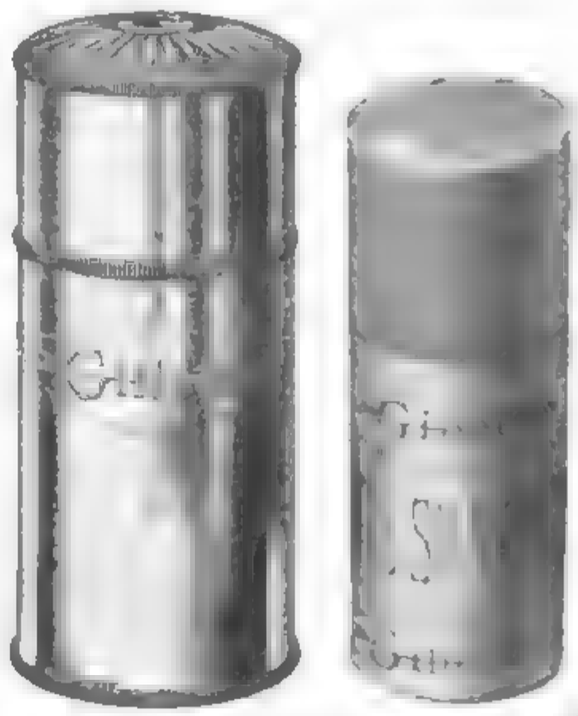

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Per Stick, 25c.

No. 500, $5.00

Give Him a Gillet

No. 460, $5.00

NO STROPPING

KNOWN THE

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IF you wish to give a man something useful—something he will always be grateful for—give him a Gillette Safety Razor. Some one of the handsome outfits on this page will be heartily welcome to the man you have in mind.

If he already owns one—a Standard set, for instance—give him a Pocket Edition, or a Combination set for his traveling bag.

The Gillette is that rare thing, a "useful gift" that is used after the novelty wears off.

A man likes it and gets to depending on it.

It is practical for *him* personally.

It gives him comfort—convenience—a velvet-smooth

If your dealer cannot give you the style you want—illustration out of this page, and enclose the price.

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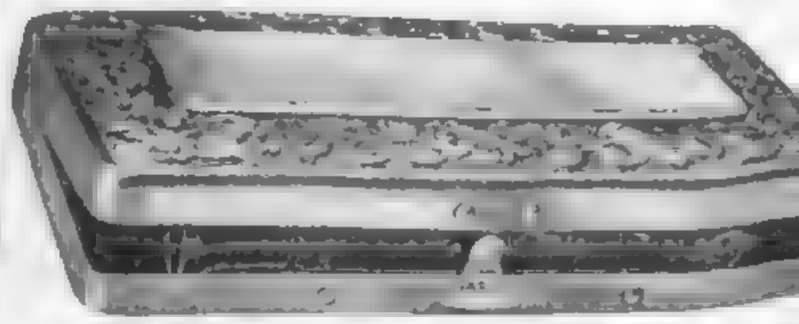

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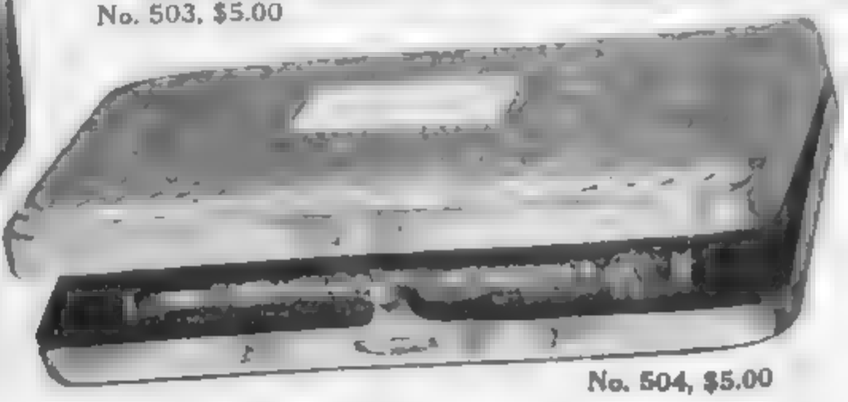

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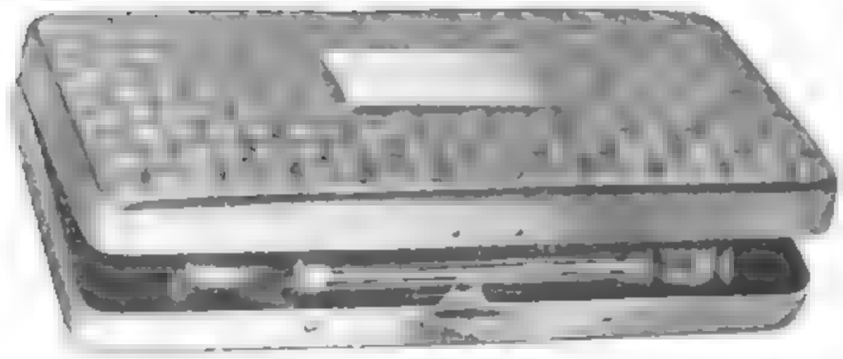

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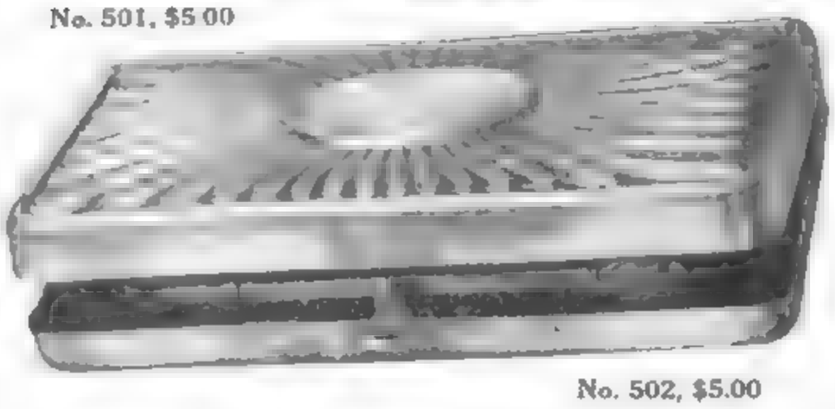

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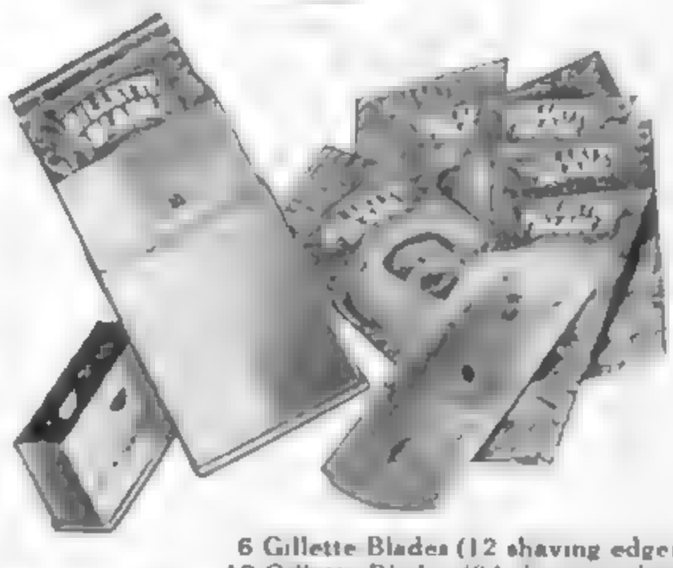
shave and a brisk, fresh, cool skin.

It serves him every day—and keeps the giver in mind.

For the young man just growing to shaving age there is no gift like the Gillette. It will give him the habit of the daily shave—keep him from the barber shop—save him forty dollars or more every year in the cost of shaves and tips.

Then, too, you can fit your expenditure to your purse—A Standard set at $5.00; a Pocket Edition (silver or gold) at $5.00 to $6.00; Travelers' and Combination sets, containing razor, soap, brush, and toilet accessories, at $6.00 to $50.00. For a small gift you will find a packet of Gillette Blades at 50c. or $1.00 especially acceptable.



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We will send the set by return mail, postpaid.

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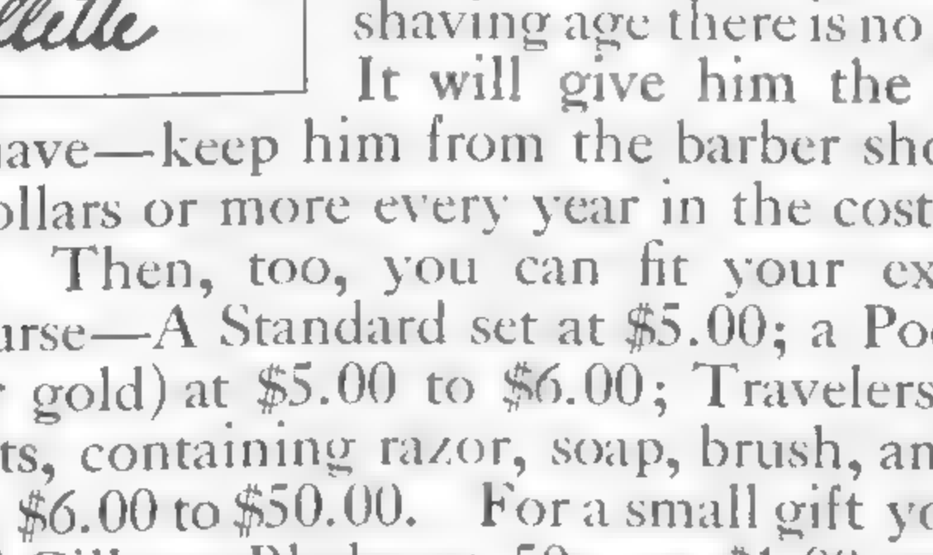

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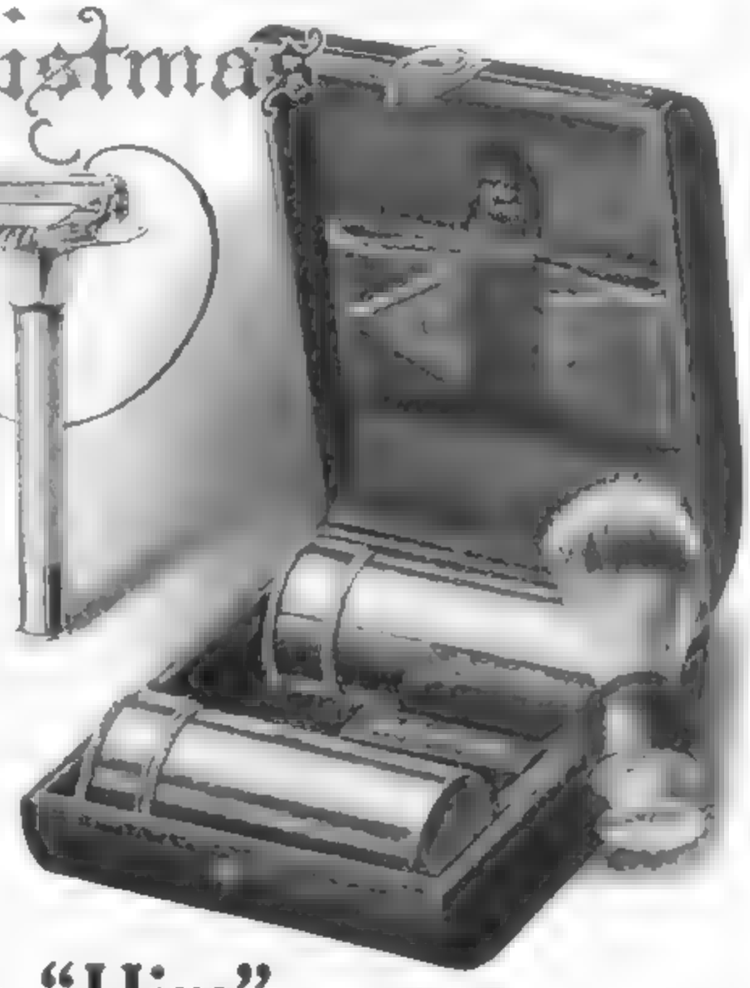

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500 Guaranteed Shaves

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DON'T just give "him" some safety razor you happen to know the name of. It might have a *rich name* and a *poor edge*. Give "him" the AutoStrop Safety Razor—the only razor which *guarantees "him" 500 Head Barber shaves* from every package of 12 blades.

THE 500 SHAVE GUARANTEE

Any shaver failing to get 500 Head Barber shaves from a package of 12 AutoStrop blades may return his 12 blades to us, state how many shaves he is short, and we will send him enough new blades to make good his shortage.

Why can we make this guarantee? Read:

Most men cannot sharpen a razor edge. In other words, they cannot strop it. That is why they have shaving trouble.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor overcomes the stropping difficulty. It makes even a novice able to strop as expertly as the Head Barber. And as quickly and handily, because the stropping and shaving are both done without detaching blade from razor.

This AutoStropping not only sharpens the blades as keen as the Head Barber does, but it makes them *stay* sharp through many shaves, just as his stropping does. AutoStropping often makes a *single* blade last 500 shaves. Therefore, you see why we can easily guarantee 500 shaves from every package of 12 AutoStrop blades.

AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop in smart leather case, price $5. Fancy combination gift sets, with soap and brush, toilet articles, etc., $6.50 to $25. Same prices in Canada. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

If "he" doesn't like it, dealer will cheerfully refund after Christmas. We protect him from loss. A 'phone or a post card to any dealer will bring you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial, and settle "his" Christmas today.

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AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

INVESTORS have been on a strike for many months. Like most strikers they want more pay, and the reason for striking is the high cost of living. The same cause is bringing the same results in England, France and Germany; and in the United States this strike for more pay has brought a novel and important development in the investment business.

Suppose you had a thousand dollars in 1900 and thriftily invested it in a high-grade first-mortgage railroad bond bearing three and a half per cent interest. Your income from the bond would be, of course, thirty-five dollars a year. But this year your thirty-five dollars would buy very much less beefsteak, pork chops, bacon, ham, hens, wheat flour, cornmeal, eggs, butter and milk than in 1900. You can find an exact comparison of the average retail prices of these and other staple food articles in the bulletins of the Federal Bureau of Labor, if you prefer that to consulting your grocer's and butcher's bills; but taking the country over, the rise since the nineties has been about one-half.

This obviously means that to get as much food of the same quality as you bought for thirty-five dollars in 1900 you would now need about fifty dollars, and as that is five per cent on a thousand dollars it follows that the income from a five-per-cent bond will now go no farther toward meeting your living expenses than the income from a bond bearing three and a half per cent would have gone a dozen years ago. And as three and a half per cent was about the minimum that an investor would accept, with the best security, in 1900, so five per cent is pretty near the minimum that he will accept now.

Wall Street bond men, to be sure, do not attribute this entirely to the rise in food prices. After telephoning for a new limousine and consulting an architect about an extension to the garage they speak gloomily of extravagance among the rank and file of small investors. The three-bonds-a-year buyer is keeping a second maid now, they say, so four per cent no longer satisfies him. He is selling his four-per-cent stuff and buying seven-per-cent preferred stocks of industrial companies.

Why Good Bonds Go Down

About a dozen years ago a great life-insurance company took the opinions of leading financiers and business men all over the country as to what the prevailing interest rate on high-grade investments would probably be in the future, for the life-insurance companies are the largest investors in the United States. The consensus of these opinions was that three to three and a half per cent was all an investor who demanded the best security could reasonably expect to get. The financiers foresaw that capital would be abundant, but they did not foresee the rise in cost of living, which would make owners of the capital demand a larger interest return. Along about that time some of the strongest railroads in the country issued gilt-edge, first-lien, long-term bonds bearing three and a half per cent interest, expecting them to sell at par. Among them were the Burlington, the St. Paul, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Illinois Central—Louisville Division—the New York Central. Those bonds are now selling at a discount of fifteen cents or more on the dollar. A few years later, as the cost of living rose and money consequently became worth more, big roads issued four-per-cent bonds; but of late those bonds also have been quite steadily falling below par in the market.

For investors who have been obliged to realize upon their holdings this has been a two-edged sword. To illustrate, you can imagine the case of Investor Jones. In the spring of 1907, having three thousand dollars to tuck away, he selected one Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe general mortgage four-per-cent bond, one Baltimore & Ohio four-per-cent bond and one Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific four-per-cent bond. These are tip-top bonds, which I select not because there is anything exceptional about them, but because they are strictly typical of their class. In the spring of 1907 they were selling at a premium, so that Jones had to pay three thousand and fifty dollars for his three engravings. They brought him an income of a hundred and twenty dollars a year, with which he could buy eight hundred pounds of meat; but by 1911 his bond income would buy only six hundred and fifty pounds of meat, and food prices were still going up. In the face of this year's rise he found himself famished, figuratively speaking, and decided to sell his bonds. Now as the price of food had been rising the market value of his bonds had been falling, because investors were demanding a higher interest return in order to meet increased cost of living. So he had to sell his bonds at a discount, realizing in fact only twenty-eight hundred and sixty-five dollars for the three, or a hundred and eighty-five dollars less than he paid.

As a bond falls in price the man who buys it gets, of course, a higher interest return on his investment. For example, take a bond bearing three and a half per cent interest and having forty years to run. If you buy it at eighty-five cents on the dollar you are getting not three and a half, but over four and a quarter per cent interest on your investment. This decline in the market price of high-grade bonds has been going on pretty steadily all through the list. With such bonds as I mention and refer to above the security is unimpeachable. It isn't a question of security at all. The investor has no reason to doubt that he will get his interest on the nail every coupon day and his principal at the maturity of the bond; but he is no longer satisfied with four per cent—much less with three and a half per cent—because four dollars will not buy as much of anything he wants as it would a few years ago.

The Rise in Interest Rates

The railroads, of course, are by far the greatest source of high-grade, long-term investment securities. Railroad financiers see the situation. They know they must bid more for money because it is worth more—or its purchasing power has grown less, whichever way you choose to put it. For some time, in fact, big roads have been paying four and three-quarters, five and even a shade over five for millions of money on short-term notes—issued in the hope that within a year or two they could borrow on long-term bonds at a lower rate. On long-term bonds they have come up to four per cent, then four and a quarter, even four and a half; but they are mighty reluctant to bid five.

On a big bond issue, running fifty years or more, a difference of only half of one per cent in the interest rate amounts to a great deal of money. A year ago last May, for instance, the Great Northern issued thirty-five million dollars of fifty-year bonds bearing four and a quarter per cent. If the rate had been five per cent the total interest cost to the road would have been increased by more than thirteen million dollars, or one-third of the whole amount borrowed.

For months, then, the railroads have been almost out of the investment market as regards long-term bonds. In the first half of 1912, in fact, more trolley bonds than railroad bonds were listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and the listings of new industrial bonds almost equaled the output of railroad issues. In the corresponding half-years of 1910 and 1911 railroad bonds exceeded trolley bonds more than eight to one. For months the only notable railroad bond issue has been that of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, which put out thirty-five million of four-and-a-half-per-cent debentures last May. They were immediately taken at par; but they are convertible into the common stock of the road, dollar for dollar, and this common stock for years has sold well above par. So this issue was no test of the investment situation except as it showed there is plenty of money when an attractive security comes along.

Nothing is clearer, in fact, than that the paucity of railroad bond offerings is not due to any lack of funds for investment. The General Electric Company's five-per-cent bonds were heavily oversubscribed, and in October when the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company offered ten million of five-per-cent bonds at par the subscriptions amounted to four times the sum of the issue.

Now investors the country over have been taught that they must not expect to find good security together with a high interest or dividend rate, and that in about nine times out of ten the higher the interest rate the more doubtful the security. That general rule is still sound; but an investor anywhere can now expect a decidedly higher interest rate together with the best security than he could five years ago, and he ought to insist upon getting it.

Under present conditions five per cent with good security is a perfectly reasonable rate even in New York and Boston. Naturally the great borrowers are inclined to frown upon this notion, as they would much rather pay three and a half per cent for money than five. But unless conditions affecting the income from investments change I expect to see big railroads pay pretty close to five per cent on long-term, first-class bond issues. And if they do less strong borrowers will have to pay proportionately higher. It is a time for investors to look up.

Meanwhile, as there has been plenty of money awaiting investment, as the owners of it were not willing to take less than five per cent, and as the offerings of good five-per-cent stuff were limited, a flood of seven-per-cent preferred stocks of industrial companies has come into the market and filled the gap.

This is the novel and important thing in the investment business.

People in touch with the situation say that five hundred million dollars of these industrial stocks have been brought out in Wall Street within a year or a little more, and sold mainly to small investors all over the country.

To be sure, "floating" industrials is no new thing. There was the United States Steel Corporation, or Steel Trust—to take the most notable single example that is still typical of the whole lot. Those earlier flotations were great combinations, capitalized into the hundreds of millions. The shares were listed on the New York Stock Exchange and a market "made" for them by distributing tips, manipulating the price up and down, and so on.

An investor who wished to put some money into one of them went to a stockbroker, who bought the shares for him on the Exchange.

This year's industrial flotations have been quite different. Many relatively small manufacturing or trading concerns—most of them concerns that the ordinary business man never heard of unless he lived in their neighborhood or happened to trade with them—have been taken up and recapitalized, and the preferred shares have been sold, usually in small lots, to investors who purchased them from their own bankers or bond dealers.

A Typical Example

To understand these new flotations in their best phase, suppose we take as an example that of the M. Rumely Company, which was brought out about a year ago. In 1853 one Meinrad Rumely, who had left Europe in the troublous times of forty-nine, started a little blacksmith shop at La Porte, Indiana. He soon began making some simple hand tools for near-by farmers. There were in existence at that time a few crude machines for threshing grain, and to them Meinrad Rumely presently directed his capable mind. By 1857 he had a machine so improved that six hundred bushels a day could be threshed and cleaned with it. The rest is a familiar story to Americans. The little blacksmith shop became a factory; the factory spread and prospered. The making of engines to drive the threshing machines and to plow with came along in due course. Sales mounted into the millions of dollars and profits multiplied.

A hundred and fifty miles or so to the southeast—namely, at Richmond, Indiana—in 1851 Jonas Gaar, his two sons and son-in-law took over a little water-power mill for debt and presently began making threshing machines also; and about 1880 a small threshing-machine plant was started at Battle Creek, Michigan, which is not far from La Porte. Last year the M. Rumely Company proposed to buy the Richmond and Battle Creek concerns.

Two very solid and eminently respectable Wall Street houses undertook the business. The capital stock of the M. Rumely Company was increased to ten million dollars of seven-per-cent cumulative preferred stock and nine millions common. "Preferred" means, of course, that the full seven-per-cent dividends must be paid on that class of shares before anything at all is paid on the common shares; it also means—in this and most other instances—that in case the company is wound up, holders of the preferred must be paid the full face value of their shares before holders of the common stock receive anything. "Cumulative" means that if the full seven per cent is not paid in any year the deficit shall be a first charge against next year's earnings, so holders of the common stock can get no dividends until holders of the preferred have had full seven per cent for each and every year.

The bankers then formed an underwriting syndicate composed of themselves and such other banking houses or financiers as they chose to let in or as chose to come in on their invitation. The usual arrangement is for the underwriting syndicate to pledge itself to take whatever amount of preferred stock is offered for sale, in return for which and for its services generally it receives a block of the common stock, out of which it must make its profit—although sometimes the syndicate gets the preferred stock at a discount. The object, of course, is to make sure that the necessary cash for carrying out the deal will be forthcoming.

Other Industrial Flotations

The Richmond and Battle Creek plants having been duly purchased and the enlarged Rumely Company set going, the syndicate proceeded to dispose of or distribute the preferred stock. The two banking houses mentioned, and such like houses as may have joined the syndicate, are wholesalers of securities.

In this case—and in many others—the distribution was very complete; that is, the preferred stock was lodged in the hands of a great many investors, usually in small lots. In fact, the list of stockholders of the M. Rumely Company contains considerably over a thousand names. Running down this list you will see again and again a holding of only one share—that is, an investment of only a hundred dollars—while three, five, seven and ten share lots are plentiful. Taking the whole issue, the average holding is only seventy-six shares. Geographically, moreover, the stockholders are scattered pretty well over the Northern states east of the Mississippi, while Iowa and the Dakotas are by no means unrepresented.

Now at the time of the flotation the tangible assets of the company, consisting of land, buildings, machinery, materials on hand to be used in manufacturing, bills and notes receivable, cash, and so on—exclusive of patents and good-will—were appraised at over seventeen million dollars. The articles of incorporation provided that the company could not sell any of its real estate or mortgage any of its property without the written consent of holders of three-quarters of the preferred stock. Hence there was a pretty good basis of solid assets beneath the ten million dollars of preferred stock.

It is easy to see, then, why investors took the stock readily. It paid seven per cent—which certainly helps solve the high-cost-of-living problem as compared with a four-per-cent bond. Tangible assets were appraised at seventy per cent or more in excess of the amount of preferred stock issued. Earnings were double the dividend requirement. The business is a very stable one, for certainly there will be a large demand for threshing machines, farm engines, and the like, as long as there is farming. The management could point to a successful record extending over half a century. The house that brought out the stock was rich and of high standing.

A great list of preferred stocks more or less comparable with the above have been brought out and sold. The list includes, for example, the F. W. Woolworth Company, operating nearly six hundred five-and-ten-cent stores in the United States and Canada, with gross sales—including some concerns taken over at the time of the flotation—exceeding fifty million dollars a year; Deere & Company, the Moline plowmakers; Julius Kayser & Company, silk glove manufacturers; Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company; Manhattan Shirt Company; B. F. Goodrich Company, rubber manufactures. That shows the range of concerns.

So far all of the flotations by good houses have been very successful; but success tends to attract imitators.

The advantage to the investor is that he gets seven per cent on his money. Some disadvantages that are liable to accrue will be discussed in another article.

The *Indian* Motocycle for 1913

Tremendous thought and energy have been expended on the great motorcycle problem of *Comfort for the Rider.*

In the Patent Office there were recorded during the past few years over 3000 different motorcycle spring devices. But none was complete and final. The problem still remained. The difficulty was scratched, but not erased. It remained for the engineering department of the **Hendee Manufacturing Company** at one decisive stroke to solve the problem of years with characteristic precision and finality. The motorcyclist now has his utmost demands for Comfort realized in the

Indian Cradle Spring Frame

This new and revolutionizing device appeals to the mind like a flash. It is so simple and so obviously correct that its advent leaves nothing more to be said or done concerning motorcycle springs.

The Cradle Spring Frame is simply the successful and practical application to the rear of the machine of the Cradle Spring Fork as used in connection with the front wheel of all Indian models for the past three years with such conspicuous success. The Indian Motocycle is now leaf-spring fore and aft. The rider forgets there's any rear wheel. He simply glides straight forward without any jarring, bumping or swaying. Vibration has been eliminated. Apart from the wonderful riding qualities of the machine, the Cradle Spring Frame effects an important saving in the life of the motorcycle.

The Twin-Cylinder Indian

The rider who is familiar with the basic essentials in what he regards as a motorcycle of the first rank will find the 1913 INDIAN "Twin" as complete and satisfying as the most exacting demands could require.

First, the primary essentials of Power, Speed, Comfort, Reliability and Ease of Control are positively superb in each instance. These things should be found in every motocycle worthy of recognition. Then come those numerous little refinements which lift the INDIAN "Twin" out of the ranks of the merely adequate and place it in the very forefront of the elect. In the 1913 model not the smallest opportunity has been overlooked to increase the comfort and convenience of the rider and to further elevate the machine toward the pinnacle of mechanical perfection.

With truth we can claim that the INDIAN "Twin" is almost automatic in operation. Can be run as slow as two miles an hour in traffic. The rider has very little "driving" to do. In fact his efforts are practically confined to control, which in the INDIAN is instantaneous and positive.

The novice will find the INDIAN "Twin" perfectly within his natural powers of management. To anybody who has ever ridden a bicycle the INDIAN "Twin" presents no problems of operation. A few minutes instruction in the general principles of the motor and transmission and a little practice in working the simple control devices—that's all. Earnestly recommended as the most satisfactory all-around motorcycle model on the market.

Other Important Improvements for 1913 Include:

New Style Rims: Single Clinch type, permitting either 2¾ or 3 inch tires.
Larger Tires: 2 inch tires as against the 2½ inch of 1912. Ample clearance for anti-skid chains.
Wider Mud Guards: With splashers to correspond.
Rear Chain Guard: Protecting upper stretch of long chain, sprocket and band brake.
Luggage Carrier: New type with tool bag at rear.
Foot Boards: Fitted now to regular 4 h. p. and 7 h. p. models in addition to pedals.
Foot Brake Lever: Close to left foot board, operating band brake with same action as the pedals.
Multiple Disc Clutch: Large size, as used on last year's 7 h. p., now fitted to all models. (All Indians for 1913 will be chain driven.)

Prices same as 1912: **4 h.p. Single, $200; 7 h.p. Twin, $250:** F.O.B. Factory

1500 Indian dealers are ready to demonstrate the 1913 models. We recommend that you place your order early

DROP A POSTAL FOR 1913 ADVANCE LITERATURE

"Count the Indians on the Road!"

THE HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

901 STATE STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Chicago: 1251 Michigan Avenue. San Francisco: 234 Van Ness Avenue
Denver: 138 Sixteenth Street. Atlanta: 457 Peachtree Street
London: 184 Gt. Portland Street

ARTIFICIAL HEATING often causes discomfort and even sickness. The remedy is in "the Thermometer Habit." Comfort and Health in the Home and Efficiency in the School, Office and Factory are greatest when the Thermometer indicates 68° F.

"*Tycos*" Thermometers

will give "personality" to your Christmas Gifts. No. 5351 "*Tycos*" Chandelier Thermometer is designed to hang from the light fixture. Not influenced by wall temperatures. Has large spirit tube, with three easy-reading scales. May be read from any part of the room. $2.00.

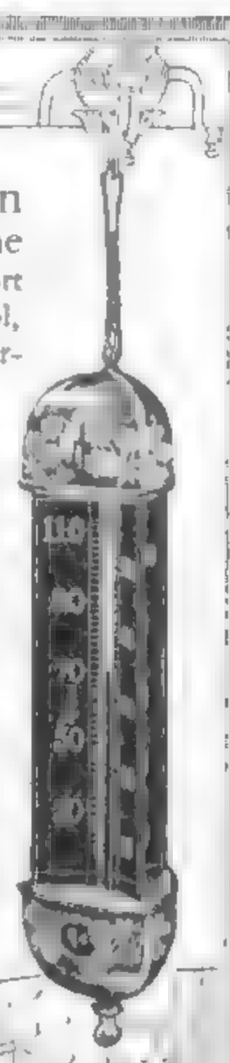
If not at your dealer's, send order direct.

Write for **The Thermometer Book—Free.** Shows many styles of Household Thermometers.

Taylor Instrument Companies

197 AMES STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Thermometers for Household, Industrial and other Purposes; Barometers and Meteorological Instruments



"*Tycos*"

Rochester, N. Y.

plants invited on all temperature subjects

Trade Marks an Asset — ?

The Trade Mark not fully protected is anything but an asset—it's a big risk. Market your goods under a name or design that can be protected. Don't take a chance of having your popularized trade-marked goods confused with inferior articles. Learn about the expert service we offer you. Write us today for complete information. We will send you a copy of the U. S. Law and sample copy of The Trade Mark News, our monthly publication invaluable to every brand user. BOTH FREE! Protect your own interests—write us today on your firm's letter head.

TRADE-MARK TITLE COMPANY

213 Physicians Defense Bldg., Fort Wayne, Indiana

"Marks of Trade That Stand for Grade"

If You're a Live Boy

We want to hear from you. Thousands of boys all over the country are making lots of money selling *The Saturday Evening Post* after school hours and on Saturdays. You can do the same thing. Besides the profits, we're giving thousands of the sort of premiums that a boy wants. If you want to try it send us a line.

Sales Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

PLAYS Large List. Vaudeville Sketches, Dialogs, Monologs, Hand Books, Drills, Operettas, etc. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 20, Chicago, Ill.

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

FREE FREE FREE

SAM'L FRENCH, 30 W. 38th Street, New York

Toys that Teach

Meccano teaches as it amuses. Besides the days of pure amusement that a boy gets out of putting up steel structures with

MECCANO

Get that boy you are interested in a set of Meccano

he learns such principles of modern construction as bolting cross-braces together through the center to give rigidity. With a set of Meccano a boy has everything in steel construction—towers, derricks, trucks, bridges, cranes—just as he wants them, and has the fun of building them all

Send for Catalog today

You can probably see Meccano, and a book of designs to be built with it, at your toy or sporting goods store. If you cannot, write to us for Catalog showing models any boy can build, and let us tell you all about this wonderful set of brass and nickeled steel for building purposes. Be sure of the name Meccano

THE EMBOSSING COMPANY, 25 Church St., Albany, N.Y.

THE CAVE WOMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

dragged the great waterproof blanket up to the roof of the cave; and, wrapped in woolen jackets, warmed with Peter's unapproachable coffee, appeased with Peter's inimitable potatoes, fried in bacon fat, and great squares of wood-toasted bread, dallying with the luxury of scrambled eggs and dried beef, they sank against each other in blissful fatigue.

Mattie, by great luck, had filled her largest cigarette case, a double-decked, gold-covered affair of blessed invention; and, as she defied Doctor Stanchon in a deep-drawn lungful, she became conscious of a sudden, gently rising tide of happiness—unreasoning, physical happiness. It grew and grew, and she watched it eagerly, as we watch a blown bubble and wait for the airy crash. It did not crash, however; and this because it was not a bubble at all, but a soft, slipping, loosening tension that smoothed and eased everything, and dispelled the whole worn worry of the winter, so that she floated up, as it were—up, up to the surface of herself and rested lightly there. Something called Tuesday hammered at the closed door of her mind, and she heard it as echoing down a long, dull corridor, and forgot it again.

"What does it matter? Here we all are—it's so far from everything—Peter will take care of us."

His arm tightened about her.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said gently. "It's all right, dear."

Suddenly it was dark, and what had been an etching of a crescent moon was a delicate, lambent melon segment, with a tiny star for pendant; and the trees withdrew from them, whispering mysteriously among themselves, and the noisy quiet of the evening woods began to wake all about them.

The baby's tiny snorings—her mug of condensed milk and water still ringed in her slender hands—woke Mattie from an almost-dream and, while she packed the sleepy children away, Peter washed and polished, and burned leftover scraps in his embers.

Then, while he tramped to the spring for fresh water, she got ready for bed, drugged with a sleep beyond the belief of committees and boards, and lay so many fathoms deep in it that when he came softly in again and stood over her, musing, smiling gently at her arm thrown over the blanketed Sister nestled close to her, she never felt him there or waked, or even dreamed of him!

Years afterward it was morning, and everything through the cave door was lacquered blue and green, scent of balsam and bird twitters. Peter and Peep were nowhere, but a great kettle of hot water awaited the late risers. Only as they stepped outside, fresh braided and curled, Sister in providentially-discovered denim overalls, did the returning fishermen greet them with finely speckled, shiny treasures impaled on Peep's proud twig.

"I—I caught two of 'em!" he whispered religiously. "That next-to-the-biggest one was mine!"

Then Peter, mixing flour and baking powder mysteriously, and fussy beyond reason over the state of his outside fire; then pancakes—pancakes fluffy and shadowed with lacy brown on top, pancakes crisp and crackling on the edges, pancakes covered with maple syrup, pancakes that one ate, regardless of age, sex or previous condition of servitude to Doctor Stanchon!

"I shall die!" said Martha confidently; but, "No one dies camping," said Peter. "Have another!"

She went in to shake the beds and rearrange the last sack of stores, still unpacked—"I'll leave everything all tidy, anyway, for Dicky, tomorrow!"—and as she entered the cave she saw Peter staring doubtfully at a scrap of newspaper in his hand, standing near the fire. He thrust out the sheet toward the dying embers, drew back his hand and, as she moved through the door, pushed the irregular, torn sheet among his kitchenware and went out abruptly, but not before she had caught a strange, perplexed glance he had aimed apparently over her head.

Burning with curiosity, Mattie dragged out the printed triangle and skimmed it hastily. It was greasy and odorous of bacon—a bit of wrapping paper evidently. So Peter had just seen it himself. It took her but a moment to master it and another

As Simple as Armour's Bouillon Cubes

A Word in Season

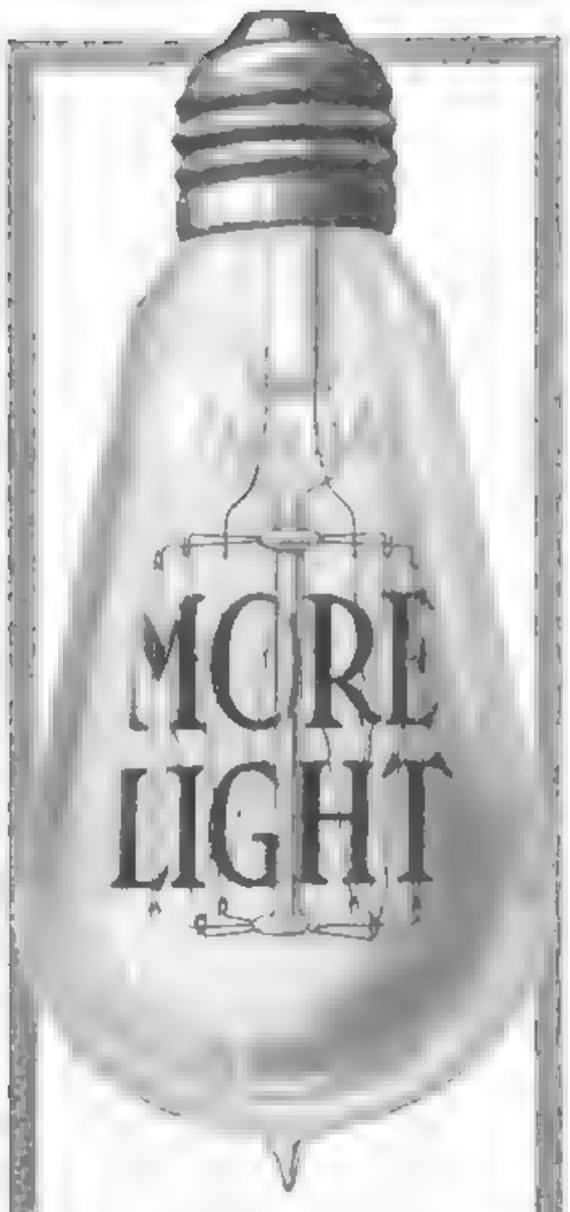
FORTIFY yourself against Winter colds by drinking Armour's Bouillon. Start the day with it—it is more healthful and agreeable than Coffee. Drink it with your meals, and between times to **keep your energies keyed up.** Equally valuable to the tired housewife and the overworked father as to the youngest child. Simple as A B C. Drop a Cube in a cup, fill with hot water—you have a perfect consommé, deliciously seasoned.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES

In boxes of 12—30 cents. Also in boxes of 50 and 100. Beef and chicken flavor. Each box contains a coupon. Send us this coupon and two 2c stamps, or send us twenty-five cents and we will send you **Armour's 1913 Art Calendar.** Four beautiful pictures by **Penrhyn Stanlaws,** representing the seasons. Size 11 x 17. Art proofs for framing, 25 cents each. The entire set, with calendar, $1.00.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

Department 236 CHICAGO



At the Same Cost

NATIONAL MAZDA lamps give three times as much light as carbon lamps at the same cost—and with no disadvantages.

National Mazda lamps are just as rugged as carbon lamps. They require no more care in handling or use. They burn in any position; at any angle; in either fixed or swinging sockets.

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE QUALITY LAMP

Twenty-five million National Mazda lamps have been sold in two years. They are not an experiment. They have introduced electric lighting in many places where it was impracticable before—in small houses, motor boats, automobiles and trains. Wherever a National Mazda lamp has replaced a carbon lamp the user has obtained more light from the same amount of current.

Prices Reduced
Approximately 20% October 1st

Put a National Mazda in every socket, in the least important places as well as where you need light most.

Send for "The National Index to the Proper Lighting of Homes," a free popular booklet that tells how to select the right lamp for every room. "Electric Service in the Home" explains how easily and inexpensively proper wiring can be done. Your request brings it free.

Where you can get these lamps

National Mazda lamps are made in all sizes for the home—large and small—and are supplied by [illegible] thousands of dealers in the blue carton containing five lamps.

NATIONAL QUALITY LAMP DIVISION

of General Electric Company
1810 East 45th Street, Cleveland

Every National Mazda lamp bears one of the labels shown in this border—a guaranty of National Quality.

to run out and catch his arm, as he bent to the constant woodchopping of the forethoughtful camper.

"Peter!" she cried accusingly.

"Wel-l?"

"Did you know this when we came?"

"This? What's 'this'?"

"Now don't try to put me off, Peter! Is it true—all this about the feud?"

"You've read it, Mat; you know as much as I do!"

"Is it true that between Job's Hollow and the river these Heaton brothers are supposed to be hiding, and that they are desperate? That the sheriff is searching the woods? That they're going to fire on sight'"

"I don't think there's any cause for alarm, dear—really." Peter's expression was a curious mixture of concern and evasion, had she been interested in his expression. "I wouldn't begin to count the children if I were you. These feuds are purely local affairs, you know, and the natives have nothing against strangers, absolutely. There's no reason why it should interfere with—with our plans."

"Don't be imbecile, Peter," she said shortly. "Do you mean to say that if we go riding calmly round on that mule, or you and Peep go off to get the police, or anything ——"

"My dear Mattie! Police in Job's Hollow!"

"Well, it says sheriff—doesn't it? Can you say that you may not run into them and get shot to pieces?"

"Wel-l, I shouldn't really expect it."

"Nonsense! Can you assure me ——"

"My dear girl, I can't assure you of anything. Who can? But I am perfectly willing to run whatever risk may be necessary ——"

"Then I'm not!"

Mattie tried to meet his eye firmly, but could not do so, to her great displeasure. Peter's eyes sought the ground most uncharacteristically, but most obstinately. This only served to fan the flame of her suspicions.

"I don't think you have any right—any moral right—to leave us here," she said. "Oh, Peter, how could you? Of course those horrible brothers wouldn't mean to shoot you, but if they meet the sheriff and begin shooting—what does it say?" She consulted the telltale bacon paper.

"'Ezra Heaton is practically a deadshot and is reported as saying that if it comes to a showdown and he and his brother are surrounded, no one shall leave the woods alive. Henderson Heaton, with whom most of the surrounding countryside is in sympathy, is known to be well supplied with ammunition'—oh, what was that?"

A shot, muffled by distance, broke the stillness of the woods. Mattie seized Peter's arm and dragged him into the cave, clucking the children before her like a worried hen. Peter allowed himself to be conducted, but stood uneasily in the doorway.

"Well, but Mattie, how about Tuesday?" he inquired, eying her doubtfully. "You understand that you can't ——"

"I understand that I can't run the risk of having my husband and children shot, in order to sit by Celestine Varnham on a platform and hear her bang on the table with a wooden mallet," said Mattie briskly. "You might at least be practical, Peter!"

He drew a long breath.

"Then come on, Peep!" he cried. "Let's scout our way over to the creek and get to work! I can bag some squirrels and maybe a rabbit, and you must get to fishing again. We've got the family to support now, you know."

"All right!" said Peep soberly. "And I've got that little shotgun, you know, Daddy, if—if they do fire!"

Peter patted his lean little shoulder in silence.

At the last Martha would not let them go alone, but tagged along, as her son put it disgustedly, with the baby, and sat idly on a rock over the brown bubbling water, watching it run by with a curious, empty pleasure, while Sister fished industriously with a bent pin and tied her dripping hair ribbon to the leg of an unwary turtle.

After three days of safety Mattie consented to Peter's going as far as the abandoned buckboard for the extra flour and potatoes he had left there, and when he reported that all was quiet along the trail her nerves, refreshed by the constant velvety air and the physical relief of washing, sweeping and tramping, allowed her to consider a return on the mule and reassuring telegraphic dispatches, which should precede them.

How the Advertising Manager Made Good with the President of the Company

"I NOTICE you're getting out a tremendous number of these, lately," said the president of a steel company as he walked into the office of the advertising manager, waving the printed circular shown in reduced facsimile below.

"I thoroughly believe in assisting our dealers; but I'm afraid you're a little too liberal. At least, I don't see the necessity of getting out a special lot for each dealer, with his name on it."

"Step in here," replied the advertising manager, "and I'll show you how we're getting these circulars printed at little more than the cost of the blank paper."

The World Has Been Waiting for

VISMERA PURITY

BEST BY TEST

WYLIE BROS. CO.

The circular that was thought to be an extravagance, but proved an economy.
Original 8 x 12 inches.

Together they entered the next room.

"We're doing the work ourselves," said the advertising manager, "cheaper and much more conveniently than if we sent it to the printer.

"You see our Multigraph is equipped with the printing-ink attachment, which converts it into a real printing-machine. The body of the circular is printed from an electrotype. The dealer's name is printed at the same time from hand-set type. The paper is fed automatically. The operator has nothing to do except to keep the automatic feed supplied, remove the printed sheets, and change the dealer's imprint when the counter indicates the allotted number."

The president was amazed to find dealers' circulars being printed at such small cost. He was even more amazed to see such workmanlike printing—real printer's printing—being turned out by an office-appliance which he had thought intended exclusively for form-typewriting.

You, too, will be amazed when you see the quality of the printing, and begin to conjecture what it would mean in your business to be able to produce such printing, under your own roof, at 25% to 75% less than the printer's charge—without the muss and fuss, skilled labor or big investment of the ordinary private printing-plant.

THE MULTIGRAPH

Produces real printing and form-typewriting, rapidly, economically, privately, in your own establishment

Ask us for samples, literature and data.
Write today. Use the coupon.

Then when you're convinced that it's real printing we're talking about, we shall be glad to send a representative to assist you in finding out whether you have a profitable application for the machine. You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
1800 East Fortieth Street Cleveland

Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W 8 Krausenstr. 70 Ecke Friedrichstr Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, written on your business stationery. We'll show you what others are doing

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1800 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:

Typewriting:

Westinghouse Electric Letters Are Dictated to the Dictaphone

Mr. E. A. Tilden, Chief Correspondent of the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., says:

"You will get increased efficiency from your stenographic help and, in fact, we save considerable money on our stenographic force by using these machines. We have twenty-five of these machines in operation at our New York office, and several hundred through our company as a whole."

Telephone or write to our nearest branch, or better yet, call:

Atlanta, 42-44 N Broad St. Boston, 174 Tremont St. Chicago, 101 N Wabash Ave. Dallas, 1005 Main St. Detroit, 54-56 Lafayette Blvd Minneapolis, 422-424 Nicollet Ave. New York 89 Chambers St Philadelphia, 1106 Chestnut St Pittsburgh, 101 Sixth St. San Francisco, 334 Sutter St. St Louis, 1006 Olive St Toronto Can , McKinnon Bldg

And in all large cities.

Write for catalogs and full particulars, and a complete list of all branches, one of which may be nearer to you than any of the above.

THE DICTAPHONE

REGISTERED

Box 145, Tribune Building, New York

Columbia Phonograph Co., Gen'l, Sole Distributers

Exclusive Selling Rights Granted Where We Are Not Actively Represented

Those cousins out west—or back east—you don't hear from them as often now. You each have new friends, new interests. But after all, blood *is* thicker than water and your picture and pictures of the other members of *your* family would be welcomed by *them*—especially for Christmas.

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

That curious look of Peter's, which she had marked when he presented her with eggs, soap and candles, besides the flour and potatoes—a look that had faded into real relief when she had accepted them simply, without comment—that curious, almost timid look came into his eyes again.

"I was going to tell you, Mat," he said slowly, "I'm afraid you can't count on the mule. He's gone."

"Gone?" she echoed, confused and incredulous of such blundering misfortune. "Gone? Then how are we to get back?"

"Why, I—I could walk over," he began slowly, "and get another

"And leave us here alone? Never never in the world!"

"That donkey was tied," observed Peep thoughtfully. "Can donkeys untie ropes?"

"In circuses, yes," said the baby unexpectedly; "in woods, I don't know!"

Peter turned his back and blew his nose.

"We shall wait here for Dicky Varnham," Mattie announced with firmness. "We shall wait here if it is all summer. I don't know what Celestine will think, and I only hope Fräulein can keep the servants. They'll know we're with you anyhow."

"Yes; they'll know you're with me," said Peter.

After that the long blue days melted softly into the long starry nights, and no one marked them. Peter shot one, then two, then three magnificent deer, on the ground that they were going to bite Peep; and, promising that he would take none in the Adirondack Club that year, eased his conscience. They cured the skins with salt, and Peter taught them to pack the hams in salt too; Mattie wondered vaguely where all that salt came from, and decided that the providential cache under the buckboard must have been filled with it. Peep discovered a wonderful, cool, spray-wet cavelet under a waterfall below the bend of the creek, and there the steaks lasted beyond belief of those dependent upon porcelain refrigerators.

Each day she said to herself: "I must think out a way to get us home; Peter seems incapable of it, and Dicky must have had some accident—or perhaps he knows about the feud too."

Every day there was so much to do though!

To shake the beds, to drag the blankets out to the sun, to heat the water, to cleanse the pots and plates that she had learned to keep so few, to broom the floor, to bring in chips and fagots, to wash out the underflannels that would soon be too warm, to bury the waste neatly, to get all ready for Peter, the cook—lo, it was dinnertime!

To wash up; to listen to the saga of her men's day; to nap a little, like a kitten, in the sun; to talk a little German to the baby, who seemed to have spent her few, if experienced, years in teaching English to a series of ambitious Fräuleins; to chat lazily with Peep, amazed at his curious, shy notions told her freely for the first time in two years; to toss the big leather ball with him and his father until she ran, red and dripping, to the shallow pool the sun had warmed—lo, supper was ready!

To pack away the children, full of venison soup and crumbled biscuit; to lie warm on the army blanket under the filling moon, the prosaic venison hash and pancakes a poetic memory now; to smoke endless cigarettes, for Peter rolled them for her out of his bottomless pouch; to talk and talk with him of tiny matters for which one used long words, and of great things for which only short words are found—lo, it was sleepingtime, and more than once they lay there, blanket-rolled, all the long fragrant night, and the lemon and apricot of the dawn crept across their closed eyes!

For the first time in many, many months Martha lived neither in the past of her mistakes nor the future of her hopes—that clear, successful future, with all the knots unraveled!—but in the immediate and tiny present, and found it strangely good. A wonderful sense of well-being, that product of various labors in the open, filled her veins; her vitality, steadily on the increase, unspent in the thousand and one petty drains of the winter, fell back upon her soul, as the dews fall back upon the sea, and lightened her spirit, so that merely to live was to love life.

"Why did I mind so much? Why did I bother?" She thought vaguely of that life behind the woods. "Why did I try so hard?"

Sister's curls had long since been cut with a hunting knife, and Martha's undulated locks had long since been hanging in

Will you own up that you're not giving your body a square deal?

IF YOU will let me help you, I can add years of usefulness and greater efficiency to your business life. For you surely are not satisfied through sedentary habits to grow a little weaker and less valuable every day.

I am speaking generally, because I know that nine out of ten men who work indoors have surface muscles that are as soft as dough, and stomach and intestine muscles that are growing weaker every day. With even half proper treatment, the vital muscles can be made strong enough to improve the health, appearance, temperament, and ability of any man.

Big biceps and surface muscles no more indicate health than brick walls prove that a building is fireproof. The first test [illegible] whether your deep reserves [illegible] you do the things you want to do and your body to work without waste of will energy?

The Thompson Course

is a series of simple, natural movements, which give greater strength, vitality and energy to the most important muscles of the body—those of the stomach, liver, lungs, heart, and other vital organs.

The Thompson Course requires no apparatus, does not force you to give up any of your regular habits, and takes but a few minutes of your daily time. Men of large affairs, whose time is probably worth more than either mine or yours, have given their attention to my Course, and have postponed their retirement many years on account of it; besides greatly increasing their present efficiency.

A few such, who think well of the Thompson Course, are [illegible]

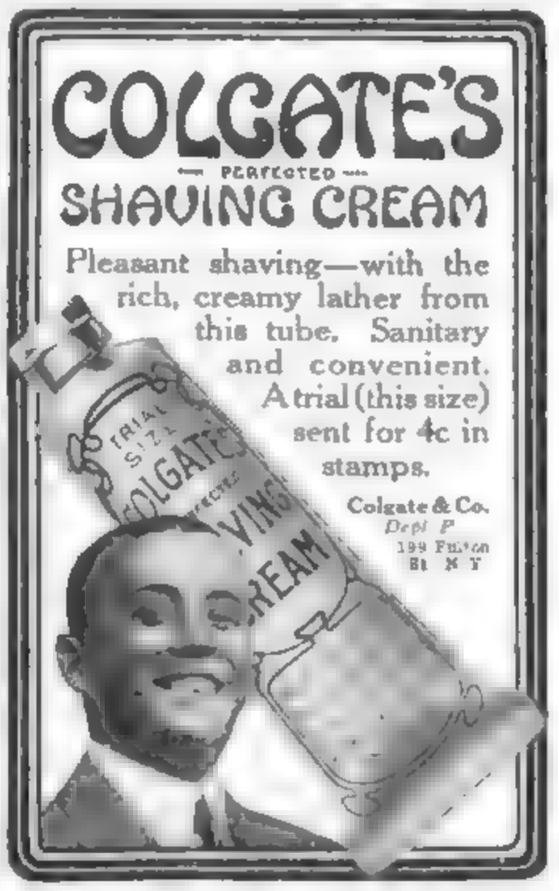
Interstate Commerce Commission.

Unless you are so well satisfied with your physical and mental condition as to believe yourself incapable of improvement, you will profit by reading my book, *"Human Energy,"* which tells all about *The Thompson Course*. I will send you a copy of this book free upon request. It will send me your name and address. I will send you a copy with the simple stipulation that you read it as though it were written by a friend.

Take my word for it, this book is worth sending for *today*. Address

J. Edmund Thompson

Suite 11, Exchange Building, Worcester, Mass.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PERFECTED
SHAVING CREAM
Pleasant shaving—with the rich, creamy lather from this tube. Sanitary and convenient. A trial (this size) sent for 4c in stamps.
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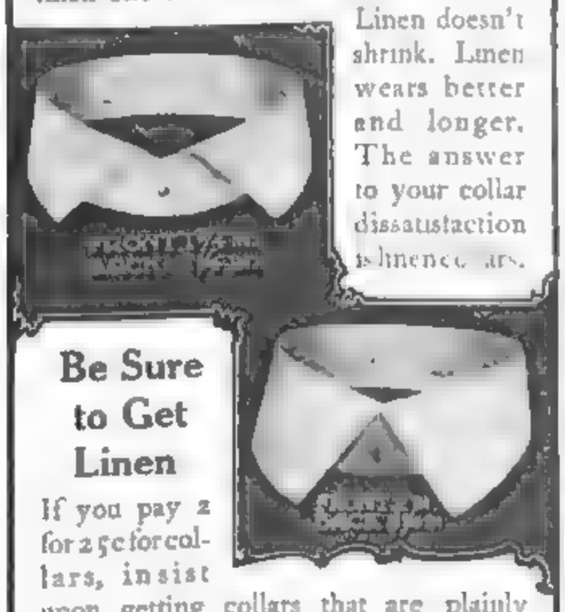
TRIAL SIZE
COLGATE'S
SHAVING CREAM

Unless a Collar is Stamped "Warranted Linen" It is Not Linen

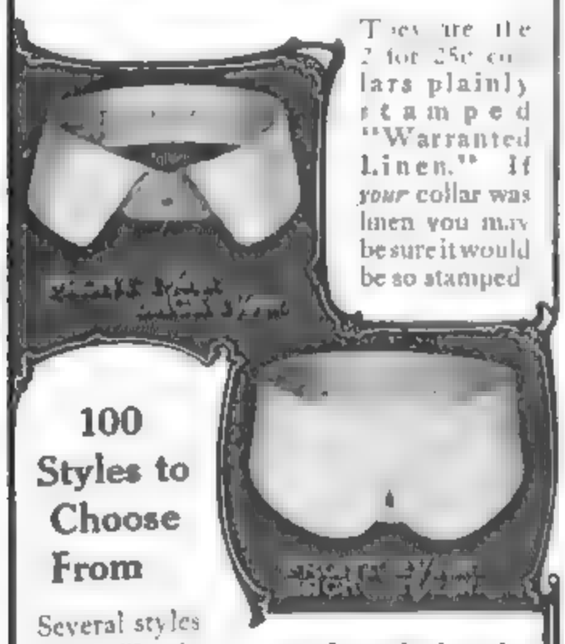
And cannot give you the satisfaction a linen one does. Linen doesn't stretch. Linen doesn't shrink. Linen wears better and longer. The answer to your collar dissatisfaction is linen collars.



Be Sure to Get Linen

If you pay 2 for 25c for collars, insist upon getting collars that are plainly stamped "Warranted Linen."

Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars



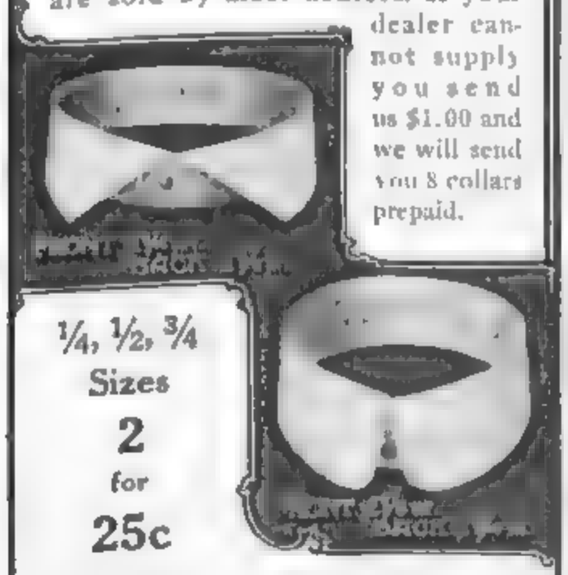
They are the 2 for 25c collars plainly stamped "Warranted Linen." If *your* collar was linen you may be sure it would be so stamped

100 Styles to Choose From

Several styles that will suit you exactly and give absolute satisfaction.

Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars

are sold by most dealers. If your dealer cannot supply you send us $1.00 and we will send you 8 collars prepaid.



¼, ½, ¾ Sizes 2 for 25c

We have recently issued a new booklet, including Dress Chart, showing the latest Barker styles. We will be glad to send you a copy if you will send your address.

Wm. Barker Co.
Makers
Troy, New York

squaw-braids, when Peep's daring attempt at a fire nearly burned the camp out. As it was, it took five hard hours of unremitting, blackened, panting struggle, when the blankets soaked in water, the ponchos, last of all Mattie's heavy skirt, beating at the blazing stumps, saved the day. Muscular and agile, erect in her slim knickerbockers, her dark braids whipping the air, she beat and stamped and poured; and when, the excitement over, they lay exhausted on the rocks and laughed at the knickers torn and burned, rubbed venison fat on their hands and washed down their cold bacon and potatoes with bowls of strengthening coffee, they caught, each in the other's eyes, a warming glint of honest admiration.

"You're an old trump, Mat!" said Peter sleepily. "Let's stay out here the kiddets are all right and I'm too tired to move. We'll hunt up that skirt tomorrow."

The smoldering heart of a young pine tree had quietly charred the heavy woolen stuff away, though, and when he brought it to her, chagrined, she laughed and put on her bathing suit!

After that they threw tradition to the winds, and Mattie's white knees grew tanned and scratched, and Peep and Sister wore the same blue flannel swimming clothes morning, noon and night. The days grew so warm that they spent an hour at a time in the shallow pool and dried off in the sun. Peep shot up before their eyes, and Sister's waxing stomach threatened her waistbands. They had no calendar and needed none. Mattie thought regretfully in spare moments of Peter's neglected office, and wondered mistily whether they were losing much money, but ——

"I can't help it—I can't let him go and be here alone—Dicky must come soon!"

Peter never hinted that the office needed him, and looked so tall and brown and splendid, and it was so idiotically sweet to do the obvious, simple, necessary things he told one to do, and not worry!

Once he was gone longer than usual, and Martha, groping about the bottom of the box that held the bacon for a bit of old newspaper to read, dragged out half a sheet of crumpled print and, smoothing it carefully, noted mechanically that a rough triangular bit was gone from one corner. The shape of that bit was printed on her memory, and with a quick gesture she caught it out from behind the stacked cartridges on the ammunition ledge and fitted it in. The edges matched exactly—and the date on the large sheet was three years old!

First white and then red came under the tan of her firm cheeks, and even as she sat with the sheet before her Peter strode into the cave with a string of pickerel.

"We had to go two miles for these, Mat," he began, but stopped short under her eyes.

"Well?" he said low and abruptly "Well?"

Mattie never knew what she meant to say; at the sight of his shamed, stiff face, all the joy whipped out of it at once, she crumpled the telltale paper into a shapeless wad and flung it at the fire.

"My poor boy—did you want me so much?" she cried with a sudden sob.

He crushed her into the stained, torn khaki coat.

"Oh, Mat, you'll never know how I wanted you!" he whispered.

Late that night under the spangled sky she confessed her penitent, drawing mercilessly from him the least details of his deep cunning.

"And that boy came and got the mule? The same boy that brought the potatoes and pork?"

He nodded abjectly into her warm shoulder.

"And Dicky knew all the time?"

"Yes."

"And Fräulein?"

"Ye-es—that is, I said you might stay s-some time."

"It doesn't matter about her; Sister knows more German now than when she left home—are you laughing, Peter?"

A hawk, chasing a calling owl, swept over them; the pines sent incense through the night.

"How long had you planned about that newspaper?"

"Honestly, Mat, I never saw it until I tore it off the bacon just before you came in. I noticed Job's Hollow in it and I did think: 'Suppose she saw it,' you know. Then I changed my mind ——"

"Yes, I saw you changing it."

"And I felt such a sneak when you believed it so quickly, Mat!"

"I should hope so," she said severely.

Here's your kind of a Cigar—the *Girard*

A cigar that you *will* enjoy and that you *can* enjoy freely.

Most cigars are *either* full-flavored *or* mild. The *Girard* is *both.*

Full flavored because its all-Havana filler is not "sweated" artificially as with ordinary cigars; but is seasoned slowly and naturally retaining all its native quality. *Mild* because we blend this perfectly seasoned leaf by a method original with us and used only in the

The "Broker" 10c

GIRARD Cigar

A mellow satisfying tropic smoke that agrees even with high-strung nerves.

Tell your dealer you have made up your mind to try this remarkable cigar. Ask him to put it in for you if he hasn't it. *He can't lose.*

We refund the dealers money for any Girards he does not sell.

Ask him *today.* You can't afford to miss such a smoke.

3 standard 10-cent sizes

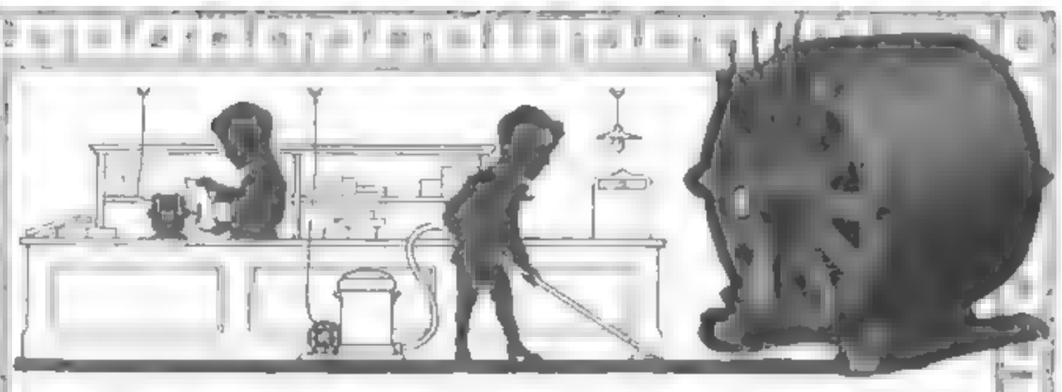
The "Broker"
5¼-in. Perfecto

The "Mariner"
5⅝-in. Panatella

The "Founder"
5-in. Blunt

Other sizes up to 15 cents straight.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Established 1871 Philadelphia



Live Storekeepers Keep Stocks Bright and Stores Free from Dust and Dirt with the Westinghouse Small Motor

TARNISH and dust prevent sales. If you want your stock to be worth one hundred cents on the dollar, have your errand boy occasionally clean any dingy articles with a buffer run by a Westinghouse Motor.

The expense of the motor equipped for a buffing wheel is very little. See the nearest good electrical dealer and let him quote prices. He will take care of the whole installation and see that it is properly done.

The same motor will run a vacuum cleaner. The vacuum cleaner is absolutely essential to up-to-date storekeeping. In keeping dust and dirt away it saves its cost every month.

In the office such a motor will drive the adding machine, run the office printing press, the stamping machine, the envelope sealer; doing well with machines in an hour what a couple of boys would do poorly by hand in a day.

See your electrical dealer. He will be glad of your choice of a Westinghouse Motor because he knows that its perfect design and its sturdy workmanship are his best insurance against dissatisfaction upon your part. If you want to be informed as to the good dealers in your vicinity write us for such information.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.

Dept. M.P., East Pittsburgh, Penna.

How We Can Do Your Christmas Shopping for You

Between now and Christmas almost everybody will make from one to a dozen "shopping" trips. Lists in hand they will make their way through the crowded stores looking for suggestions, comparing prices and striving for the attention of sales people. They will return to home or office tired and disgusted. What's the use?

Wouldn't you rather have a year's subscription to a good periodical than most of the presents which you receive? Well, most of your friends feel just as you do.

Just sit down and make out a list of those to whom you want to send presents of a year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post;* mail a check to us and we will attend to the rest. You needn't even write to your friends.

Our way of announcing the gift adds immensely to its value. We have prepared a beautiful reproduction, in all the lovely colors of the originals, of three wonderful panels painted by Maxfield Parrish. The announcement measures 8⅝x8⅝ ins. The reverse side, also illuminated, bears this announcement:

At the direction of

we have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*

Holiday remembrance

The Curtis Publishing Co.

One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas Day by each person for whom a subscription is ordered, along with the current copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The same reproduction will be sent to any one for whom a subscription to *The Ladies' Home Journal* is ordered, though of course in that case the card carries the title of that magazine.

Give your own name and address as well as the names and addresses of the recipients. Order at once, sending $1.50 for each subscription ($2.50 for *The Journal* in Canada). Do not delay. Many thousands of orders will be received between now and Christmas. The announcement will be mailed, however, so as to be received on Christmas.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

A red squirrel chattered angrily at something or other; the moon sank softly. The Milky Way grew clearer and the pines murmured softly. As often, on these nearly windless nights, they heard the waterfall below the bend. He slept quietly, his head on her shoulder.

. . . . . .

It was Doctor Stanchon who strode in on them one sunny afternoon, checking and bursting into deep laughter at the bare-legged, rubbershod gipsy who lay on a pine needle bed under a rock ledge—a faded swimming suit her only dress, a brown, giggling child rolling over her, tickling her with pine needles, a half-naked brown boy nested in the tree above them, dropping down pine cones with malicious aim.

"Talk about dryads and fauns!" the doctor shouted. "You look like a fox with her cubs! Get up and tell me howdy, you poor white trash—where's your manners?"

"How did you get here?" Mattie gasped.

"A boy with a mule and a sack of potatoes brought me," he said placidly. "Before that I had a map—Dick Varnham's car part of the way. He's up at the lake. He sent his regards and hopes you found the cave up to specifications. Did you? How're the headaches?"

"You needn't think I don't know all about it," she answered seriously, sitting up in her longtime skirtless bathing suit and shaking her squawbraids at him.

"It was you put Peter up to it. He's fishing—he'll be back. Of course you'll stay! You can sleep downstairs with the children."

"I'll sleep where I see fit," he said, kissing her cheek. "You're a nice little girl, Mattie, when you're not running the universe. How's the head?"

"Oh, I don't have them any more," she assured him—"at least not here. I forgot about them. Here's Peter!"

Later, as they lay about the red fire, Peter's guest pancakes, with special maple syrup, achieved and appreciated, and with Peter's extra pipe in use, their drowsy guest, nodding after that first day of tramping, looked at them quizzically.

"Before I go off to sleep, which I'm going to do in exactly eight minutes," he said, "tell me, are you ever coming back?—for you don't look it. Is the cave leased indefinitely?"

Martha looked straight at his kindly, sleepy face.

"Not exactly," she said, "though in many ways we'd like it. But I expect to be busy this winter, so ——"

"For heaven's sake, Mattie, you're not going to begin committeeing again?"

"Not so much, dear; not so much, truly," she assured him. "I did too much; I admit it; and I'm not so sure now that it gets much of anywhere, anyhow. And Sister does better with me, I think. I'm going to ask that nice Miss Gillatt to come to us and help me, and give Celestine our Fräulein—she always wanted her. Then I've promised Peep to walk to school with him, mornings; but that isn't what's making us leave the cave this winter."

"Then what?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, dear, it's only just about big enough for us four—and next winter there'll be five of us!"

The moon sank softly, and they slept under the stars.

A Lively Little Party

FRED KELLY went back to the scenes of his Ohio boyhood and hired a horse and buggy to drive round and visit familiar spots.

As he was about to get into the buggy a negro came trotting across a field, calling Kelly by name. Kelly couldn't remember him at first, but the negro identified himself as a boyhood playmate, and insisted Kelly should drive him to a field where the negro had a job cutting corn, explaining that if Kelly refused to do this his friend would lose his job.

"What makes you late?" asked Kelly.

"Oh, my wife's sistah is visitin' at ouh house. She wasn't feelin' very well an' come ovah this mawnin' on the eight o'clock cah. They thought she might get bettah at ouh house, but she died about half an hour aftah she come; so that kept me back from gettin' to wu'k."

"What was the matter?" asked Kelly.

"Oh, seems like she went to some sort of a dance in Dayton night befo' las' an' some niggah the' got to wu'kin on her haid wif a hatchet."

6%

Gold Bonds for Christmas

PRUDENT buyers in selecting their gifts look further ahead than Christmas morning. They consider the elements of permanence, stability and actual merit before choosing.

These qualities are well embodied in A-R-E Six's, the American Real Estate Company's 6% Gold Bonds. They are issued in denominations of $100, $500, $1000 and upward, pay interest semi-annually and return principal in 10 years.

They are ideal Christmas gifts for any member of the family. They never wear out, they are always fashionable, and twice each year for ten years, they bring a happy reminder of the gift and giver.

Moreover, they teach a forceful lesson in thrift and business management—a priceless gift in itself.

A-R-E Six's are also issued in Accumulative form, purchasable by instalments of $25 or more, paying 6% compound interest and maturing $1000 and upward in a given term.

You will be interested in our new map of New York City and book of views showing the location and character of property on which A-R-E Six's are based. You are welcome to them for the asking.

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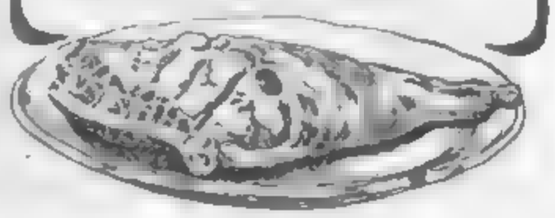
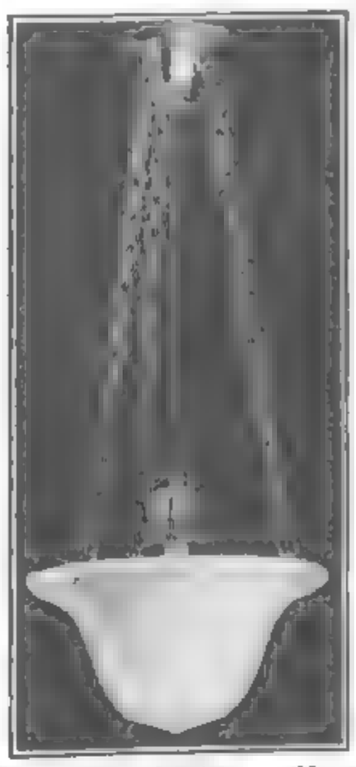
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Improves the flavor of Hot or Cold Meats, Soups, Fish, Gravies, Stews and Hashes. A necessity for good Chafing Dish Cooking.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, N. Y.





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Better Light for Business

1. Brings more people to your store.

2. Shows goods to better advantage.

3. Helps to sell more goods.

4. Reduces mistakes and improves the service to customers.

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Alba Lighting Fixtures

get more and better illumination out of your lamps. They fill your store with an abundant, even, soft radiance, without shadow, glare, or harsh spots of light.

Why not make your store beautiful and popular with beautiful lights? Try Alba in one department and see the difference. Your dealer has Alba or can get it.

Illuminating Help

Send floor and ceiling plans of your store, showing location of fixtures in your windows. Engineering Department will send you lighting plans without charge.

For stores, offices, public buildings send for Catalogue No 42 or Book No 49 on Semi-indirect Illumination

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company
Pittsburgh

Also in New York

THE SOB SISTER

(Continued from Page 11)

the drab figure come sliding in at the door. At first he did not know her; then Aggie jabbed back her hat from her brow, and at the old familiar gesture of weariness, of languor and depression, Dunstan gasped, and he scrambled to his feet.

"Aggie!"

"Oh, hello, Dunstan!" she murmured. "I haven't seen you for a long while."

She swayed a little as she spoke, and Dunstan's hand gripped her quickly and he helped her to a chair. Aggie stared at him drowsily, a faint smile dawning on her haggard mouth. "Why—why, what's wrong?" she asked; but Dunstan did not answer. A waiter dawdled near at hand and Dunstan hailed him.

"Here, you!" he ordered; and at the tone the man jumped. "Quick! A cup of coffee—black coffee—strong!"

"Right, sir!" the waiter answered, and was back with it on the run. Dunstan waved him away.

"Aggie—look up!" he ordered. "Do you hear me? Come, pour that down!"

His tone was the tone he'd used on the man, so Aggie poured it down. A moment later the fire in the potent liquor flowed to her veins, and she lived. At any rate she no longer felt herself the wraith that had come stalking in at the door; and, leaning back, she essayed another smile.

"Funny!" she murmured. "You know, for a moment I felt all in—I wonder why?"

The small grimfaced man beside her did not seem to heed much what Aggie murmured in apology though.

"Look here, you!" he growled. "You tell me what has happened!"

Aggie caught her breath.

"To me?"

"Yes, you!" he snapped.

Aggie winced. Again the pallor crept into her face, and there came with it a look as if some ugly avid memory forced itself upon her. The pallor grew.

"Me? I? Why, I've been working—writing," faltered Aggie, and gleamed wanly. "I've been writing a Christmas story."

"Yes," grimly nodded Dunstan; "I spotted it."

"Did you?" mildly echoed Aggie. Then she added: "I'm sorry, Joe."

"Sorry? Is it another fake?" he asked.

Aggie shook her head.

"No; it's all true—every word—only I knew you'd not like it." She looked up then, again wistful. "At the office, though, I think—yes, so they told me—it's a hit," she said inertly.

Inwardly she had no pride in her creation. What she uttered was mere conversation.

"Like it? I?" said Dunstan. "Who wouldn't? It's pathos! and it's pity! and it's art! Yes!—— But Aggie," he added—and he leaned over and touched her on the arm—"Aggie, it's not what a girl—what you—what a woman who might be the mother of children should be writing! No, Aggie!" And at what he said her eyes leaped; then they blazed.

"Ah, don't you tell me that!" she warned swiftly between her teeth. "I'm done if you want to know! I've quit! I've finished! Tonight I wrote my letter, and I dropped it in the box! I've resigned—oh, yes," said Aggie, "and I haven't a cent in the world. Crawley got it all."

"Crawley?" echoed Dunstan.

"Yes—Crawley!" answered Aggie.

Again Dunstan leaned over and touched her on the sleeve.

"Why—why did you ever marry him?" he asked, and pressed his lips together.

Aggie looked at him dully.

"H'm! Don't you know?" she asked, and, when Dunstan shook his head, droned listlessly: "Well, neither do I." A shrug followed. "Maybe it was because he asked me—the only one that ever did. Perhaps you wonder? Well, were you ever lonely?—ever shamed? Have you ever hated things—everything? I did. I hated the sham and all the swagger—the unsexed, defeated lives we women led. Oh, but the work wasn't all," she acknowledged. "It was me. A girl can be right even on a newspaper—some papers, anyway—some girls—only I—I hated it. I wanted a home, a life, Dunstan!—the things other women have. Ah, but what's the use!" she murmured. "No man would understand."

Dunstan sat back and eyed her steadily.

"Tell me the rest!" he ordered. "You haven't told me all."

Aggie shook her head.

10 for $1.
Box of 50 $5.

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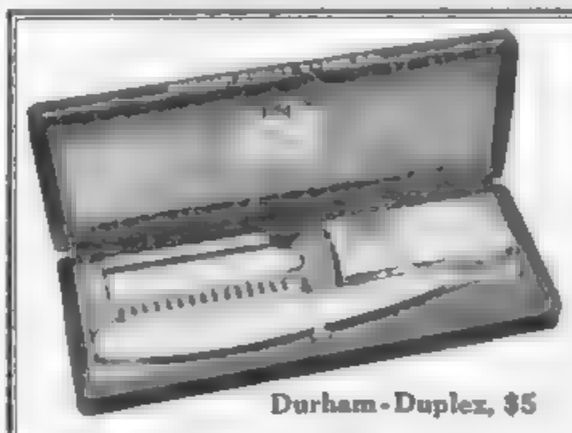

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GIVE him a *real* gift this Christmas—a gift that will be personal and permanent. Give him something that will bring pleasure and satisfaction into every day of his life. Give him a *real* safe razor that assures him a keen, sharp, double-edge blade and that long, smooth-cutting, diagonal stroke—to be had in the

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There is nothing that will please father, husband, brother or son more than a Durham-Duplex Razor—nothing that will reflect more credit upon your own good taste and ability to choose a real man's gift. Best of all there is a Durham-Duplex to suit every taste—to satisfy every pocketbook. You can make the gift as elaborate or as modest as you wish.

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Perhaps he already owns a Durham-Duplex Demonstrator Razor. If he does he paid 35c for it. We have authorized our dealers to take back this demonstrator and allow you 50c in exchange on the price of any regular set you may select. In this way you can obtain a $2.50 Derby Set for $2, or a $5 Standard Durham Set for $4.50, and [illegible] set includes six of the famous Durham-Duplex double-edge blades.

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[illegible] find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage [illegible] and distributing expense) Send Durham [illegible] Razor with Durham-Duplex Blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.

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IT'S the useful gift that pleases most so give the woman of the house a
CARBORUNDUM KNIFE SHARPENER
—a solid shaft of Carborundum—round or octagonal fitted with genuine stag horn or wooden handle—far better and quicker than the old-time steel for giving a keen edge.
Make glad the man who shaves himself—give him a Carborundum Razor Strop or an Aloxite Hone. Gratify the sportsman with a Carborundum Sportsman's Stone—it will put an edge on his hunting knives, hatchets, etc., in a twinkling.
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"There's nothing else—nothing." Then she raised her eyes. "What about you? They say you've quit—have you?"

"Yes; I've quit. I'm out—leaving too," he nodded.

"Not the town!"

"On the first train," answered Dunstan. "I've bought a small place in the West." Then, as if to go back to something else, he added: "Aggie, listen—"

She did not let him finish.

"Did she want it?—the girl on Riverside Drive—to leave New York?"

Dunstan did not even move or take his eyes from Aggie's.

"Oh, she"—he answered quietly—"why, when I got the sack, she—I mean us—why, we called the marriage off."

A gasp escaped Aggie and she winced. It was in pain for him, though—his pain, even if he had not shown it.

"Dunstan! Dunstan!" she whispered.

"My girl," said Dunstan, "you and I haven't many illusions left—have we? No, not many!" Then he smiled at her, his gray, unlovely face for the instant wistful. "And yet, too, we might have been happy—happy, Aggie," he murmured, and shook his head regretfully; "might if you only, only hadn't married—Crawley. Think of it—might, might have been happy!"

They were not alone. Near at hand a dozen persons watched openly. Somehow, though, these two seemed not to notice. With her eyes widening and her lips apart Aggie gripped the table's edge.

"Dunstan," said she, and her voice cracked—"do you mean—you—that you'd have married me? You—marry—me?"

The scorn, the self-implication she flung into the words snapped above her like a whiplash; and her hand, gripping the table's edge, grew knotted with the strain.

Dunstan nodded.

"Now, tonight, Aggie—if it only wasn't for Crawley."

Aggie's lips again wet themselves feverishly, and with a desperate hand once more she pushed her hat from her brow. Both her tone and her manner, when she spoke, were as if she did not quite understand.

"Let me get it right, Joe. Let's not have any mistake. I love you—and I want you—and I'd die for you. That's why I want you to look—look me in the face, Joe. See!" said Aggie, and she held up her face for him to see. "I'm forty," she warned; "forty in years, Joe—old as Egypt in wiseness, in what I've seen and lived!—and you love me?"

"Why, Aggie," said Dunstan, smiling dryly, "why not? You're a woman—aren't you? Don't you remember I told you so long ago?"

"And still you'd marry me?" Aggie iterated as if still she couldn't believe it. "You would?" she whispered, absorbed, inspired. Dunstan moved abruptly, listless and depressed.

"Of course! But what's the use?" he added helplessly. "What's the—use—when there's Crawley?"

The next instant he felt Aggie's hands clutch him by the arm, and he looked down to see her gleaming up at him, her face transfigured—beatified and almost beautiful—her lips parted, and her eyes welling over.

"Joe!" she whispered. "Listen!"

Outside a peal of chimes clanged suddenly, their jubilant clamor stirring the quiet that lay deep upon the darkness before the dawn. It was Christmas Day in the morning; and at the restaurant's other end a white-aproned waiter climbed upon a chair and hung a cheap holly wreath in the window. Aggie now was indeed all in; and with her hands in Dunstan's she sat there with the tears of misery, of gladness and remorse, flowing unheeded down her sallow cheeks. The last pretense, and all her old defensive hardness and glitter, dropped from her like a discarded motley; and she raised her face to his.

"Joe, in my Christmas story—the one I wrote tonight—I faked the names; but the man I wrote about was—Crawley!"

Putting it Clearly

ON THE old market square at Paducah, Kentucky, two venerable negroes, known to everybody in town as Uncle Arthur and Uncle John, were holding a spirited argument on some subject. Just as a white resident passed them he heard Uncle John mumble something, whereupon Uncle Arthur caught him up sharply.

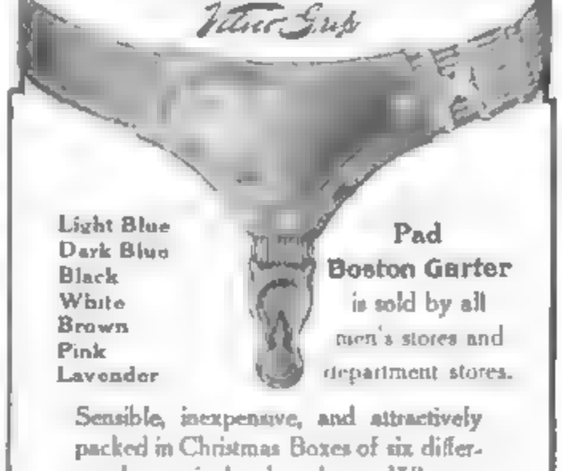
"I ain't axin' you is you ain't," snapped Uncle Arthur; "Ise axin' you is you is?"

HE will like the Pad Boston Garter for Christmas

Because *he* needs garters every day, and no man *ever* has too many. Made by the makers of the **Velvet Grip Hose Supporter** for women and children, and fitted with *Filter Gup* Moulded Rubber Button Clasp, it is the finest garter ever sold.

PAD Boston Garter

Filter Gup

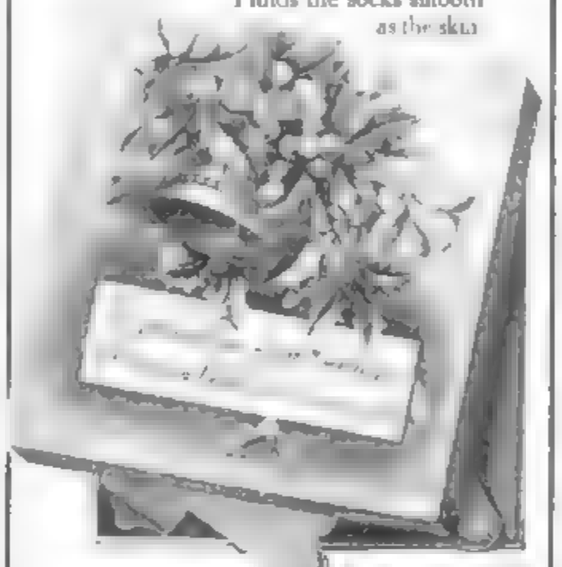


Light Blue
Dark Blue
Black
White
Brown
Pink
Lavender

Pad Boston Garter is sold by all men's stores and department stores.

Sensible, inexpensive, and attractively packed in Christmas Boxes of six different designs in lovely colors. Why not get him a pair *anyway*—no matter what else you have for him?

Holds the socks smooth as the skin



If your storekeeper hasn't the **Boston Garter** in Christmas Boxes buy by mail from the makers.

Fine Mercerized Elastic Webbing and Moroco Pad **25 Cents**

High Grade Silk Elastic Webbing and Satin Pad **50 Cents**

No Extra Charge for Christmas Boxes

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

That "Awful Smart" Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted

Use **MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM**

which contains no free caustic, and enjoy a *cool, comfortable shave.*

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires *no "rubbing in"* with the fingers to soften the beard. You *lather* and then shave. *Saves time,* and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere, 25c
Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.

Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Toilet Powder

Señorita *Silk-Spun*

For Christmas Gifts

appeals not only by its superb texture and exquisite coloring, but by the advanced and attractive nature of its fall styles and models. Silk itself cannot give the marvelous colors, the graceful draping or the spun-glass delicacy of this material

New this season—beautifully rich Señorita Silk-Spun Scarfs in White or Black, with very handsome lace designs, yet with the body needed for splendid service, finished in long, graceful, non-tangling fringe. 24 by 80 in., in lace net weaves, figured with fleur-de-lis and other attractive designs, $7 each. Scarfs 33 by 90 in., with large designs in charming floral or Grecian patterns, $9 each.

Señorita Silk-Spun Scarfs with the popular long four and five knot [illegible] 15 or 18 in. wide and 84 in. long, in any of the popular stripes or single colors, are on sale everywhere at $3.25 and $4.

Afternoon and Evening Scarfs in the newest colors, having long knotted and fringed ends, $1 to $4—with fancy borders, $2.25 to $4.

Señorita Silk-Spun Boudoir Caps, at 50c and $1. Theatre and Motor [illegible] $1, $1.50 and $2.

[illegible]

$1, $1.50 and $1.75.

Señorita Motor Scarf Clasps convert our handsome scarfs into [illegible] with long [illegible] design, patent pending.

If your dealer does not have these tremendously popular specialties, we will, upon receipt of price, send any of them in beautiful Christmas boxes, prepaid to any address with privilege of return.

Descriptive booklet with sample swatches on application.

THE OHIO KNITTING MILLS COMPANY, Cherry and Erie Streets, Toledo, Ohio

"Some say it is old-fashioned
sending greetings Christmas Day,
But some of us cling fondly to
the good old-fashioned way."

Copyright, 1910, by A. M. Davis

Christmas Cards

Solve the Christmas Problem

A "DAVIS QUALITY" CHRISTMAS CARD costing from 10c to 25c, which carries a sentiment that appeals, will bring more sincere appreciation than a gift costing several dollars.

Christmas gifts you can send to but a few—Christmas cards you can send to an unlimited number of friends and they will feel under no obligation to return the courtesy, except with a letter of appreciation.

The A. M. Davis Co. Quality Cards always carry a thrill of pleasure to the recipient, because they express your thoughts and wishes in an individual way. They have just the sentiment you would send to mother, or sister, or friend—the thought that has been lying back in your brain awaiting proper expression, here expressed a little better than you could do it yourself.

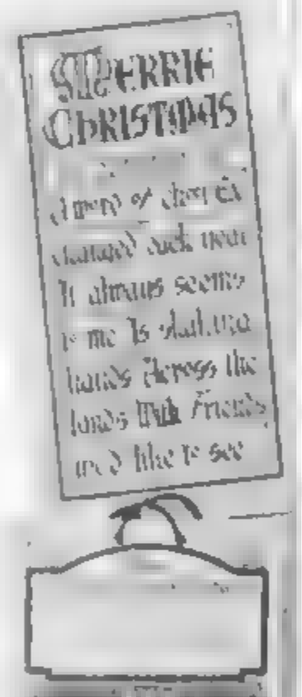
THE A.M.DAVIS CO.
QUALITY CARDS
BOSTON

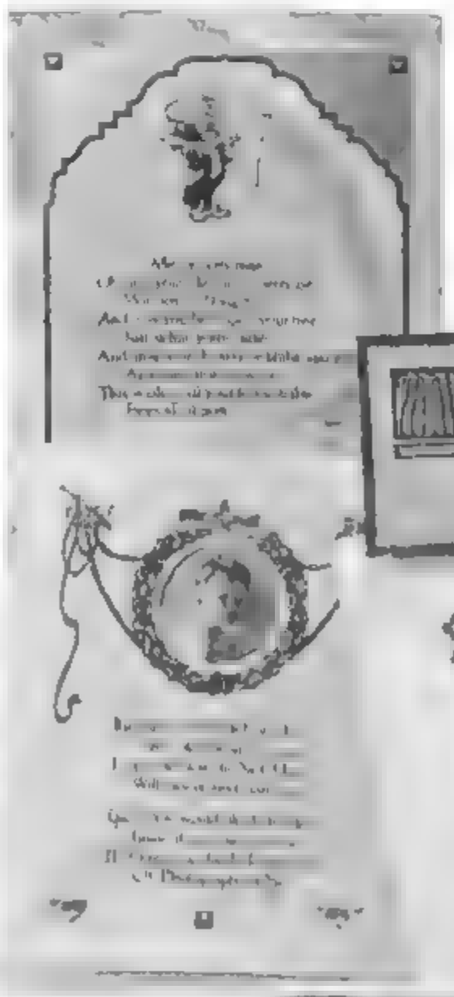
are the original American-made Christmas cards of high quality, a refreshing relief from the old-fashioned, imported Christmas booklet. The sentiments—by such authors as Henry van Dyke, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Edwin Markham, Robert H. Lord, Clara Louise Burnham, etc.—are published exclusively by us. They are printed, engraved or embossed on quality paper in a quality way. As they have proved themselves good enough to be imitated, *look for the trade mark* THE A.M.DAVIS CO. QUALITY CARDS BOSTON on the back. This trade mark on a Christmas card is the equivalent of the word "Sterling" on a piece of silver. Ask your dealer for The A. M. Davis Co. Quality Christmas Cards. If he cannot supply them,

SEND US THE COUPON BELOW

with 10c and we will mail you an A. M. Davis Co. Quality Card bearing the above sentiment and a booklet showing our complete line.

THE A. M. DAVIS COMPANY, 529 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.





From Man to Man
The Holly and the Mistletoe Bring thoughts of friends of long ago
Merri Christmas
LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK
THE A.M.DAVIS CO. QUALITY CARDS BOSTON

To the Dealer:
This advertising means the biggest demand for Davis Quality Christmas Cards ever known. Time is pressing. Telegraph your re-orders *collect*, and goods will be sent promptly, *prepaid*

THE A M. DAVIS CO.
529 Atlantic Ave. Boston, Mass.

Enclosed please find 10c. Send me Christmas Card No. 46 and your complete catalogue

Name

Street

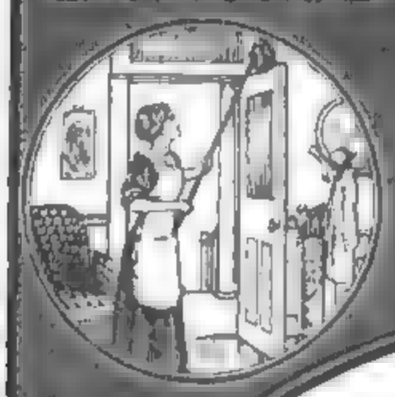
City

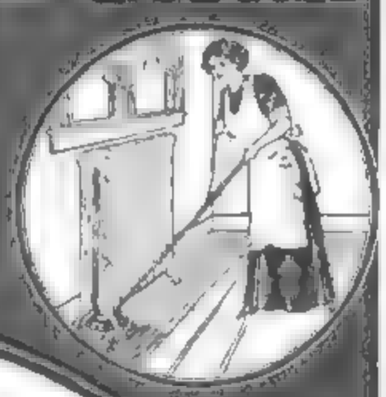
State

Dealer's Name

Makes it Easy to Clean

Those Hard-to Get-at Places





A Christmas Suggestion

There is not a woman in the land who would not appreciate this labor and time saver. It puts an end to back breaking, stooping and bending to dust, clean and polish hardwood floors.

Gets the Dust Everywhere and Holds It.

O-Cedar Polish Mop

It gathers all the dirt and dust and holds it. This dirt and dust may be shaken out and the mop easily washed. It can then be renewed by pouring a few drops of O-Cedar Polish on the mop.

It does more than merely dust. It polishes and cleans at the same time. Use it on hardwood floors, or any painted, varnished or finished woodwork, and linoleums and oilcloth. The mop is padded and can not scratch or mar furniture. It cuts the time of cleaning hardwood floors in half and does away with bending and stooping.

Handle is 54 Inches Long.

Channell Chemical Company
1432 Carroll Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

Get this O-Cedar Polish Mop at your dealers. It will be a welcome gift. A 365 days in the year reminder. A present that shows forethought.

If your dealer is sold out and can not supply you send us $1.50 for each mop wanted and we will ship direct, charges prepaid, appropriately packed as a Christmas Remembrance.

FOR HIS CHRISTMAS

A Rockwell Reminder for 1913 is a daily calendar (12 months) pad on bond paper, a fine leather cover holding two months at a time. Engagements to be noted ahead, then leaves torn off daily make it impossible to forget. Insert a new pad on first of each month. Size 3" x 5". Fits vest pocket.

Genuine Pigskin or Seal,	$1.00
Fine Black Leather	.50
Name on cover in Gold, Extra,	.25

Postpaid — receipt of price. Money Back if not satisfied.

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1100 Clinton St. Hoboken, N. J.

WE SHIP on APPROVAL

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
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LOWEST PRICES

Art Catalog

RIDER AGENTS

We Sell at Lowest Prices.
TIRES, Coaster Brake rear wheels,

Do Not Wait, write
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-55, CHICAGO

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

(Continued from Page 23)

the explosion. Can't be much of your gold gone, Lake. That compartment is pretty nearly as full as it will hold."

"Or heard him shoot our watchman," suggested Thompson. "Still, I don't know. There's blasting going on in the hills all the time and almost every one was at the masquerade or else asleep. How many times did they shoot old Lars—does anybody know? Is there any idea what time it was done?"

"He was shot once—right here," said Alec, indicating the spot on the flowered silk that had been part of his mandarin's dress. "Gun was held so close it burnt his shirt. Awful hole. Don't believe the old chap'll make it. He crawled along toward the telephone station till he dropped. Say! Central must have heard that shot! It's only two blocks away. She ought to be able to tell what time it was."

"Lars said it was just before midnight," said Clarke.

"Oh!—did he speak?" asked Lake. "How many robbers were there? Did he know any of them?"

"He didn't see anybody. Shot just as he reached the window. Hope some one hangs for this!" said Clarke. "Lake, I wish you'd have this money picked up—I'm not used to walking on gold—or else have me watched."

Lake shook his head, angry at the untimely pleasantry. It was a pleasantry in effect only, put forward to hide uneditorial agitation and distress for Lars Porsena. Lake's undershot jaw thrust forward; he fingered the blot of whiskers at his ear. It was a time for action, not for talk. He began his campaign.

"Look here, sheriff! You ought to wire up and down the line to keep a lookout. Hold all suspicious characters. Then get a posse to ride sign round the town. If we only had something to go on—some clew! Later we'll look through this town with a finetooth comb. Most likely they—or he, if there was only one—won't risk staying here. First of all, I've got to telegraph to El Paso for money to stave off a run on the bank. You'll help me, Thompson? Of course my burglar insurance will make good my loss—or most of it; but that'll take time. We mustn't risk a run. People lose their heads so. I'll give you a statement for the Day, Clarke, as soon as I find out where Mr. Thompson stands."

"I will back you up, sir. With the bulk of depositors' money loaned out, no bank, however solvent, can withstand a continued run without backing. I shall be glad to tide you over, if only for my own protection. A panic is contagious ——"

"Thanks," said Lake shortly, interrupting this stately financial discourse. "Then we shall do nicely. . . . Let's see—tomorrow's payday. You fellows" he turned briskly to the two superintendents—"can't you hold up your payday, say, until Saturday? Stand your men off. The company stands good for their money. They can wait a while."

"No need to do that," said Alec. "I'll have the railroad checks drawn on St. Louis. The storekeepers'll cash 'em. If necessary I'll wire for authority to let Turnbull pay off the millhands with railroad checks. It's just taking money from one pocket to put it in the other, anyhow."

"Then that's all right! Now for the robbers!" The banker's face betrayed impatience. "My first duty was to protect my clients; but now we'll waste no more time. You gentlemen make a close search for any possible scrap of evidence while the sheriff and I write our telegrams. I must wire the burglar insurance company too." He plunged a pen into an inkwell and fell to work.

Acting upon this hint, the sheriff took a desk. "Wish Phillips was here—my deputy," he sighed. "I've sent for him. He's got a better head than I have for noticing clews and things." This was eminently correct as well as modest. The sheriff was a Simon-pure Arcadian, the company's nominee; his deputy was a concession to the disgruntled Hinterland, where the unobservant rarely reach maturity.

"Oh, Alec!" said Lake over his shoulder, "you sit down, too, and wire all your conductors about their passengers last night. Yes—and the night crews too. We'll rush those through first. And can't you scare

The Towle Boy wants to tell all other children to eat

TOWLE'S
LOG CABIN SYRUP

I want every boy and girl in this country to eat Towle's Log Cabin Syrup. It's mighty good spread on plain bread, and it's simply gorgeous on waffles and batter cakes and hot biscuits and muffins and things. You can make the dandiest candy with it! And your folks can put it in ice cream and desserts.

It has a real maple flavor that makes you hungry for [illegible] right away. And [illegible] it helps to make you [illegible] and [illegible].

It is so good that it doesn't have to be [illegible] make it keep [illegible] like other [illegible] of the [illegible] Log Cabin [illegible].

If you will write me and ask me for it I will send you a little book that tells how to [illegible] candy with Log Cabin Syrup, and ever so many other things to do with it.

Enclose five 2-cent stamps and I'll send a little can of Log Cabin Syrup, too. Address me, "Jack Towle"

The Towle Maple Products Co.
Dept. B. St. Paul, Minn.

Refineries: St. Johnsbury, Vermont; St. Paul, Minn.

Always look for the Log Cabin Can

The Gift Pen of Quality.

For XMAS

THE 'SWAN' Safety Fountpen

No gift is more acceptable than a pen that can be depended upon to write instantly.

The "SWAN SAFETY" is guaranteed not to Leak, Blot or Skip and to Write instantly. Appreciated by men or women because of its usefulness. It will last a lifetime.

Made in Solid Gold and Sterling Silver in plain, engraved or filigree patterns or in Chased Vulcanite.

For sale by all Stationers and Jewelers. Price $2.50 and up.

MABIE, TODD & CO.
17 Maiden Lane, New York
209 S. State Street, Chicago

Old Colony

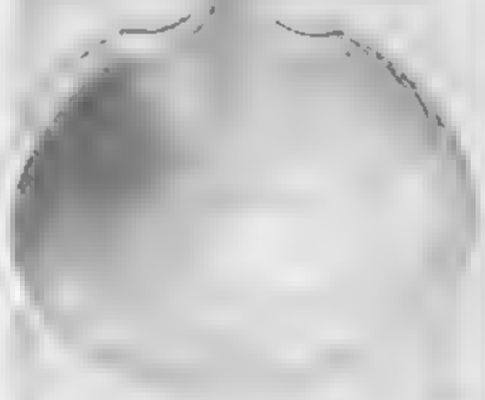
A Colonial Design of True Simplicity

Our "Old Colony" pattern is a beautiful design much admired by every lover of simplicity and art in silver. It combines all the grace and daintiness of the period its name suggests. It possesses individuality without over-ornamentation or loss of purity of outline. Like all

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

it is made in the heaviest grade of silver plate and is backed by the largest makers with an unqualified guarantee which an actual test of 65 years makes possible.



Most Popular for Gifts

The unvarying quality and richness of design make this silverware especially favored for gifts. Buy early while your dealer has a full line.

Dealers everywhere sell this silverware. Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-90."

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

New York Chicago San Francisco

Hamilton, Canada

up another operator?" His pen scratched steadily over the paper. "More apt to be some of our local outlaws though. In that case it will be easier to find their trail. They'll probably be on horseback."

"You were an—old-timer yourself, were you not?" asked Billy amiably. "If the robbers are frontiersmen they may be easier to get track of, as you suggest; but won't they be harder to get?" Billy spoke languidly. The others were searching assiduously for "clews" in the most approved manner, but Billy sprawled easily in a chair.

"We'll get 'em if we can find out who they were," snapped Lake, setting his strong jaw. He did not particularly like Billy—especially since their late trip to Rainbow. "There never was a man yet so good but there was one just a little better."

"By a good man, in this connection, you mean a bad man, I presume?" said Billy in a meditative drawl. "Were you a good man before you became a banker?"

"Look here! What's this?" The interruption came from Clarke. He pounced down between two fragments of the safe door and brought up an object which he held to the light.

At the startled tones Lake spun round in his swivel-chair. He held out his hand.

"Really, I don't think I ever saw anything like this thing before," he said. "Any of you know what it is?"

"It's a noseguard," said Billy. Billy was a college man and had worn a nosepiece himself.

"A noseguard? What for?"

"You wear it to protect your nose and teeth when playing football," explained Billy. "Keeps you from swearing too. You hold this piece between your teeth."

"Why! Why!" gasped Clarke, "there was a man at the masquerade togged out as a football player!"

"I saw him," said Alec. "And he wore one of these things. I saw him talking to Topsy."

"One of my guests?" demanded Lake scoffingly. "Oh, nonsense! Some young fellow has been in here yesterday, talking to the clerks, and dropped it. Who went as a football player, White? You know all these college boys. Know anything about this one?"

"Not a thing." There Billy lied—a prompt and loyal gentleman—reasoning that Buttinski, as he mentally styled the interloper who had misappropriated the Quaker lady, would have cared nothing at that time for a paltry thirty thousand. Thus was he guilty of a practice against which we are all vainly warned—of judging others by ourselves. Billy remembered very distinctly that Miss Ellinor had not reappeared until the unmasking, and he therefore acquitted her companion of this particular crime, entirely without prejudice to Buttinski's felonious instincts in general.

"Oh, well, it's no great difference anyhow," said Lake. "Whoever it was dropped it here yesterday, I guess, and got another one for the masquerade."

"Hold on there!" said Clarke, holding the spotlight tenaciously. "That don't go! This thing was on top of one of those pieces of the safe!"

For the first time Lake was startled from his iron composure.

"Are you sure?" he demanded, jumping up.

"Sure! It was right here against the sloping side of this piece—so."

"That puts a different light on the case, gentlemen," said Lake. "Luck is with us; and ——"

"And, while I think of it," said Clarke, making the most of his unexpected opportunity, "I made notes of all the costumes and their wearers after the masks were off—for the paper, you know—and I saw no football player there. I remember that distinctly."

"I only saw him the one time," confirmed Alec—"and I stayed almost to the break-up. Whoever it was, he left early."

"But what possible motive could the robber have for going to the dance at all?" queried Lake in perplexity.

"Maybe he made his appearance there in a football suit purposely, so as to leave us some one to hunt for, and then committed the robbery and went back in another costume," suggested Clarke, pleased and not a little surprised at his own ingenuity.

"H'm!" Lake was plainly struck with this theory. "And that's not such a bad idea, either! We'll look into this football

Proposed and Accepted as the Best

The chosen one of all by the girl who is an expert judge of the most delicious sweets, is a box of

Morse's

Milk Chocolate Creams

The only boxed chocolates with soft, fluffy, creamy centers—covered thick and rich and deep with luscious milk chocolate.

Sometimes she chooses

Morse's Masterpiece Chocolates

because of their mild, bitter-sweet, dark chocolate coating, and the delicate tang this chocolate gives to the soft cream centers.

Morse's Milk Chocolates and Masterpiece Chocolates are each wrapped tightly in waxed paper—marked with the name of the flavor.

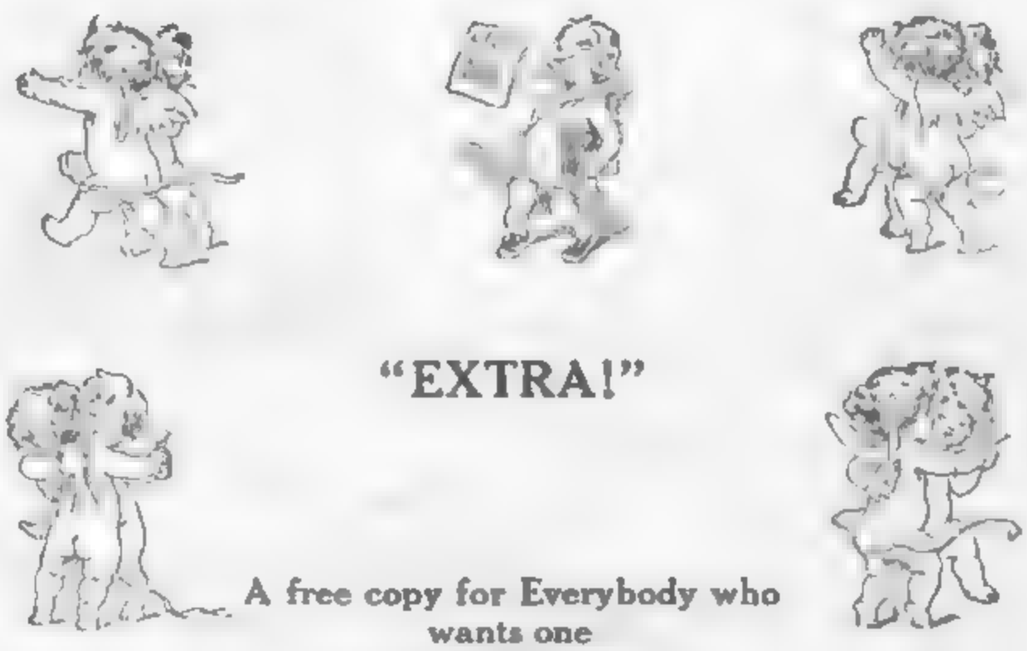
Again she wants

Morse's Elegant Chocolates

because of the hard centers—nut, caramels, nougat, cherries, ginger, marshmallows. All deeply coated with rich, thick chocolate, deliciously flavored.

Every boxful guaranteed fresh as a drop of dew. ***See why Morse's are proposed and accepted as the best.*** All good dealers have them.

A. G. Morse Company, Chicago, U. S. A. (2)



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LIFE is now sending out to his friends a miniature copy, printed in colors, and full of the best things which have appeared in LIFE for many years. All you need do in order to secure a copy of this issue (size 4½x5¾) is to forward to us your name and address and a two-cent stamp.

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Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct, not through an agent or dealer.

LIFE, 70 West 31, New York

One Year $5.00. (Canadian $5.52, Foreign $6.04.)

Come Home to Dinner With Me and Have Some of My Mother's Old-Fashioned Bread

The majority of men relish good, fresh, tasty bread and miss it keenly when compelled to eat ordinary bread. And there's a money-making reason why the housewife should supply the "bread earners" of her family with the best bread she can bake. The gluten in flour furnishes the muscle-building and energy-producing properties in bread. Good, clean bread is the best-balanced food the worker can eat, and it supplies as much nourishment as meat at a far lower cost.

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

contains a higher quality and quantity of gluten, by actual, daily, laboratory tests than the highest grade flour average published by the U S Government. The reason you get more and better gluten in OCCIDENT is because we reject for OCCIDENT Flour all wheat except First Choice of the hard, glutinous Spring wheats of North Dakota—the most valuable bread wheats grown. And every kernel is washed and scoured to perfect cleanliness. This extra cleanliness makes OCCIDENT Bread keep moist, fresh and sweet longer than other bread.

Costs More—Worth It OCCIDENT costs only a few cents more per sack than other flour and sells on a Binding Money-Back Guarantee to give you more loaves to the sack and to suit you better for all baking than any other flour. Let your family try OCCIDENT Bread on Our Guarantee.

Send For Our Booklet, "Better Baking"

Russell-Miller Milling Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.

A Thought for Christmas

This Great Little Typewriter only $18

Send for Catalog

Good Agents Wanted

The Bennett Portable Typewriter has 84 characters—same as the $100 machines. The writing is always in sight, allows for different [illegible]

LET US SHOW YOU

C. H. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, N. Y.

You MUST Use a Vacuum Cleaner

Modern and progressive household sanitation demands it.

Of the numerous vacuum devices on the market WHICH TO CHOOSE perplexes you.

The Reeves $5.00 SUCTION SWEEPER

May be Tried at Our Risk and Expense

TO PROVE TO YOU that THE REEVES is the most easily operated and most efficient hand power vacuum cleaner made—TO PROVE that it will do your sweeping with absolute thoroughness and in one-third the time taken by a broom

We Make This Offer Send us your check or P. O. order for $5.00 and we will at once send you a Reeves Suction Sweeper. We ask you to use it for thirty days and if you are dissatisfied FOR ANY REASON WHATEVER please send it back—we pay express charges both ways. Your money will be refunded without question or argument.

A Useful Christmas Gift.

Send postal for interesting circular.

The Reeves Vacuum Cleaner Company
51 Broad Street, Milford, Conn.

matter after breakfast. You'll go to the hotel with me, gentlemen? Our womankind are all asleep after the ball. The sheriff will send some one to guard the bank. Meantime I'll call the cashier in and find out exactly how much money we're short. Send Bassett in, will you, Billy? You stay at the door and keep that mob out."

With Billy went the sheriff and Alec, the latter with a sheaf of telegrams.

"Now . . . how did Buttinski's noseguard get into this bank I'd like to know?" said Billy to the doorknob when the other committeemen had gone their ways. "I didn't bring it. I don't believe Buttinski did. . . . And Policeman Lake certainly saw us quarreling. . . . Denmark's all patrened!"

The low sun cleared the housetops. The level rays fell along the window-sill; and Billy, staring fascinated at the single blotch of dried blood on the inner sill, saw something glitter and sparkle there beside it. He went closer. It was a dust of finely powdered glass. Billy whistled.

A light foot ran up the steps. There was a rap at the door.

"No entrance except on business. No business transacted here!" quoted Billy, startled from a deep study. A head appeared at the window. "Oh, it's you, Jimmy? That's different. Come on in!" It was Jimmy Phillips, the chief deputy. Billy knew him and liked him, so he unbarred the door.

"Well, anything turned up yet?" demanded Jimmy. "I stopped in to see Lars. Him and me was old side partners."

"How's he making it, Jimmy?"

"Oh, doc said he had one chance in ten thousand; so he's all right, I guess," responded that brisk optimist. "They got any theory about the robber?"

"They've got a heap to tell you in there," said Billy in a low and guarded tone. "They'll tell you. I haven't got time. See here—if I give you the straight tip, will you work it up and keep your head closed until you see which way the cat jumps? Can you keep it to yourself?"

"Mum as a sack of clams!" said Jimmy.

"Look at this a minute!" Billy pointed to the tiny particles of glass on the inner sill. "Got that? Then I'll dust it off. This is a case for your gummiest shoes. Now look at this!" He indicated the opening where the patch of glass had been cut from the big pane. Jimmy rubbed his finger very cautiously along the raw edge of the glass.

"Cut out from the inside—then carried out there? A frame-up?"

"Exactly. Come over here by the door. I don't want anybody to notice it—now."

"But," said Jimmy good-naturedly, "I'd 'a' seen that myself after a little if you hadn't 'a' showed me."

"Yes," said Billy dryly; "and then told somebody! That's why I brushed the glass-dust off. I've got inside information—some that I'm going to share with you and some that I am not going to tell even you!"

"Trot it out!"

"Lake had the key of this front door in the policeman's uniform that he wore to the dance. Isn't that queer? If I were you I'd very quietly find out whether he went home to get that key after he got word that the bank was robbed. He was still in the ballroom when he got the message."

"You think it's a put-up job? Why?"

"There is something not just right about the man Lake. His mind is too ballbearing altogether. He herds those chumps in there round like so many sheep. He used 'em to make discoveries with and then showed 'em how to force 'em on him. Oh, they made a heap of progress! They've got evidence enough up in there to hang John the Baptist, with Lake all the time setting back in the breeching for all the world like a balky horse. It's Lake's bank, and the bank's got burglar insurance. Got that? If he gets the money and the insurance too—see? And I happen to know he has been bucking the market. I dropped a roll with him myself. Then there's r-r-revenge! as they say on the stage—and something else besides. Has Lake any bitter enemies?"

"Oodles of 'em!"

"But one worse than the others—one he hates most?"

Jimmy thought for a while. Then he nodded.

"Jeff Bransford, I reckon."

"Is he in town?"

"Not that I know of."

"Well, I never heard of your Mr. Bransford; but he's in town all right, all right! You'll see! Lake's got a case cooked up that'll hang some one higher than Haman; and I'll bet the first six years of my life against a Doctor Cook lecture ticket that the first letter of some one's name is Jeff Bransford."

"Maybe Jeff can prove he was somewheres else?" suggested Jimmy.

Billy evaded the issue.

"What sort of a man is this Bransford? Any good? Besides being an enemy of Lake's, I mean?"

"Mr. Bransford is one whom we all delight to humor," announced the deputy after some reflection.

"Friend of yours?"

Jimmy reflected again for several seconds before he answered.

"We-ll -yes!" he said. "He limps a little in cold weather, and I got a little small ditch plowed in my skull—but our horses was both young and wild, and the boys rode in between us before there was any harm done. I pulled him out of the Pecos since that, too, and poured some several barrels of water out o' him. Yes, we're good friends, I reckon."

"I take it that he'll shoot back then on proper occasion? A good sport? Stand the gaff?"

"On proper occasion," rejoined Jimmy, "the other man will shoot back—if he's lucky. Yes, sir, Jeff's certainly one dead game sport at any turn in the road."

"Considering the source and spirit of your information, you sadden me," said Billy. "The better man he is, the better chance to hang. Has he got any close friends around these parts?"

"He seldom ever comes here," said Jimmy. "All his friends is on Rainbow, specially South Rainbow; but his particular side partners is all away just now; leastways, all but one."

"Can't you write to that one?"

The deputy grinned hugely.

"And tell him to come break Jeff out o' jail?" said he. "That don't seem hardly right, considerin'. You write to him—Johnny Dines, Morningside. You might wire up to Cloudland and have it forwarded from there. I'll pay."

Billy made a note of it.

"They'll be out here in a jiffy now," he said. "Now, Jimmy, you listen to all they tell you; follow it up; make no comments; don't see anything and don't miss anything. Let Lake think he's having it all his own way and he'll make some kind of a break that will give him away. We haven't got a thing against him yet except the right guess. And you be careful to catch your friend without a fight. When you get him I want you to give him a message from me, but don't mention any name. Tell him to keep a stiff upper lip—that the devil always takes care of his own. Say the devil told you himself—in person. I don't want to show my hand. I'm on the other side—see? That way I can be in Lake's counsels—force myself in, if necessary, after this morning."

"You think if you give Lake rope enough ——"

"Exactly. Here they come—I hear their chairs."

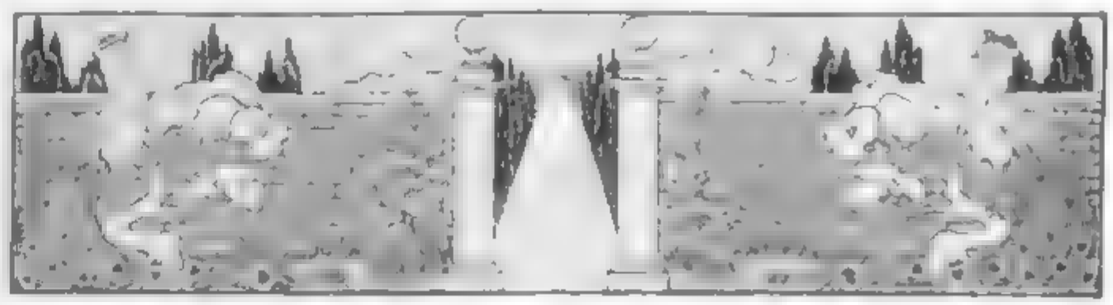
"Blonde or brunette?" said Jimmy casually.

"Eh? What's that?"

"Something else that you wouldn't tell me about," Jimmy explained.

"Oh, go to ——!" said Billy.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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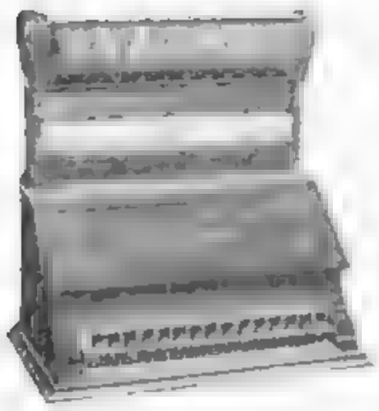

The first practical cash register was a crude affair that recorded sales by punching holes in a roll of paper inside the register. Invented in 1879.

The first store in the world to use a cash register. This was in 1882. The store was located at Coulton, Ohio.

Interior of the first cash register factory in 1881—one room in which two men were employed

The cash register, which marked the second great epoch in accounting and recording, is a good example.

The first cash register was not practical.

After it had been all but abandoned by its inventor and promoters, The National Cash Register Company bought the patents and has spent thirty years' time and millions of dollars in improving and developing it.

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THE SPELLBINDER

(Continued from Page 19)

He also decided to double in the matter of price; for was it not, as Dinkey Curnow had put it, the day of the great sting—the era of anxious crowds and easy money—the interregnum of good will and the uncalled bluff!

In the U. M. A. O. P. Spud had a set and childlike faith. You could tell that by the way he pyramided his barrow with it. It was something that showed up, that caught the eye, that made a flash! That it was a dilution of wood alcohol chemically colored and chemically manufactured did not greatly trouble him. It was the bottles that did the trick the billowy-bosomed, ornately labeled, tinted glass bottles—with the imitation parchment cap about the throat and the dash of imitation silk ribbon round the waist. Spud loved those bottles. You could tell that by the grandiose gestures with which he pumped his second-hand atomizer and beguiled the senses of the surging Sixth Avenue shoppers with his melting and aromatic dews of deliciousness: "First created for the crowned heads of Yurrup! Used by the society o' Fift' Avenue and the bong tong of the Four Hundred! More endurin' than Oobigong's Idy-all! More fragrant th'n the Mary Garden, and purer th'n R'yal Cyclamen and Veera Vi'let rolled into one! The secret discovery of a harem favorite of the Sultan of Turkey!" Thus proudly and solemnly did the stentorian-voiced Spud announce his wares.

And on that day and in that neighborhood Spud needed a stentorian voice; for to right and left of him the curb was lined with rivals—rivals announcing the miraculous prodigality of twelve-cent all-silk neckties, the unprecedented opportunity of purchasing genuine Russian pony-skin coats for two dollars, or a quart of fresh popcorn for a nickel, and pure candy for ten cents a pound, and fifteen-cent automatic dolls, and climbing monkeys, and clockwork pugilists, and glitter-cord, and candles, and mistletoe, and ever-combatant gamecocks on the end of a string!

"Get your autymobile for a dime!" went the chorus. "Get your dawl hammicks! Dawl hammicks for the little ones!" "A-n-d he-ah's your Sandy Claws masks and your Teddy Bears! This way, ladies, for the noo lines of Teddy Bears!" "A-n-d he-ah you are for the Dancing Darky! Ha-ha! Ho-ho! Watch him dance!" "A-n-d he-ah you are for the Trottin' Turkeys—only ten cents, one dime, the tenth of a dollaw!"

Spud was in his element again. That babel of noise took him back to his ballyhoo days. The familiar dust of battle was once more about him. It revived the days when he, the king of shouters, had outshouted every rival, when he, the leather-lunged prince of platform orators, had easily established his supremacy, even as the canvas thunders above the thin braying of the band-wagon in the circus street parade.

Spud welcomed those rivals. They were a spur to effort. They gave zest to the game. No smile was more wheedling than his, no voice was more authoritative, no eloquence more impressive. Under one persuasive movement of his hand the still hesitant customer found her will crumble and her pocketbook open. The skeptical went away convinced; the venturesome departed triumphant!

By noontime Spud had to telephone down to his cellar jobber for a second stock of the Unmatchable Margaret Anglin Oriental Perfume. This time, too, he demanded ten per cent off for cash—which left him a niggardly profit of merely two hundred and thirty-six per cent.

By the time the afternoon floodtide of shoppers eddied and surged through the cañon of Sixth Avenue this stock had again been sold out and again replenished, and a police officer—with a graciously donated bottle of the U. M. A. O. P. making his blue coat tails bulge out—stood by to see that order was preserved. As Spud's pockets grew heavy his heart grew light; but on the soft azure of his sky rested one small cloud. His vocal cords had not been in the best of training—a winter of ease had tended to enervate them. His throat began to show signs of soreness. The old resilient timbre went out of his voice. A telltale huskiness crept into his aërial flights of oratory.

He could not stop however. Things were coming his way. He knew that he had 'em going and he was the lad to keep 'em going!

"So heah you awr, ladies!" went on the determined Spud, swallowing harder and harder after each flight.

By nightfall he found it hard even to swallow. For dinner he downed a cup of coffee with one hand and with the other continued to hand out the U. M. A. O. P. His voice by this time was a husky croak yet he knew the hardest part of the day's work was still ahead of him. By the time the gasoline torches were flaring and the shop-windows ablaze with lights, and the Christmas Eve bargain-hunters and gift-seekers were thronging about him, Spud found it no easy matter to articulate; but he kept at it. He had to make hay while the sun shone. Christmas, as Dink had said, comes but oncet a year! What Spud lost in volume and tone-values he made up for with more inflammatory gesticulations, more expository gestures and more dramatic poses of appreciation.

By ten o'clock, when trade was at its highest, his voice gave out. Muteness descended on that overtaxed thorax. His larynx put up the shutters, as it were, and went to bed. He could not utter a sound.

In desperation he hired a small boy for a spieler and, with winning gestures and beguiling smiles, continued to hand out the Unmatchable and make change and flourish his tinted glass bottles above the heads of the vacillating. By midnight his final pyramid of beribboned glory was in ruins; his atomizer valves were worn out; his legs ached; his throat hurt; and the sheer weight of his pockets made his shoulders tired. Ten minutes later one paltry bottle-row remained on the pushcart. Fifteen minutes later—and Spud was watching the clock with an aquiline eye—but six bottles remained.

Two of these he sold to a fat man sadly under the influence of alcohol, for the exorbitant price of a dollar and a half apiece. One he gave to the small boy for taking charge of the pushcart. The remaining three he carefully tied up in turkey-red tissue paper.

Still watching the clock Spud buttoned his coat, supported his pockets and scuttled ponderously off for Thirteenth Street and the flat of Myrtle McOrmac, heavy with the thought that he had already lost a precious half-hour.

His heart was going as quickly, but not so blithely, as the Christmas chimes all about him, while he listened for the answering click of Myrtle's doorlatch. Yet he was oblivious of Sadie's stare of disapproval as she opened the flat door for him—and there sat Myrtle on the red plush sofa, with her lisle-thread stockings beside her and her bare ankles in a basin of hot water and ammonia salts! The rounded whiteness of those two ankles she did not even take the trouble to cover; for Myrtle, as she sat there, was crying softly and placidly—crying the abandoned tears of utter weariness of body and soul.

Spud, with the exquisite final twinge of an already twinging throat, dropped down in front of her and put his arms about the tired knees. Myrtle went on crying, for, as Sadie had said, she could pump the brine without so much as getting a red nose; but for all her weariness she put her two hands on Spud's bent head.

"Murry Chris'mas, Spud!" she said with an ironic catch of bitterness in her voice. "Murry Chris'mas!"

There was nothing for Spud to do but to kneel there, patting her tired hand. She grew quieter under that consolatory touch and leaned back on the red plush sofa with half-closed eyes.

"'Scuse this weep act, Spud," she said, "but I guess I'm all in. When a goil's bin on her feet fur fifteen hours solid, an' bin snarled at by a bunch o' mean-eyed counter rushers, an' called down by a wall-eyed floorwalker, and maulin' over white goods till midnight, it's a pipe yuh ain't goin' to find her toikey-trottin' wit' the pos'man on his mornin' rounds!"

She mopped her eyes with a handkerchief and looked down at the only troubadour in her court of dinginess.

"Oh, Spud," she called out; "I want yuh t' talk t' me! I was a down-an'-outer jus' waitin' for that bellring! Talk t' me sumpin grand! Talk t' me like I was one o' them crowned heads o' Yurrup! That's w'at I want, Spud, more'n anyt'ing else—sumpin soothin' to a swelled heart—swelled

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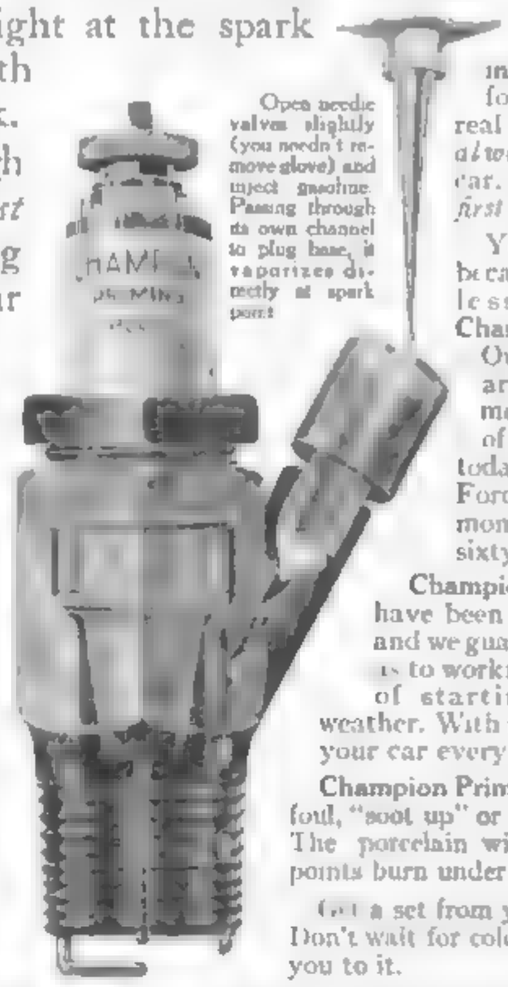
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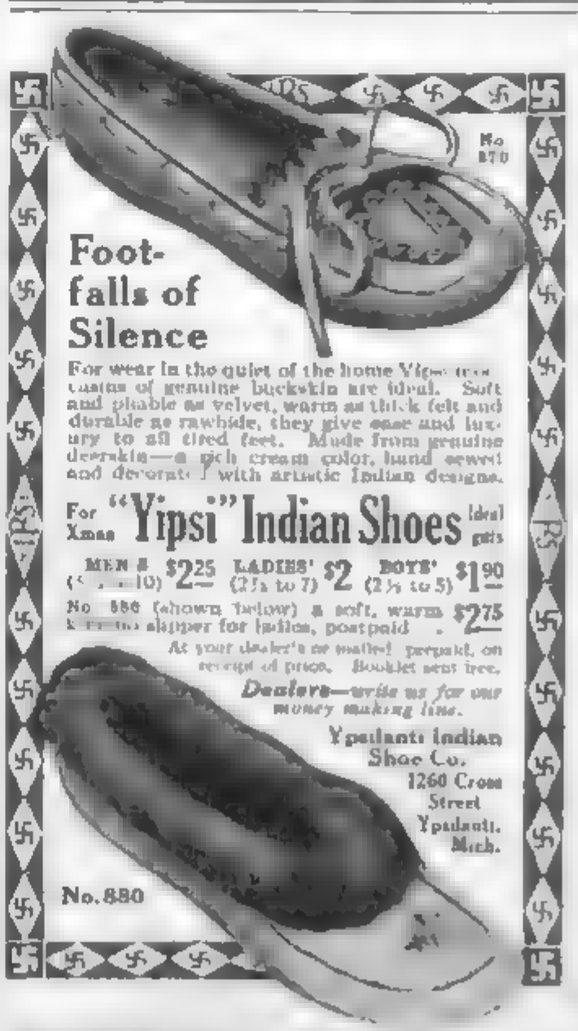

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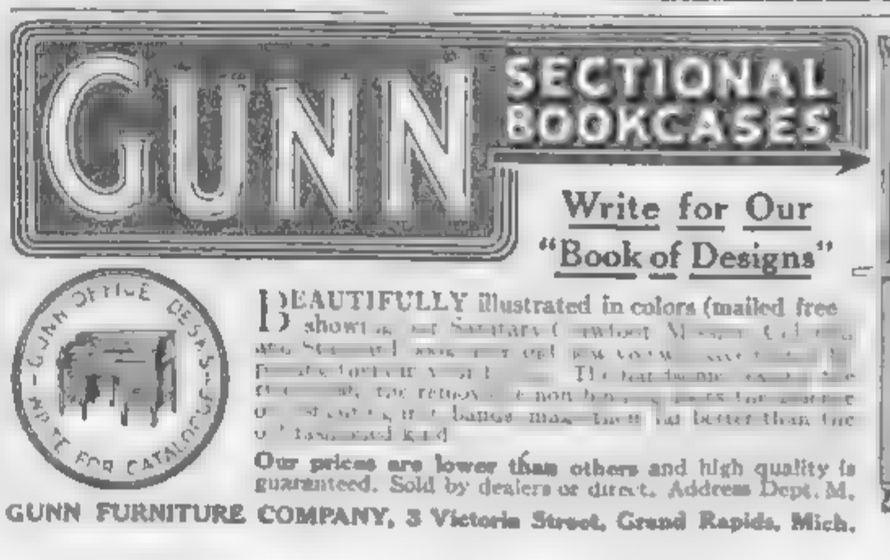
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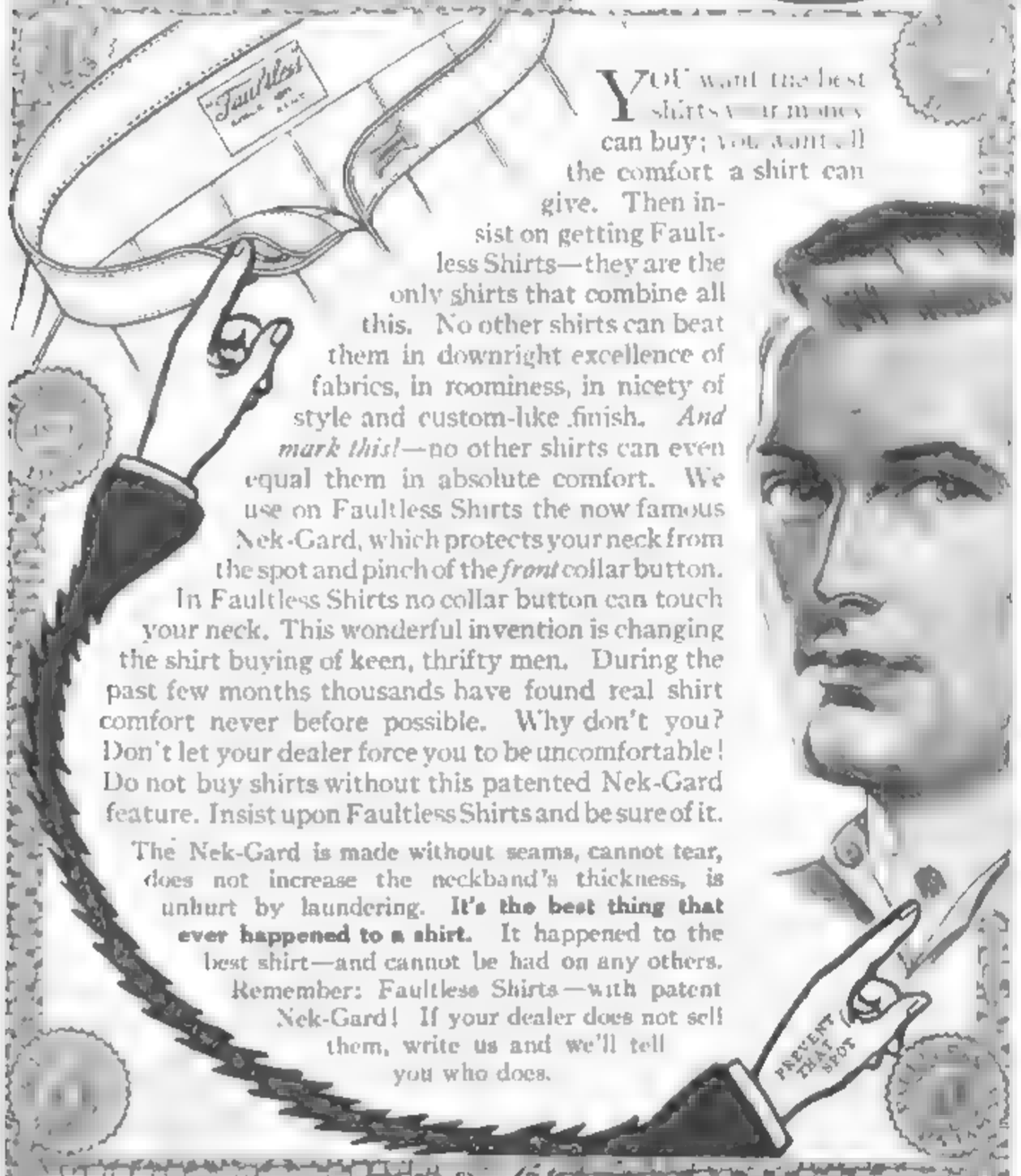

You want the best shirts your money can buy; you want all the comfort a shirt can give. Then insist on getting Faultless Shirts—they are the only shirts that combine all this. No other shirts can beat them in downright excellence of fabrics, in roominess, in nicety of style and custom-like finish. *And mark this!*—no other shirts can even equal them in absolute comfort. We use on Faultless Shirts the now famous Nek-Gard, which protects your neck from the spot and pinch of the *front* collar button. In Faultless Shirts no collar button can touch your neck. This wonderful invention is changing the shirt buying of keen, thrifty men. During the past few months thousands have found real shirt comfort never before possible. Why don't you? Don't let your dealer force you to be uncomfortable! Do not buy shirts without this patented Nek-Gard feature. Insist upon Faultless Shirts and be sure of it.

The Nek-Gard is made without seams, cannot tear, does not increase the neckband's thickness, is unhurt by laundering. **It's the best thing that ever happened to a shirt.** It happened to the best shirt—and cannot be had on any others. Remember: Faultless Shirts—with patent Nek-Gard! If your dealer does not sell them, write us and we'll tell you who does.

Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts

"The Cozydozy Kind"

There's more than roomy comfort in Faultless Nightwear. There's style as well—shapeliness, good fit and beauty of finish. Cut full at every point to prevent the possibility of pinching. Made from soft, sleep-luring fabrics from the best American and foreign looms. Flattened seams. Sold by Faultless Shirt Dealers.

E. ROSENFELD & CO. DEPT. S BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

worse'n them poor feet o' mine!" Spud looked up at her with anxious and troubled eyes. "Talk t' me, Spud!" she almost commanded.

He could feel the thoughts surging. He could feel his breast heaving with a thousand volcanic emotions, but there was no outlet for them. For once in his life he had no voice, no organ of utterance.

"Talk t' me, Spud!" she repeated with the petulant arrogance of a tired-out child. "For the love o' Mike, say sumpin to make me rekernize I'm still a human bein'!"

Spud was inarticulate however. The gates of speech were locked and barred. And Myrtle, staring into his troubled eyes, suddenly rose—her feet still in the basin—and called loudly and shrilly to Sadie.

"Sadie!" she screamed as the basin went over unregarded. "Come quick! Quick! Sumpin turrible's happened to Mista Rooney! Quick! Spud ain't able t' speak!"

By the time Sadie got to the parlor she found Spud kneeling on the wet carpet, pouring dimes and nickels and quarters and half-dollars into a basin that should have held ammonia salts and water. When the last coin had been added to that pyramid of silver he crowned it with a roll of bills as fat as a baby's arm.

"W'at is it, Spud? W'at is it?" demanded the distracted Myrtle as Spud rose to his feet and backed contentedly away. "Can't yuh say sumpin?"

The now desperate Spud refused to be hurried however. With an indelible lead pencil he calmly wrote these apocryphal words on the perfectly good parlor wall paper:

MONEY TALKS

"Are yuh bughouse, Spud? Or w'at does it mean? W'at does it mean?" And Myrtle wavered unsteadily against the red plush sofa-end.

Again Spud defaced the wall paper by inscribing the triumphant words:

I MADE IT

Into Myrtle's bewildered hands he thrust his pushcart license and the three remaining bottles of the Unmatchable Margaret Anglin Oriental Perfume.

First Myrtle looked at the bottles, then at the money and then at Spud, the ex-king of the ballyhoos—the prince of spellbinders.

"Yuh done it for me!" said the slowly comprehending Myrtle as she took three wondering steps toward him. Sadie, hearing the housebell ring for the third time, stepped out and shut the door; after which she announced to one sad-eyed Gus Burbecker that Miss McOrmac was engaged, which must have been true in more than one sense of the word, for some time later when Myrtle slowly disentangled herself from Spud's arms she dreamily murmured: "Oh, Spud, yuh soitenly smell gran'!"

Tables Turned

PEOPLE who meet Champ Clark for the first time are under the impression that he is without knack for remembering names and faces. On the contrary, as his homefolks know, he is particularly adept in this difficult art. Billy Mayhall, who runs the Bowling Green Times, in Pike County, Missouri, found out about it many years ago. Clark was practicing law. He had his office over a drug store in the town and he slept in the rear room. His daily walk took him in front of the Bowling Green Times office. Day after day Clark passed, and day after day Mayhall stood in the doorway while the young lawyer ambled by. Nobody spoke.

When Clark began to run for office Mayhall told some friends he couldn't be for him because Clark lived in the same town and didn't know him. About the same time Clark went into Mayhall's office and, going up to the case where the editor was "sticking" type, he said:

"Say, Billy, I'm afraid you've got something against me. I've been passing your office for a year now, and you've never spoken to me."

The editor then realized that perhaps the shoe was on the other foot.

A Merry Christmas

is assured to him who makes others happy, and at this time of year our thoughts turn toward some useful gift for our friends to make them happy. If Christmas gifts are prized according to their usefulness, a

Utica Plier

will make an ideal gift for your friends, for it is the most useful tool in the world, occupying the relative position among tools that the hand does to the body.

Utica Pliers for *Householders, Mechanics of all kinds, Jewelers, Electricians, Plumbers, Linemen, Autoists, Aviators, Milliners, Weavers, Everybody*

A Utica Plier for a Christmas gift may strike you as a trifle inappropriate, but if you will give it a moment's thought, you will see how very appropriate it is because of its great usefulness. It has fingers of steel with a thousand times the power of the fingers and hand, and it will do so many things the hand lacks the power to do. It has a natural place in every household, office, garage, workshop and factory.

We extend our heartiest wishes to you for a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

UTICA

The Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co.
800 Whitesboro St., Utica, N. Y.

An $18 Man Needed $30 a Week

He had a home and family. He was ambitious to give them many of the pleasures that his limited income denied. He became a local representative for

The Saturday Evening Post
The Ladies' Home Journal
The Country Gentleman

He quickly realized his aim of $30.00 and now earns $50.00 a week.

We have local positions for other men and women who can give us all or a part of their time. We pay commissions and salary. We co-operate with you and show you the "how" of Curtis work. The work is interesting and the opportunity as large as you make it. We want more representatives just now to look after several hundred thousand renewals which will be sent this month. Write and we will tell you more about the plan.

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The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

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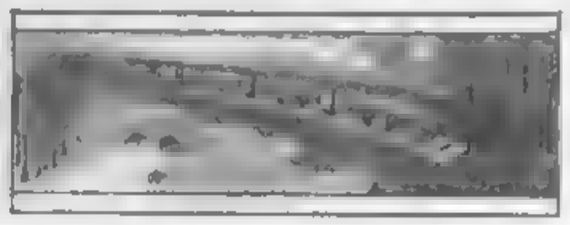

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256 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

FLORIDA—Find Out About Land Before You Buy It

Thomas J. Morris, Florida Land Expert, Tampa, Florida

A Short Talk on Short Smokes

by

W. H. O'BRIEN

THE Supreme Court of the United States, by its decree of May 29, 1911, brought about a disintegration of the old American Tobacco Co., and its business was divided among fourteen Companies. In this disintegration the short smokes of distinctive cigar character went to other companies.

For fifteen years I have been a manufacturing expert of the American Tobacco Company—the greatest tobacco concern in the world. I have had every possible opportunity and advantage of making scientific experiments with every kind of tobacco. Literally speaking, hundreds of millions—yes, thousands of millions, of short smokes have been made under my direction.

Naturally, in fifteen years I have learned many things about making Little Cigars. In my own mind, I believed that I knew of ways to make *better* Little Cigars than any that had ever been produced—and right here let me tell you a big fact, viz.:

No wise tobacco manufacturer ever willingly changes the formula of a successful brand. No matter if he finds ways to improve a successful brand, he does not *dare to* change it. Because, any change would jeopardize the existing business on the brand. The present consumers who like the article as it is would resent *any change.*

When The American Tobacco Company found itself without a short smoke of distinctive cigar character I was told to go ahead and produce *the best* LITTLE CIGAR in the world.

We "went to it" as the boys say, and

PICCADILLY
LITTLE CIGARS

is the result.

I have reproduced, in Piccadilly, all the fragrance, mildness and sweetness of the *most popular Havana Cigars.*

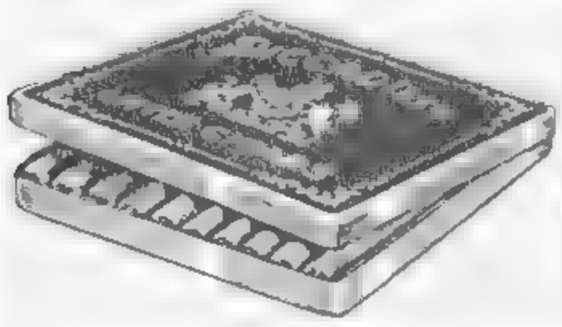
Because, in creating Piccadilly I abandoned all the old leaf formulas and took as my ideal the blends of the best cigars in Havana.

There are hundreds of thousands of men who will welcome Piccadilly. The price is 10 cents for 10 in a tin box.

If your dealer cannot supply you send me 10 cents in stamps and I'll promptly mail you a box. As soon as you have smoked them, they will have made another friend.

W. H. O'Brien

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
111 Fifth Avenue New York



THE BLOSSOMING ROD

(Continued from Page 15.

Christmas Eve, always coming down the next day esthetically pale and with abnormally large eyes to the feast of rapture.

On this Saturday—Christmas Eve's eve—when Langshaw finally reached home, laden with all the "last things" and the impossible packages of tortuous shapes left by fond relatives at his office for the children—one pocket of his overcoat weighted with the love-box of really good candy for Clytie—it was evident as soon as he opened the hall door that something unusual was going on upstairs. Wild shrieks of "It's father! It's father!" rent the air.

"It's father!"

"Fardie! Fardie, don't come up!"

"Father, don't come up!"

"Father, it's your present!"

There was hasty scurrying of feet, racing to and fro, and further shrieks. Langshaw waited, smiling. It was evidently a "boughten" gift then—the last had been a water pitcher, much needed in the household. He braced himself fondly for immense enthusiasm over this.

An expression of intense excitement was visible on each face when finally he was allowed to enter the upper room. Mary and baby rushed at him to clasp his leg, while his wife leaned over to kiss him as he whispered:

"I brought out a lot of truck; it's all in the closet in the hall."

George, standing with his hands in his pockets, proclaimed loudly, with sparkling eyes:

"You nearly saw your present! It's from mother and us. Come here, baby, and pull brother's leg. Say, father, do you like cut glass?"

"O-oh!" came in ecstatic chorus from the other two, as at a delightful joke.

"It's a secrut!" announced baby, her yellow hair falling over one round, blue eye.

"I believe it's a pony," said the father. "I'm sure I heard a pony up here!"

Shouts of renewed joy greeted the jest.

All the next day, Christmas Eve itself, whenever two or three of the family were gathered together there were secret whisperings, more scurryings and frenzied warnings for the father not to come into the room. In spite of himself, Langshaw began to get a little curious as to the tobacco jar or the fire shovel, or whatever should be his portion. He not only felt resigned to not having the trout-rod, but a sort of wonder also rose in him that he had been bewitched—even momentarily—into thinking he could have it. What did it matter anyway?

"It's worth it, old girl, isn't it?" he said cryptically as he and Clytie met once unexpectedly in the hall; and he put his arm round her.

"Yes!" answered his wife, her dark eyes lustrous. Sometimes she didn't look much older than little Mary. "One thing, though, I must say: I do hope, dear, that—the children have been thinking so much of our present to you and saving up so for it—I do hope, Joe, that if you are pleased you'll show it. So far as I'm concerned, it doesn't matter; but sometimes—when, of course, I know how pleased you really are—you don't show it at once to others. That's why I hope you'll show it tomorrow if "

"Great Scott! Clytie, let up on it! What do you want me to do—jump up and down and make a fool of myself?" asked her husband scornfully. "You leave me alone!"

It was Langshaw's firm rule, vainly protested even by his wife, that the household should have breakfast on Christmas Day before tackling the stockings—a hurried mockery of a meal, to be sure, yet to his masculine idea a reënforcement of food for the infant stomach before the long, hurtling joy of the day. The stockings and the piles under them were taken in order, according to age—the youngest first and the others waiting in rapt interest and admiration until their turn arrived—a pretty ceremony.

In the delicious revelry of baby's joy, as her trembling, fat little fingers pulled forth dolls and their like, all else was forgotten until it was Mary's turn, and then George's and then the mother's. And then, when he had forgotten all about it: "Now father!" There was seemingly a breathless moment while all eyes turned to him.

"It's father's turn now; father's going to have his presents. Father, sit down here on the sofa—it's your turn now."

Teach your wife how to protect the home with a

Smith & Wesson

Learning to shoot will give her healthful exercise, steady nerves, confidence in herself and the knowledge that she is safeguarded day and night. These are Christmas Gifts of real and permanent value.

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Protect them from rain, snow and slush—keep your feet dry. Make shoes wear longer. Do it with

LEAKANOT
KEEPS THE FEET DRY

the leather or prevent a shine. Leakanot is the only real waterproofer that is absorbed, does quickly. Buy of dealers, shoe, grocery, drug stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and 25c for full size can, postpaid.

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as worn by the Shoshone Indians. The most practical house shoe in the world. Ideal for invalids.

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Flexible Flyer "The sled that steers"

Wins Every Race!

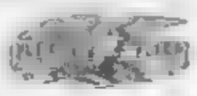
The only sled with grooved runners!

The ideal Christmas gift for boys and girls

Gives an added zest to coasting because it can be steered *at full speed* **around** all obstacles. Light enough to easily pull up hill—yet so strong it

outlasts 3 ordinary sleds

The **grooved runners** insure greater speed, and absolutely prevent "skidding." The famous steering-bar does away entirely with dragging feet, wear and tear on boots and all the wet feet, colds, etc. No other steering sled has the exclusive features of the Flexible Flyer. *Be sure to* look for the grooved runners and the trade-mark.



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FREE Cardboard working model of the Flexible Flyer and handsome booklet

Just say "send model and booklet" and we'll gladly send them FREE. *Write today!*

S. L. ALLEN & CO. Box 1100 S Philadelphia

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home?"
HEALTH depends largely upon cleanliness; the daily bath is worth more than all kinds of medicine. ¶ If you have never bathed with Fairy Soap you do not know the real luxury of bathing.
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Fairy Soap
is made in the handy oval cake; it is twice as handy as the old-fashioned oblong bar. Fairy Soap is white and pure—made from highest grade materials; it lathers freely, cleanses thoroughly, soothes and softens the skin. Fairy Soap floats; it's always within easy reach.
¶ Fairy Soap is the best soap made for the toilet and bath. Once tried, you would never be without it for many times the 5 cents it costs.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
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$5 saved monthly, $1,000 at maturity
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Without a Bicycle You are Only Half a Boy
for you can do twice as much with one. Get from school to athletic ground quicker, do errands in half the time, tour the country for 100 miles around. Develops great leg, stomach and back muscles. Always providing you get a staunch, easy-riding machine. The
IVER JOHNSON
Boy Scout Bicycle
is positively the highest grade boys' bicycle made. It's as good in every detail as our famous men's models—same perfect bearings, same frame and finish.
Now, boys, have your nerve with you and ask for an Iver Johnson this Christmas.
Send for bicycle and motorcycle Catalog C and name of agent
... quality and workmanship. Prices the same.
IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
290 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

There were only a blue cornucopia and an orange and a bottle of olives in his stocking, a Christmas card from his sister Ella, a necktie from grandmamma, and nothing, as his quick eye had noted, under it on the floor; but now George importantly stooped down, drew a narrow package from under the sofa and laid it beside his father, pulling off the paper. Inside was a slim, longish, gray linen bag. Langshaw studied it for a moment before opening it.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he breathed, with a strange glance round at the waiting group and an odd, crooked smile. "I'll be jiggered!"

There in its neatly grooved sections lay the rod, ready to be put together—not a rod, but, as his eye almost unbelievingly reassured him, *the* rod—the ticket of the shop adorning it—in all its beauty of golden shellac and delicate tip. His fingers touched the pieces reverently.

"Well, will you look at that! How did you ever think of getting it?"

"How did I think of it? Because you talked about it all the time," said his wife scornfully, with her arms round his neck from behind, while the children flung themselves upon him. "Oh, I know you thought you didn't; but you did just the same. George heard you too. We got Mr. Wickersham to pick it out. He said it was the one you wanted. And the reel—you haven't noticed that box there—the reel is the right kind, he says; and the line is silk—the best. There's the book of flies too—six. Baby's crazy over them! Mr. Wickersham said it was all just what you ought to have. We've been saving up for the longest time; but we had to wait, you see, for George's deportment before the things could be bought. If it isn't right ——"

"Right? Say, this is the finest present I ever had!" said Langshaw with glittering eyes and that little crooked smile. "It just beats everything!"

He rose, scattering his adoring family, and, walking to the window, threw it open to the frosty December air and called across to a neighbor standing on the walk.

"Want to come over here, Hendon? Got something to show you. Will you look at this! Present from my wife and the kids—been saving up for it. It's a peach. I'll tell you that! I'm going to take George off fishing this spring —— What? Well, come over later, when you've got time to take a good look at it."

"Do you like it, father?" came from three different voices at once.

"Do I like it? You can just bet I do," said Langshaw emphatically. He bent and kissed the three upturned faces and leaned toward his wife afterward to press her sweet waiting lips with his; but his eyes, as if drawn by a magnet, were only on the rod—not the mere bundle of sticks he might have bought, but transformed into one blossoming with love.

"And, do you know, we hardly saw a thing of him all day!" Clytie proudly recounted afterward to her sister. "My dear, he would hardly take time to eat his dinner or speak to any one; he was out in the back yard with Henry Wickersham and Mr. Hendon until dark, flapping that rod in circles—the silliest thing! He nearly sent a hook into George's eye once. George acted as bewitched as he did. Joe kept telling every single person who came along that it was 'a present from his wife and the kids.' He certainly showed that he was pleased."

"It's been a pretty nice day, hasn't it?" Langshaw said to his wife that Christmas night when the children were at last in bed. "Best Christmas I ever had! To think of you and the kids doing all this for me!"

His hand rested lovingly on the rod, now once again swathed in the gray linen bag. He would have been the last to realize that, in his humble way, he typified a diviner Fatherhood to the little family who trusted in his care for them—for all things came of him and of his own had they given him.

Doing the Abbey

TWO Americans approached Westminster Abbey in London.

"What's that?" asked one.

"Westminster Abbey."

"Have we got to see it?"

"Sure!"

"Well, you go inside and I'll go round the outside, and we can be done with it in three minutes."

To the Smoker who has read my Offer but not yet accepted it.

I know how hard it is to persuade a man to order his first box of cigars by mail. I have been doing it for about ten years.

Also, I know that unless that first box of cigars gives complete satisfaction a man will never buy cigars by mail again

I have understood this principle all along—my offer, my advertisements, my cigars are all made with but one object—the repeat order.

I try to make my Shivers' Panatela so good that the man who smokes a few of them will begin to look forward to luncheon more eagerly when he anticipates smoking a Shivers' Panatela afterward.

My Panatela has a filler of the best Cuban grown tobacco—real, long Havana leaf, and a wrapper of the finest imported Sumatra. The cigar is hand-made in my model factory by skilled adult men cigarmakers

I make to smokers ... that permits them to try m... without obligating themselves to spend a penny. ... are smoked free I depend absolutely for my repeat order. Without repeat orders I lose money, but ... to smoke them. Failure to get this repeat order is the obstacle over which my imitators have stumbled.

Here is my offer: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

This offer does not apply alone to my Panatela. I make a number of different shaped cigars of ... Sumatra wrapper, and ... dark cigars

If you prefer a cert... cigar different from the Panatela ... for my complete catalog. ... I have no way ... lose

In ordering pl... who ...

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"I'm a pretty good cook, but I couldn't make bouillon like this."
"You could, if you used 'Steero' Cubes, as I do."
The perfect blending of ... vegetables and spices ...
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"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes
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CHALLENGE
Brand WATERPROOF
Collars 25c
Linen finish and texture. Saves bother, time and laundry bills.
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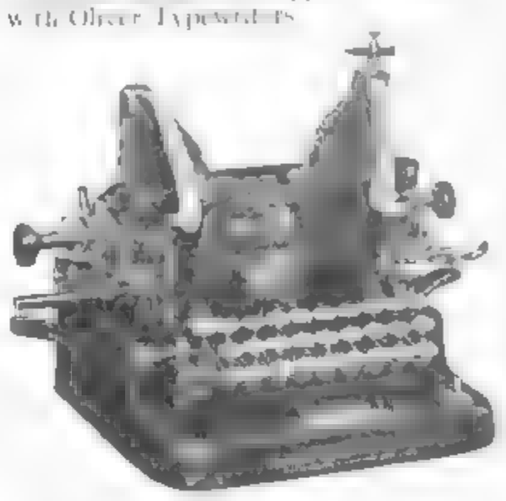
735 Broadway New York
COLLARS CUFFS

$5

All We Ask

You pay $5 and secure, for immediate use, the splendid new model Oliver Typewriter No. 5—equipped, if you wish, with our famous Printype without any extra charge. Then you can pay the balance by the day. That is the plan on which many thousands have supplied themselves with Oliver Typewriters.



The first $5, in multiplied instances, is all the *real money* that the *owners* actually pay. The machine itself *earns* for them the rest of the purchase price. The Oliver Typewriter is an income-producer and a quality-builder.

Not alone the great army of professional operators whose incomes flow through the Oliver, but a mighty host of people in all lines of work are being helped in their upward climb by this swift and versatile typewriter. The $5 Purchase Plan was put into effect to create *new users* of typewriters.

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The Oliver Typewriter Company not only advocates the universal use of typewriters but it is the originator of a practical plan by which [illegible] machines. You can readily see that it is [illegible] are tying up many thousands of dollars in supplying machines to the public for $5 initial payments.

The Oliver Typewriter was designed by men who foresaw *universal typewriting*.

Hence they built a machine of such marvelous [illegible] strength and speed that a novice, even a [illegible] master it quickly and make it yield the utmost in service with the very least possible effort.

Universal typewriting is here. The Oliver Typewriter led the way. Today, and *every day*, the story of modern achievement is being tapped out on the Oliver's *Universal Keyboard*.

The mechanical perfection of The Oliver Typewriter has made *typewriting doubly attractive*.

The matchless Model No. 5 has introduced operative advantages and typographic advances that add 50 per cent to its utility, scope and value.

For instance: The Vertical and Horizontal Lineruling Device, the Double Release, the Automatic Paper Feed, the Column Tabulator; the Balance Shift Mechanism and various other innovations.

And finally—Printype—the beautiful, new typewriter type, with shaded letters and numerals like Book Type, makes the Oliver No. 5 the only typewriter that successfully *prints print!*

This our newest, most highly perfected model the regular $100 machine, with Printype or Ibea type, at your option, can now be secured for $5 on the plan outlined above.

Could you ask for an easier plan of owning so fine a machine?

Write for special Art Catalog, describing the distinguishing features of The Oliver Typewriter, also full details of the $5 Purchase Plan and a free sample of Printype.

The Best X-mas Gift

Give the one in whose *success* you are most interested a No. 5 OLIVER TYPEWRITER for Christmas. There's a world of wisdom behind this gift suggestion.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

954 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

(733)

The Autobiography of a Chief of Police

(Continued from Page 13)

failed of being correct by an ace because it lacked boldness. What actually happened was this: Shortly after I left the captain on the morning before, a couple of plainclothes men visited Billie and generously gave him the choice of skipping town in a hurry or of being held for complicity in aiding me to rifle the jewel-case of a part of its contents. Billie wasn't slow in making up his mind. The stable where he worked was so near the police station that he had caught on to some of its practices and knew when its minions were serious and when they were trifling to kill time. Besides, he concluded that the trade of carriage washing could be followed in one town quite as successfully as in another. He had but one kick coming—the coppers refused to pay his fare. It wasn't their business how he left, they said, so long as he left. Years afterward I met Billie, and the first question he put was to ask what I had done with the jewels. He thought it unspeakably mean of me that I refused to come across with at least the value of the smallest of them, since I must have got, roughly speaking, a sixth of the swag, and then framed it up to have him chased out of the city so the split would be only six ways instead of seven.

Naturally my gratitude to Captain Murphy for not having fired me had died a sudden death. I saw, of course, that I had been retained on the force at the price of shutting my mouth. This evidently was another way he had of maintaining discipline at any cost. I pierced his pose as a disciplinarian now and knew beyond a doubt that he was a thief without a heart and a liar without a conscience. Did I squeal, he would discredit me by simply saying he had threatened to discharge me for violation of the rules and that I had sprung the weird tale to get even. Who was there of any consequence in the world who would take my word against his anyhow?

That thought hurt me most of all! It was so hard to be obliged to keep my knowledge of his villainy to myself when I burned to take the public into my confidence and share the secret. I was consumed by the perfectly crazy ambition to show him up. One night as I trod my beat I would lay one scheme for Murphy's ruin and pat myself on the back for my wisdom, and the next night, reviewing the scheme more carefully and coolly, I would curse myself for an idiot. Those were happy days! Tackling a whole system single-handed is calculated to make any man happy. I should have given up the job if a newspaper hadn't come to the rescue.

A Bold Enterprise

The Republican, which was against the administration, got it into its journalistic head that something was the matter with the police department—a suspicion that is entertained by part of the press all of the time, and never, to my knowledge, without good reason. It was generally known that there was incompetence and dishonesty in the department, but when a big newspaper stated these facts in big type the subject took on a new interest. It became especially interesting to the coppers when The Republican printed from time to time a list of the resorts and gambling houses that were carrying on their illegal trade under protection.

I was at once inspired with the brilliant idea of gathering quietly all the evidence I could as to the existence of vice in my precinct. This is a mere outline of my idea in the rough. It had some details that showed even more genius than the campaign as a whole.

For instance, armed with my list I intended to make a lone and spectacular raid on one of these dens after another. If Murphy dared to stop or discharge me after the first of these raids I would submit my list to The Republican in proof of my ability as a policeman.

The sheer boldness of my project might have won success for it—I know of one man who scored a victory along somewhat similar lines—if Murphy hadn't been a mind-reader. Otherwise, unless he was notified by one of his spotters of my undue activity, I can't see how he learned what was going on in the back of my head. My first intimation that he thought me over-zealous

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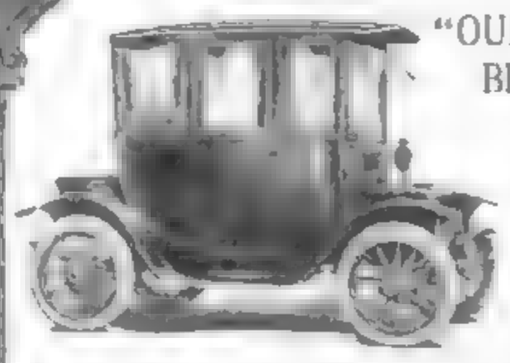


There is a quality in every detail of the famous Rauch & Lang Electric which is apparent at once to people accustomed to high standards. These cars are built as staunchly and as ably as the famous royal coaches of history which have been handed down from generation to generation.

But the mere expenditure of money for first-class material is not sufficient to produce the Rauch & Lang standard. We have been coach, brougham, and carriage builders since 1853—we have practiced the attainment of the highest standards in style and finish for more than 60 years.

Rauch & Lang Cars are built for people of unquestioned taste and sound judgment—*therefore*, the appearance and performance of these electrics must not be left open to even the slightest criticism.

The acknowledged high standard of owners has stamped it the "Car of Social Prestige." Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.

Cleveland THE RAUCH & LANG CARRIAGE CO. Rauch & Lang Electrics

2389 West Twenty-Fifth Street.

WE HAVE BEEN COACH BUILDERS OVER SIXTY YEARS

This White Will Solve *Your* Problem

Mill owners seeking a long lived white for interior application need look no further than this advertisement, for *here* is a brief description of the *one* successful Mill White known today.

RICE'S MILL WHITE

The Paint that Brims Over With Satisfaction

Not a Cold Water Paint

has *great* light-reflecting power and stays white longer than any other mill white—it will not yellow under ordinary conditions. This white is smooth and tile-like in surface, yet sufficiently elastic to resist contraction, expansion and vibration. As a result, Rice's Mill White *never flakes or scales*. Rice's Mill White flows freely without "dragging" and is the *most economical* in application of all gloss whites.

If you have 20,000 or more square feet of ceiling and wall space to cover, write us on your letter head for a free sample board showing its durable surface and high reflective power, and our booklet, "Make the Most of Daylight in Your Plant." Address

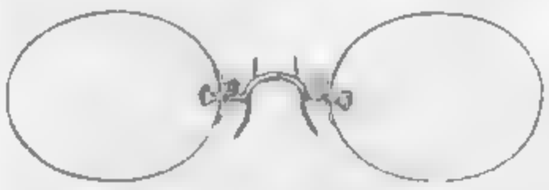
U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO., 13 Dudley Street, Providence, R. I.

Originators of the Mill White Idea.

Buy glasses with this monogram

It is the mark of the oldest optical house in the country, and the largest in the world. It stands for the highest quality in frames and mountings

Fits-U Eyeglasses



are inconspicuous, becoming, thoroughly comfortable, and when properly fitted they cannot fall off or shake off, yet they never pinch.

Our new booklet, "The Glass of Fashion," gives an interesting description of Fits-U Eyeglasses. It is free—and is decidedly worth sending for.

Address Dept. A

American Optical Company, Southbridge, Mass.

Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and lenses in the world

New York Chicago San Francisco London

came when two plainclothes men tried their best to make me believe in the illusion that I was the best of good fellows and invited me insistently to step into a saloon and have a drink with them. A cigar had cost a rascal an untold fortune in jewelry, and I didn't intend that a drink should cost an honest man what was far more valuable to him—his job.

The plainclothes men ceased to tempt me after a while with the bait of a drink, but they came back a-bubble with the enthusiastic suggestion that we tackle a roulette wheel in a gambling house, where the proprietor would be sure to help us beat the game lest he be pinched for not giving us our bit of graft by letting us win. This time, afraid of losing both my money and my job, I declined with thanks and resolved to be more cautious and wary than ever.

Before I tell you how near they came to finally landing me I must clear the way first by explaining an incident that took place previous to the night that pair of scoundrels laid their best and most ingenious trap. Just a month or two antedating the occasion when the captain had demanded my star and returned it I had rescued a pickpocket, whose alias was "Slippery Larry," from the hands of an angry mob and had carted him off to the station in the patrol wagon. He was never booked, much less prosecuted; but that's another of those stories that needn't concern us now. What does concern us now is that a night or two after I had refused to fall for the roulette wheel I spied the cutpurse on a well-lit corner of my beat and went sailing after him. However, spying me first, he dodged, ran off and, doubling his tracks, bumped right into me as I was crossing an alley. I grabbed the little snake by the collar before he could writhe out of my reach.

"Look here, Larry," I said, "I don't want you hanging round my beat. I've got no evidence against you this time, but if you don't vamp I'll pinch you for vagrancy."

"What's the matter?" he whined. "I wasn't doin' nothin'."

"That constitutes vagrancy," I replied. "Beat it."

"That's the way with you coppers," he blubbered; "you won't let a feller quit travelin' the rocky road and live decent, even if he wants ter."

Slippery Larry's Trick

Shortly after this encounter, on one clear moonlight night that would have been perfect if it hadn't been for a fitful blowing of the winds, a man jumped off a street car as I was passing an unfrequented spot and came rushing toward me. I stopped short, wondering what was amiss. I wondered still more when I recognized the figure as that of Slippery Larry.

"Officer Callahan," he panted excitedly before I had any chance to speak, "I thought you seen me standing on the car, and I want to tell you before you put up a roar at the front why I'm disobeying orders to stay off your beat. I just got news that my mother's awful sick, and she lives only a block from here, and ——"

"That's all right if that's the case, Larry," I interrupted, feeling sorry for him, he looked so distressed and downhearted. "Go ahead, I won't bother you. Go to see her as often as you like."

"Golly!" he chirped, his crafty face aglow, "but y'er a better feller en I ever thought you was. I'll never bother a sucker on your beat in my life. Shake!"

Just as he made ready to spring on a passing car, with a lunge like a panther's he extended his hand, as if impulsively, and I took it. When we unclasped there was the feel of currency in my hand, for the little demon had passed me a bill, but before I recovered from my amazement or could see the denomination of the bill a gust of wind—a good wind it was and long may it blow!—tore it out of my open palm and carried it off into space. Not two seconds later the plainclothes men shot out of the darkness behind my back and pinioned my arms to my sides.

"We've got the goods on you," sneered one of them, searching my pockets while the other held a cannon to my head. "We seen Slippery Larry pass you a bribe to let him go."

"You're left once more," I said, the light suddenly dawning. "The wind took that marked bill, gentlemen."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles giving the experiences of a chief of police. The second will appear in an early issue.

REX

King of Bitter Sweet CHOCOLATES

Just a tang of sweetened bitterness of the crisp chocolate coating, a creamy center with a matchless flavor.

Sold for 35c 60c $1.00

At your Dealer or direct if your dealer can not supply you.

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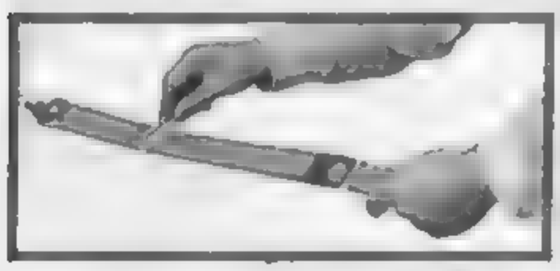

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You don't have to be an expert to keep your razor so it will always shave you with ease and comfort—just use the expert's strop—the

New Torrey Honing Strop

The result of over half-a-century of strop making. Get one of these wonderful strops at your dealer's and enjoy a cool, smooth, close shave every day—in perfect comfort and without the slightest irritation to the skin. Price, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. If your dealer cannot show you the New Torrey Honing Strop—write us for full information. Booklet, all about shaving, sent free on request.

DEALERS—Write for full particulars of our special proposition.

Get a Torrey Razor—best made.

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The celebrated Jaeger Underwear is suitable alike for men, women and children, and for all conditions of health and occupation. Recommended by the Medical Profession everywhere.

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He's waiting for it now.

Austin's Dog Bread

the oldest dog bread made in America and the best dog food in the world

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AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO

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THIS is the only five passenger electric made that can be driven from *both* the front and rear seats. All passengers face forward.

When riding alone with your wife sit *beside* her and drive from the *rear* seat. Don't sit in front and look like a hired chauffeur.

When riding with three or four people drive from the *front* seat and have an unobstructed view.

OHIO ELECTRIC

THIS car, in its fourth successful year, has more exclusive patented features than any other electric in America—magnetic control, chainless shaft drive.

We have some very desirable territory open for established and responsible dealers. Write for full particulars at once.

Our handsome 1913 catalogue illustrates and explains in detail our complete line.

The Ohio Electric Car Company, Toledo, Ohio

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

12 Years in 1—and Over

Our fiscal year ended November 1.

We sold in that year 918,687 automobile tires—a gain of 125 per cent over 1911.

Our greatest previous gain was 100 per cent.

Last year's sales by far exceeded all our previous twelve years put together.

They were enough to equip completely 230,000 cars. Yet the demand last year exceeded our output by 400,000 tires.

These are facts to ponder, if you own a car:

Why has this tire so outsold all the others?

Why are sales doubling faster than we can build factories, after seventeen hundred thousand have been tested out?

You know, as we know, that nothing has done it save lessened cost of upkeep.

In this day of odometers, men are making comparisons. These figures reveal the result.

Next Year—500,000 Cars

The percentage of increase which we are maintaining will next year mean an output of 2,000,000 tires.

That will mean to equip, in a single year, 500,000 cars with Goodyears.

Contracts with car makers seem to insure that nearly half of next year's new cars will go out with Goodyear tires.

Think what that means—about as many Goodyear tires as all other makes together.

The demand from car users is increasing at an even greater rate.

Major Savings

This flood of demand began with the advent of No-Rim-Cut tires.

This patent tire ended rim-cutting forever. And that, as shown by careful statistics, saved 23 per cent of tire ruin.

Men are quitting clincher tires by the tens of thousands, to get rid of these rim-cutting troubles.

Then we made these tires—our patent type—10 per cent over the rated size. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features of ours cut the average tire bills 48 per cent. They are saving tire users now, we figure, a million dollars monthly.

Mileage Tests

Then we built a machine on which four tires at a time are worn out in our factory under all road conditions.

Year after year we have used that machine to compare fabrics and formulas, methods, materials and ideas. We have also compared rival tires with our own.

The mileage is metered, and the meter told us when we reached the limit—when we had the best tire in existence.

Then the odometer on thousands of cars told the same story to users. That's the reason for this wondrous Goodyear growth.

1,700,000 Used

Up to November 1 men had put into use 1,700,000 of these tires. They are running now, we figure, on 250,000 cars.

The present sale—918,687 last year—is a simple result of those tests.

You can't for a moment think these men mistaken, after all these years after all these tests. They are seeking just what you seek—lesser cost per mile.

They are using odometers—keeping records of cost. And a quarter-million such men have come to Goodyear tires.

Doesn't it seem to you reasonably certain that the same tests would win you?

Our Latest Invention

The Winter Tread

The latest service our experts have rendered lies in this Non-Skid tread.

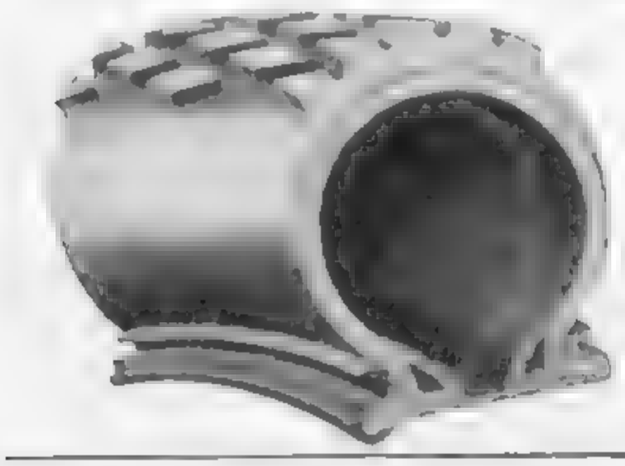
Not a regular tread with short-lived corrugations. But an extra tread made of very tough rubber, giving a double thickness.

This thick extra tread gives us deep-cut blocks. They last for thousands of miles. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles, which grip with a bulldog grip.

The blocks meet at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric, just as with smooth-tread tires. This invention, our experts say, will double the mileage of non-skids.

Please make your comparisons. The advantages here will be obvious to you. You'll see that we have solved the problems.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells all the ways to save on tires.



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Note the double-thick tread, to give multiplied endurance.

Note the deep-cut blocks.

Note the sharp edges and angles, facing every direction.

Note how the blocks widen out at the base, so the strain is distributed. It never comes on a small part of the fabric.

Our experts spent three years on this difficult problem. And we think they've solved the skidding question as it never was solved before.

200,000 have been tested out.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(909-A)

LAW

(Continued from Page 20)

I admire the law deeply, too, without being able to fathom it; and, also, I admire those who execute it. But, if this impertinence on the part of a mere bystander may be excused, I wish to take this opportunity of saying it seems to me that the law doesn't keep up to date—that it doesn't adopt the modern improvements as other professions do.

Surgery is constantly taking short cuts and bridging gaps. Journalism is ever upon the advance. Science stands ready and eager to embrace the new, the true and the beautiful; and commerce expands her scope daily; but the law is all bound round with precedent and tradition and memories that smell like imported cheese. If you suggest that it ought to take less than nine weeks to get a jury for a prominent murderer, or less than ten years to litigate a dispute over the ownership of a horse that can't reasonably be expected to live that long; or if you suggest cutting off some of the old seventeenth-century embroidery, you are warned that you are raising an impious hand against the temple of jurisprudence, upon which the fabric of our civilization rests. If Rip Van Winkle had been an appellate judge instead of what he was his absence of twenty years that time would have attracted no general comment, I'm quite sure. People would have figured that he was off, preparing a dissenting opinion. Parties whose cases happened to be a few pages farther along on the docket might have chafed a bit, but you would have heard of no complaints from the lawyers. They would have agreed that His Honor, Justice R. Van Winkle, was endowed with the very highest type of the judicial temperament.

I realize, of course, that in the matter of laws it is almost impossible to enact new ones that will give general satisfaction. We clamor for a uniform divorce law, but there the question comes up—who is going to design the uniform? One that would be becoming to Nat Goodwin would not suit Lillian Russell. An income-tax law that wouldn't worry me for a minute would probably cause Mr. Rockefeller to spend many a sleepless night. The project to undertake a Government control of the corporations is naturally very distasteful to those who favor corporation control of the Government, as at present. But, eliminating from the discussion any projected changes in the civil code and reverting for the nonce to the criminal wing, there again are we confronted with conditions that are puzzling to the ordinary or lay mind.

High-Geared English Courts

We are told that the fundamental principles of the law are eternal and unchangeable; but we look abroad and we seem to discern radical differences between European methods of administering justice and our own methods. Take England now. In England a murder trial sometimes seems to tie up the court for as long as three-quarters of an hour. We will spend weeks proving that the man who died is dead; but in England almost any little thing ever attached to the deceased in an intimate personal and private capacity serves to establish what the law calls, I believe, the corpus delicatessen. First they establish that. Then the judge asks the prisoner at the bar whether he is guilty or not guilty. The prisoner says he isn't, and the judge begs to differ with him—and the jurors naturally agree with the judge. So, while the judge is fitting his head into a neat black cap, such as is worn by stout traveling men on day coaches in this country, a serious-looking party, with hemp lint on his clothes, taps the defendant upon the shoulder and inquires of him what size collar he wears and whether he is as heavy as he looks. By this time His Worship has his cap adjusted properly, and he consults the calendar and says that, inasmuch as this is Tuesday, the hanging need not take place until next Friday morning—and they call the next case.

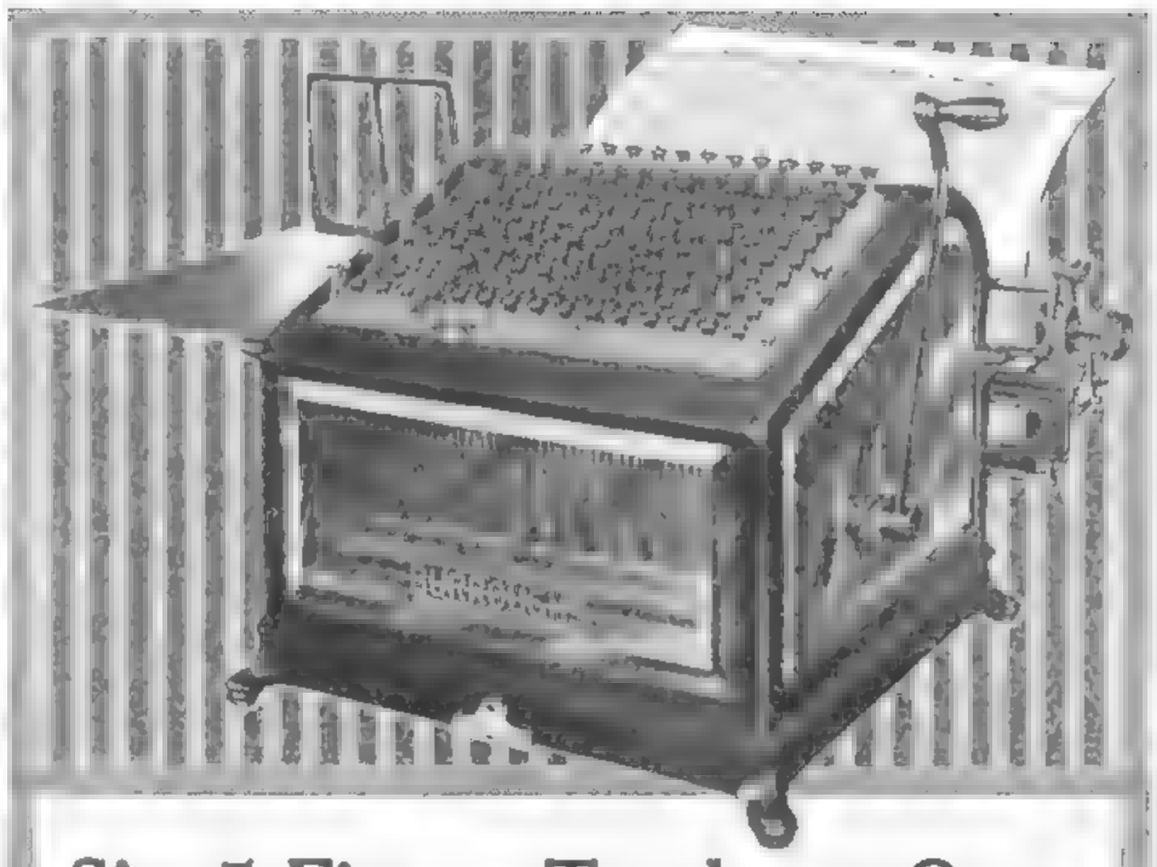
In France, again, the procedure is entirely dissimilar. No matter how a French murder trial turns out, it always appears to have the effect of reopening the Dreyfus case. In France it is also customary to have a woman for the defendant. An important witness takes the stand. "What facts have you to offer?" demands the presiding judge sternly. "I have no facts," says the witness, "but I am filled with conflicting emotions!" "Spoken like a true Frenchman," cries the judge, "come, kiss me." This sort of thing excites the lawyer for the defendant and he takes the judge by the whiskers and they go to the floor together. The leading French journalists pen columns upon columns, describing their own feelings; and then, if they have any space left, insert a few brief passages touching on the proceedings of the trial. The verdict is returned, whereupon the Royalists start rioting; the cab-drivers, the milliners, the toe-dancers and allied industries declare a sympathetic strike; the national reserves run to the Pantheon to put on their baggy red-flannel pants, and issue forth in full uniform; the populace march up and down, shouting "Long live the Republic!"—and the Dreyfus case is reopened. I have compiled this general description of a French trial from the cable accounts, so you might call it hearsay; but I am positive about the Dreyfus case being reopened. It always is.

Choosing a Jury

Now then, we come to our own way of conducting a murder trial. The general aim among us is to avoid hanging anybody who is anybody. This principle—applied in the days of the general use of the old-fashioned slip-noose under the left ear of our forefathers—with certain modifications, due to the introduction of the electric chair, still seems applicable. After having been put off for a few years the case comes up for trial. The lawyers upon opposing sides come to court arm in arm; but immediately upon entering they break apart and quarrel violently with each other all day, hurling defiances and insults until it is time to go out and have a friendly cocktail together before separating for the evening. For weeks the official ivory-hunters, known as deputy sheriffs, have been abroad in the highways and byways, finding suitable jury material. They now return from their expedition escorting a full panel. From this panel twelve tired business men are selected by the drawing of lots. Under our system of laws it is the prospective juror, rather than the defendant, who is apparently under suspicion of being a criminal. A foreigner sees a frightened man with a haunted, hunted look in his eye writhing upon a high chair, while a large, strong lawyer howls harsh language at him and the judge upon the bench eyes him severely; and naturally the foreigner assumes that he is looking at the prisoner. But not so; it is but a citizen being examined, touching on his qualifications for jury service.

A candidate for jury service advances. He is ordered to hold up his right hand, while a court attendant utters three hurried grunts in the Choctaw tongue. This impressive ceremonial is called administering the oath. He then takes the stand and, while the artists for the papers are drawing comic pictures of him and the spectators are wondering why any man should wear that kind of a mustache when there are so many other standard brands to choose from, the lawyers—assisted from time to time by the judge—ask him questions, with a view to making him admit that he is either a liar or a fool or preferably both, which he generally does. In regard to his private life they have an insatiable curiosity. They desire to know what clubs he belongs to, and whether he keeps a cow, and what newspapers he reads, and why he insists upon mumbling his answers instead of speaking out like a man. When one cross-examiner gets through with him he is turned over to another, who is even crosser; and if it is in the morning when the lawyers are feeling chipper and fresh they will challenge him, but if it is late in the afternoon and everybody is all tired out they will accept him. The judge then tells him that he has been chosen to perform one of the highest and noblest duties of citizenship, and, to show that he means this, orders the sheriff to lock him and the eleven other malefactors up together carefully somewhere and not permit them to read the papers or see any of their friends until the trial is over—which will be some time next spring if nothing happens.

The jury being chosen, the trial proper now begins and continues until the defendant's cash reserve runs low. Then the big scene comes—the hypothetic question



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Wide bookkeeping forms of many columns can be filled in and totalled complete at one operation on this giant double Burroughs.

No need to add one column at a time and go back for others, nor to handle figures more than once.

The capacity of this machine is two 15-figure totals, either or both of which can be divided into any number of smaller totals not exceeding 30 figures in all.

In all office, store and factory systems requiring wide sheets and many columns of figures—dates, merchandise or bill numbers, clerk or job numbers, measurements, quantities, amounts, etc.—this machine soon pays for itself in mistakes avoided and in the *days* it *saves* every month.

This Burroughs triumph adjusts itself to the widest sheets or narrow roll paper—the biggest or the smallest figures—to any kind of bookkeeping figure work—its possibilities are unlimited.

This applies to *your* business. If you'll give us thirty minutes' time, we'll demonstrate our claims—and *more*, on your own work in your own office.

Write for a free trial and the Burroughs Systems Bulletin that was written for your business.

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

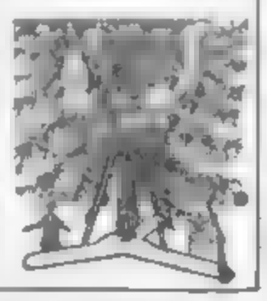
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

European Office, 76 Cannon Street, London, E. C., England

Makers of adding and listing machines; listing and non-listing calculating machines; key-board visible-printing adding machines; 80 different models in 400 combinations of features; $150 to $950

This OSBORN Xmas Tree Holder Can't Tip Over

Drive sharp end of steel braces into trunk, and large spike through hole in base into bottom of trunk. Large or small tree stands firm without wobbling. After using take out braces and spike, fold up legs and put away in original box for many years' use.



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A Bill-Fold You Can't Lose

This bill fold insures your money against loss, or pickpockets. It is made of fine leather, with useful pockets, and mica window for identification card, together with a patent attachment, that absolutely prevents loss.

As a Christmas or birthday gift it is bound to be appreciated.

Sent prepaid upon receipt of price—$2. Money refunded if not as represented.

The Security Bill-Fold Co.
ATWATER, OHIO

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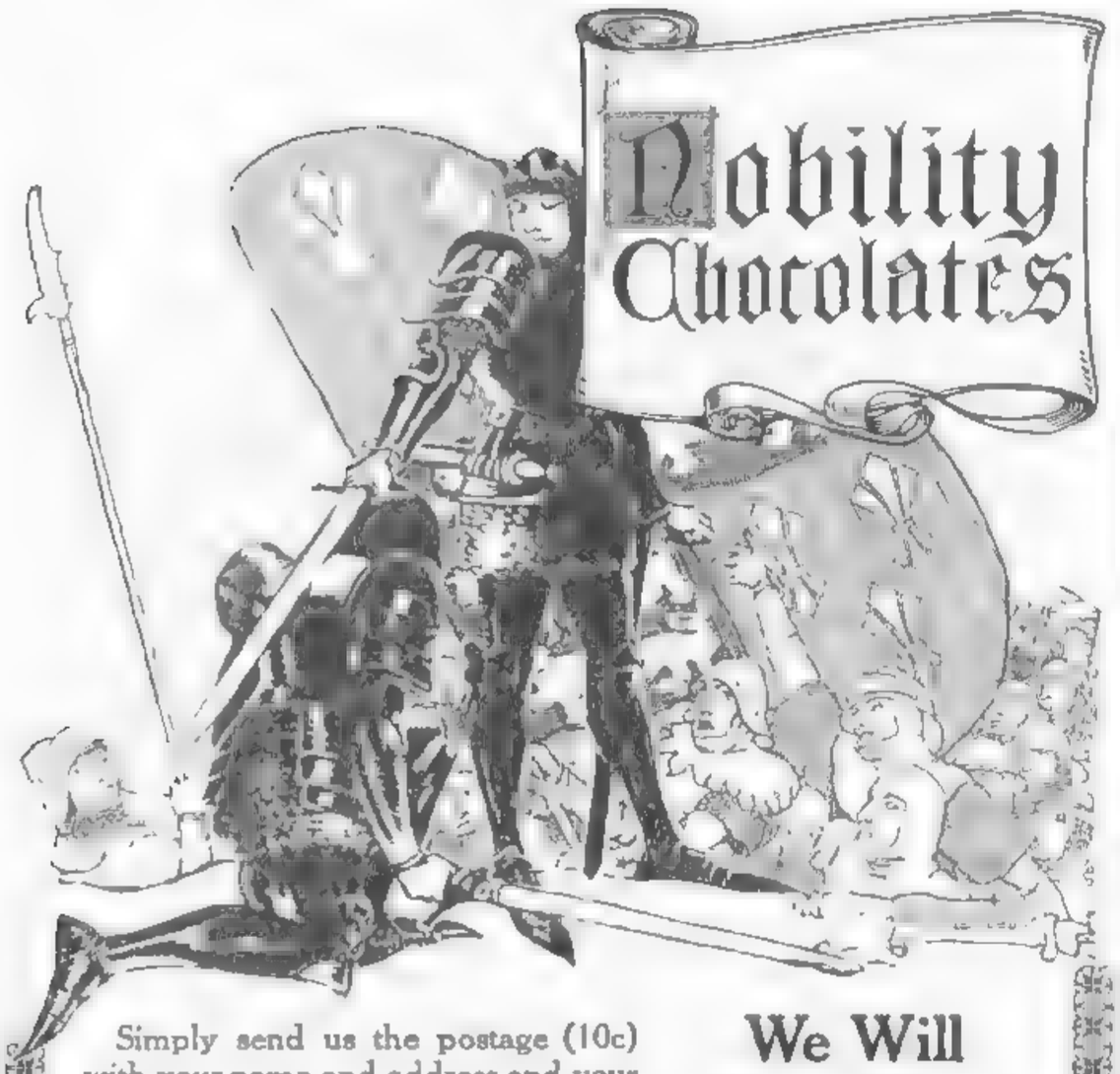

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is brought in on a truck and is read to the alienists. In every murder trial where insanity is the defense, alienists are introduced. They should not be confused with the alienators who figure in divorce cases only.

An alienist is a family doctor who hated the nightwork. He mounts the stand and the hypothetic question is read to him. A hypothetic question is organized on the same principle as a certain train that used to run on a narrow-gauge road down in our country years ago. You could climb aboard anywhere, go as far as you pleased, enjoy a pleasant nap en route, and drop off at a point that looked exactly like the one where you got on. So it is with a hypothetic question. Outside of persons who were alienists by profession, I never knew but one man who ever tried to make out the true meaning of a hypothetic question. He came by this tendency honestly. It was in his blood. He was a cousin of the man who wrote the Lord's Prayer on the back of a postage stamp; and his uncle was the person who spent two years figuring out the number of seeds in a prize pumpkin in order to win a cash prize of five dollars.

A good long hypothetic question, though, which reads the same backward or forward, will hold an alienist spellbound by the hour, and when it is finished he invariably has the right answer. I never knew of an instance where an alienist failed to make the answer that was agreeable to the side for which he was working. This matter being disposed of, the lawyers sum up, and the judge charges the jurors—using gas for this process mainly, the same as in charging seltzer siphons—and the jurors retire to deliberate. If the defendant has a nice family, who would feel awfully put out about it if he were hanged, it is customary to acquit him. In rare instances juries have been known to convict a murderer, but generally an easier way out of it for all concerned is for the jury to disagree. The trial then becomes a mistrial and is repeated all over again in another year or so, unless the lawyer for the prisoner, by raising obstacles, succeeds in delaying it longer than that. When it comes to raising obstacles the earthquake of 1851 had nothing absolutely on a good smart criminal lawyer whose client has a bank account that is holding out well.

No; the legal mind is not for the layman to understand. He can merely stand by and marvel at it, as I do. But it is a mistake, however, to assume, as so many people do, that the law is always a dry and a serious proposition. The law will have its little joke occasionally. It is subtle humor; but it is there and you can find it if you will only look for it. For example, there is a document known to the law as a brief. If you wish to see where the joke of calling this a brief comes in, read one.

Bill the Orator

MANY years ago Champ Clark was president of a little college in Kentucky. He worked his way through the school and finally became its head. In the school with him were three redheaded boys of the Mosely family.

Thirty years afterward, at Lawton, in Oklahoma, Clark was waiting at the hotel for a committee that was to escort him to a meeting. A tall man, with a red beard and a plug hat, came up to him and put forth his hand.

"You don't know me, Mr. Speaker!" he said triumphantly.

Clark looked up from his chair, but he did not get up.

"It's a mean advantage," he said, "after thirty years, to make me tell you right away which one of the three Mosely boys you are."

The man was astonished—so much so that he took off his hat.

"You're Bill," said the Speaker.

"How did you know?" asked Bill.

"By the motion you made when you took off your hat. You were the one who thought he'd be an orator."

"That's right," said Bill.

"And what are you doing, Bill?" asked the Speaker.

"I'm selling medicines on the corner there, with a little rehined vaudeville to punctuate my remarks."

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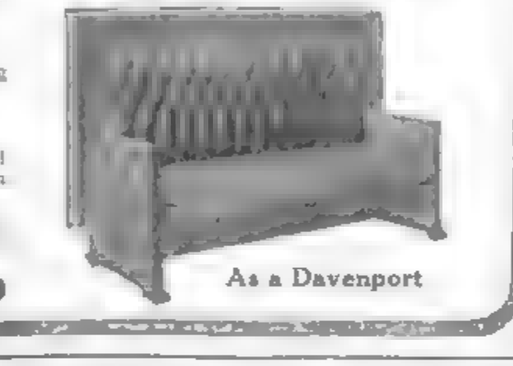
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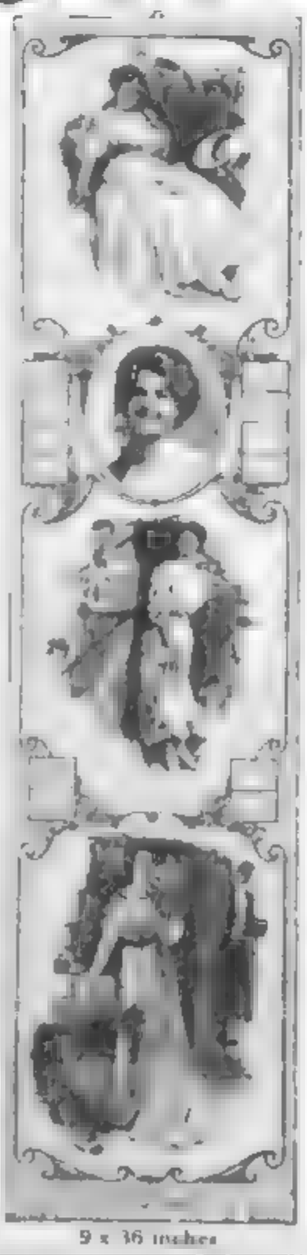
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HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

(Continued from Page 25)

"He would have in," explained Cassidy. "Say th' wor-r-d if he's no frind, an' he'll have out again. I'll put him so. 'Twould not be a refined thing to do, but nicissary if needed."

"'S all right," said Bean. "Friend of mine." He closed the door on Cassidy.

Inside he found the Waster interestedly poking his stick at a roundish object on the floor.

"Dog's been at it," explained the Waster brightly. "What's the idea—private theatricals?"

"Yes," said Bean, "private theatricals," and he resumed his place on the couch, staring dully at the closet door.

"But, look here, old chap, you must liven up a bit. She would have it I should come for you. My word! I believe you're funking now! You look absurdly rotten like it, you know."

"Toothache—right across here," muttered Bean. "Have to put it off."

"But that's not done, old top, really it's not done, you know. It—it—one doesn't do it at all, you know."

"Never?" asked Bean, brightening a little with alarm.

"Jolly well never," insisted the Waster; "not for anything a dentist fellow could manage. Come now!"

Bean was listless once more, deaf, unseeing.

"Righto," said the Waster. "Bachelor dinner last night—yes?"

The situation had become intelligible to him. He found the bathroom, and from it came the sound of running water. He had the air of a master of revels.

"Into it—only thing to do!"

He led Bean to the brink of the icy pool and skilfully flayed him of the flowered gown. He was thorough, the Waster. He'd known chaps to pretend to get in by making a great splashing with one hand after they were left alone. He overcame a few of the earlier exercises in jiu-jutsu and committed Bean's form to the deep.

"Righto!" he exclaimed. "Does it every time. Shiver all you like. Good for you! Now then—clothes! Clothes and things, man! Oh, here they are, to be sure! How stupid of me! Feel better already—yes? Knew it. Studs in shirt. My word! Studs! Studs! There! Let me tie it. Here! Look alive, man! She would have it. She must have known you. There!"

He had finished by clamping Bean's hat tightly about his head. Bean was thinking that the Waster possessed more executive talent than Grandma had given him credit for; also that he would find an excuse to break away once they were outside; also that Balthasar was keenly witty. Balthasar had said it would disintegrate if handled.

He would leave Nap with Cassidy. He would return for him that night, then flee. He would go back to Wellsville, which he should never have left.

The Waster had him in the car outside, a firm grasp on one of his arms.

"I'll allow you only one," said the Waster judicially as the car moved off. "I know where the chap makes them perfectly; brings a mummy back to life ——"

"A mum—what mummy?" asked Bean dreamily.

"Your own, if you had one, you silly juggins!"

Bean winced but made no reply.

The car halted before an uptown hotel.

"Come on!" said the Waster.

"Bring it out," suggested Bean, devising flight.

The Waster prepared to use force.

"Quit, I'll go," said Bean.

He was before a polished bar, the white-jacketed attendant of which not only recognized the Waster but seemed to divine his errand.

"Two," commanded the Waster. The attendant had already reached for a bottle of absinthe, and now busied himself with two eggs, a shaker and cracked ice.

"White of an egg, delicate but nourishing after bachelor dinners," said the Waster expertly.

Bean, in the polished mirror, regarded a pallid and shrinking youth whom he knew to be himself—not a reincarnation of the Egyptian king, but just Bunker Bean. He could not endure a long look at the thing, and allowed his gaze to wander to the paneled woodwork of the bar.

"Fumed oak?" he suggested to the Waster.

But the Waster pushed one of the slender-stemmed glasses toward him.

"There's the lifeline, old top—cling to it! Here's a go!"

Bean drank. The beverage was icy, but it warmed him to life. The mere white of an egg mixed with a liquid of such perfect innocence that he recalled it from his soothing-syrup days.

"Have one with me," he said in what he knew to be a faultless bar manner.

"Oh, I say, old top!" the Waster protested.

"One," said Bean stubbornly.

The attendant was again busy.

"Better be careful," warned the Waster. "Those things come to you and steal their hands into yours like little innocent children, but ——"

They drank. Bean felt himself bold for any situation. He would carry the farce through if they insisted on it. He no longer planned to elude the Waster. They were in the car, speeding toward that town house.

"Fumed eggs!" murmured Bean approvingly.

They were inside that desolated house; the door closed fatefully upon them. The Waster disappeared. Bean heard the Flapper's voice calling cheerily to him from abovestairs. A footman disapprovingly ushered him to the midst of an immense drawing room of most ponderous grandeur and left him to perish.

He sat down and tried to clear his mind about this enormity he was going to commit. False pretenses, nothing less! He was not a king at all. He was Bunker Bean, a stenographer, whose father drove an express wagon and whose grandmother had smoked a pipe. He had never been anything more, nor ever would be. And here he was pretending.

No wonder Julia had fussed! She had seen through him. How they would all scorn him if they knew what that scoundrelly Balthasar knew. He'd made money, but he had no right to it. He had made that under false pretenses, too, believing money would come naturally to a king. Would they find him out at once, or not until it was too late? He shudderingly recalled a crisis in the ceremony of marriage where some one is invited to make trouble—urged to come forward and say if there isn't some reason why this man and this woman shouldn't be married at all. Could he live through that? Suppose a policeman rushed in, crying: "I forbid the banns! The man is an impostor!" He seemed to remember that banns were often forbidden in novels. Then would he indeed be a thing for contemptuous laughter.

Yet in spite of this dismal foreboding he was presently conscious of an unusual sense of wellbeing. It had been growing since they stopped for those eggs in that fumed oak place. What about the Corsican? Better have been him than no one! He would look at that tomb. Then he would know. He was rather clinging to the idea of the Corsican. It gave him courage. Still, if he could get out peacefully ——

He stepped lightly to the hall and was on the point of seizing his hat when the Flapper called down to him:

"You just perfectly don't leave this house again!"

"Not going to," he answered guiltily. "Looking to see what size hat I wear. Fumed eggs," he concluded triumphantly.

He was not again left alone. The Waster came back and supposed he would do some golfing "over across."

Bean loathed golf and gathered the strange power to say so.

"Sooner be a mail carrier than a golf player," he answered stoutly. "Looks more fun anyway."

"My word!" exclaimed the Waster. "Aren't you even keen on watching it?"

"Sooner watch a lot of Italians tearing up a street-car track," Bean persisted.

"Oh, come!" protested the Waster.

"Like to have another fumed egg," said Bean.

"You've had one too many," declared the Waster, knowing that no sober man could speak thus of the sport of kings.

Grandma the Demon entered and portentously shook hands with him. She seemed to have discovered that marriage was very serious.

"Fumed eggs," said Bean, regarding her shrewdly.

"What?" demanded Grandma.

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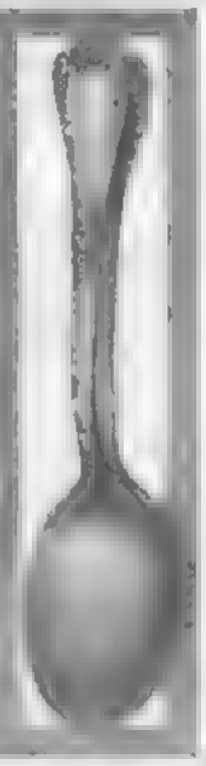

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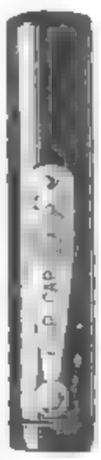

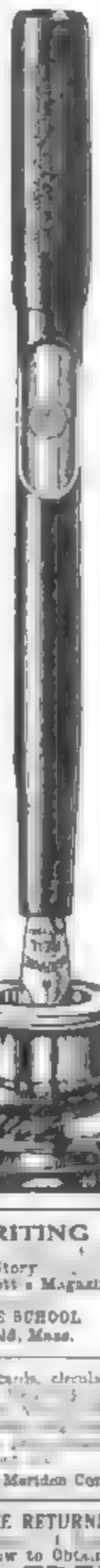

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P. Lowentraut Mfg. Co. 38 Brenner Street, Newark, N. J.

"Fumed eggs, hundred p'cent efficient," he declared stoutly.

The Demon eyed him more closely.

"My grandmother smoked too," said Bean, "but I never went in for it much."

"Um-m-m!" said the Demon. It was to be seen that she felt puzzled.

Breede slunk into the room, garbed in an unaccustomed frock coat. He went through the form of shaking hands with Bean.

Bean felt a sudden necessity to tell Breede a lot of things. He wished to confide in the man.

"Principle of the thing's all I cared about," he began. "Anybody make money that wants to be a Wall Street crook and take it away from the tired business man. What I want to be is one of the idle rich—only not idle much of the time, you know. Good major-league club for mine. Been looking the ground over; sound 'vestment; keep you out of bad company; lots time to read good books."

"Hanh! Wha's 'at?" exploded Breede.

"Fumed eggs," said Bean, feeling witty. He affected to laugh at his own jest as he perceived that the mourning mother had entered the room. Breede drew cautiously away from him. Mrs. Breede nodded to him bravely.

He mentioned the name of the World's Greatest Pitcher with an impulse to take the woman down a bit.

"Get our shirts same place. He's going to have a suit just like this—no, like another one I have in that little old steamer trunk."

He was aware that they all eyed him too closely, and he felt rather uncomfortable. The Waster winked at him. Then he found himself shaking hands with a soothing old gentleman in clerical garb, who called him his young friend and said that this was indeed a happy moment.

The three Breedes and the Waster stood apart, studying him queerly. He was feeling an embarrassed need to make light conversation and he was still conscious of that strange power to make it. He was going to tell the old gentleman whose young friend he was that fumed eggs were a hundred per cent efficient.

The Flapper saved him from that. She came in quietly, serious but businesslike, and in a low yet distinct voice said she wished it to be perfectly over at once. She did not relax her grasp of Bean's arm after she approached him, and he presently knew that something very solemn was going on in which he and the Flapper were seriously involved.

"Say 'I do,'" muttered the old gentleman, and Bean did so. The Flapper had not to be told.

There followed a blurred and formal shaking of his hand by those present, and the big sister whom he had not noticed before came up and kissed him.

Then he was conscious of the Flapper still at his side. He turned to her and was amazed to discover that she was blinking tears from her eyes.

"There, there!" he muttered soothingly, and took her in his arms quite as if they were alone. He held her closely a moment, with little mumbled endearments, softly patting her cheek.

"There, there! No one ever going to hurt you. You're dear—yes, you are!"

He was much embarrassed to discover those staring others still present. But the Flapper swiftly revived. It seemed to be perfectly over for the Flapper. She announced that there was no time to waste and every one must hurry.

Hurriedly, with every one, it seemed, babbling nonsense of remote matters, they sat at a table and ate of cold food from around a bed of flowers. Bean ate frankly. He was hungry, but he took his part in the talk as a gentleman should.

They were toasting the bride in champagne.

"Never drink," protested Bean to the proffered glass.

"Won't happen every day, old top," suggested the Waster.

He drank. The sparkling stuff brought him new courage. He drained the glass.

"I knew they were trying to keep me off that board of directors," he confided to Breede, "specially that oldest one."

"That your first drink 'smorning?" asked Breede in discreet tones.

"First drink I ever took. Had two eggs 'smorning."

"What board of directors?" asked Breede suspiciously.

"Fed'l Express. I wanted that stock for a technical purpose—so I could get on the board of directors."

Breede looked across the table to Grandma. There seemed to be alarm in his face.

"Given it up though," continued Bean. "Can't be robbing tired business men. Rather be a baseball king, if you come down to that. I'll own three four major-league clubs before year's out, see 'f I don't! 'S only kind of king I want to be—wake me up any time in the night and ask me old George W. Baseball King's my name. I been other kings enough. Nothing in it. You wouldn't believe it if I told you I was a king of Egypt once, way back thousan's years before you were ever born. I had my day—pomps and attentions and powers. But I was laid away in a mummy case—did that in those days, thousan's and thousan's of years before we were ever born, an' that time I was Napoleon ——"

He stopped suddenly, feeling that the room had grown still. He had been hearing a voice and that voice was his own. What had he said? Had he told them he was nothing after all? He gazed from face to face with consternation. They looked at him so curiously. There was an embarrassing pause.

The Flapper, he saw, was patting his hand at the table's edge.

"No one ever hurt you while I'm around," he said, and then he glared defiantly at the others. The old gentleman whose young friend he was began an anecdote, saying that of course he couldn't render the Irish dialect. Also that if they had heard it before they were to be sure and let him know. Apparently no one had heard it before, although Breede left the table for the telephone.

Bean kept the Flapper's hand in his. And when the anecdote was concluded everybody arose under cover of the applause, and Bean discovered that they were in that drawing room again where the thing had happened.

The Waster chattered volubly to every one. Grandma and the bride's mother were in earnest but subdued talk in a far corner. Breede came to them.

"Chap's plain dotty," said Breede.

"Your mother's going," said Mrs. Breede.

"Um-m-m!" said the Demon. "I'll go with them."

"I shall also go with my child," said the mother. "James, you will go too."

But Breede had acted without waiting to talk.

"Other car'll be here 'n' I telephoned for quarters on boat. 'S full up but they'll manage. Chap might cut her throat."

"Um-m-m!" said the Demon.

"Half pas' ten," reminded Breede. "Hurry!"

Bean had accosted the Waster.

"Always take fumed eggs for breakfast," he cautioned. "Of course little fruit an' tea an' things."

"Your father's had a sudden call to Paris. We're going with him," said the Demon, appearing bonneted.

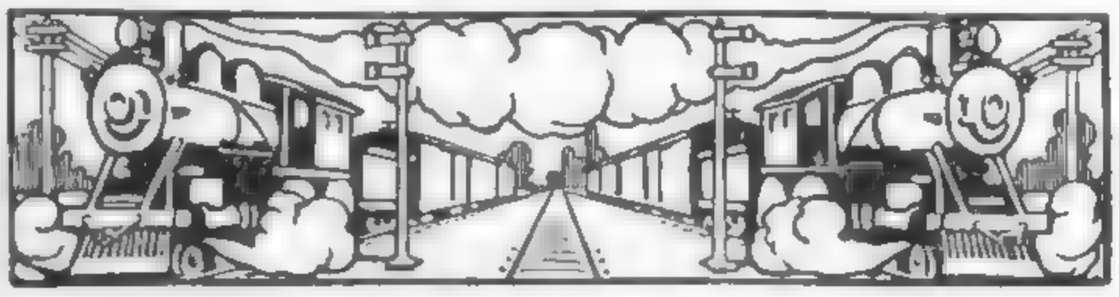
"What boat?" demanded the Flapper in quick alarm.

"Yours," said the Demon.

"Jolly party all together," said Bean cordially. "He coming too?" He pointed to the old gentleman, but this it seemed had not been thought of. "He better come too," insisted Bean. "I'm his young friend, you know, and this is indeed a very happy moment. . . . Jus' little ol' las' year's steamer."

"You're just perfectly tagging," accused the Flapper viciously, turning to the Demon.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



We believe that orders for nearly every 1913

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD

will be placed before winter is half over

The Cadillac has enjoyed many successful, many extraordinary seasons.

1913 is eclipsing all former successes.

Never in its history has Cadillac enthusiasm been so strong, so widespread, so pervasive as now.

The new car has literally taken the country by storm.

The handsome lines, the deep, soft upholstery, the yielding springs, the riding qualities of almost velvety smoothness; the quiet engine of abundant power, the flexibility and the remarkable ease of control; the standardization of parts, the durability, the simplicity and the economy of maintenance; the practically 100 per cent efficient Cadillac Delco electrical system of automatic self-cranking and electric lighting, *now in its second successful year on the Cadillac;* these and almost countless other marks of distinction stamp the Cadillac as a car which leaves nothing to be desired, nothing really worth while which a greater expenditure will procure.

The Cadillac production is large—15,000 cars for 1913—just one of the great elements which make possible the Cadillac car at the Cadillac price.

Before the new model was announced, dealers had contracted for this entire enormous output. They had also placed orders for several thousand more, our acceptance of these additional orders being conditional upon our being able by some means to supply them.

Without seeing the car or even its photograph, more than 3,000 individual purchasers placed their signed orders. They had confidence in the Cadillac car and in the Cadillac Company.

Four thousand of the new cars which have already been delivered have vastly intensified the early enthusiasm. They are proving that the confidence was not misplaced. They are confirming the wisdom of those who placed their orders in advance.

Nearly everyone you meet is—to use a common expression—"Sold on the Cadillac." There seems to be almost none left who are not convinced of Cadillac pre-eminence.

As we said at the outset: We believe that orders for nearly every 1913 Cadillac—including those for spring and summer deliveries—will be placed before winter is half over.

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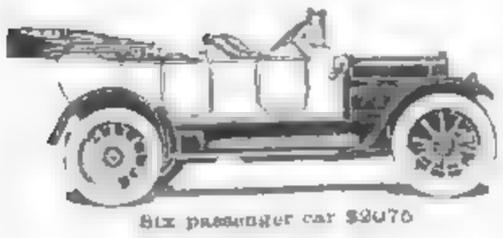
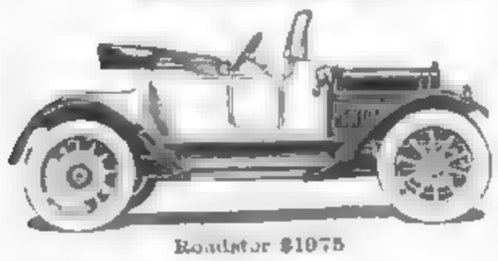
By heeding this advice—given you in all sincerity,—you will avoid disappointment. You will also avoid the necessity of compromising on some other car—a proceeding which almost invariably results in an unsatisfied longing in the mind of the man who has once concluded that the Cadillac is the car he *wants*.

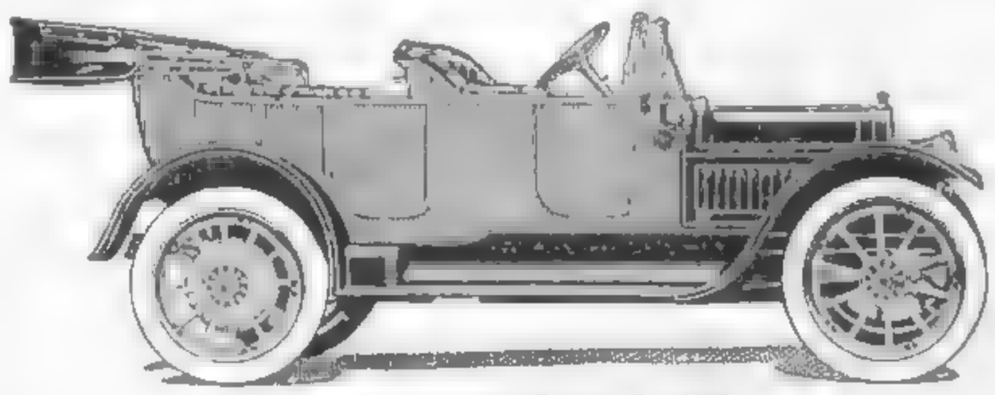


Six passenger car $2070



Roadster $1975

Seven passenger Limousine $3250



Five passenger Touring Car $1975

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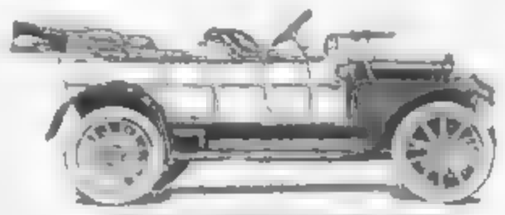
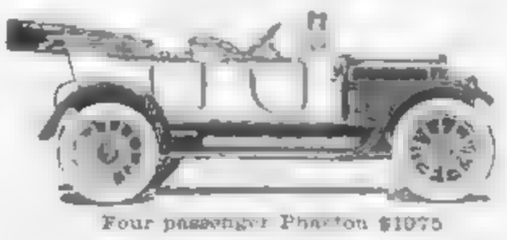
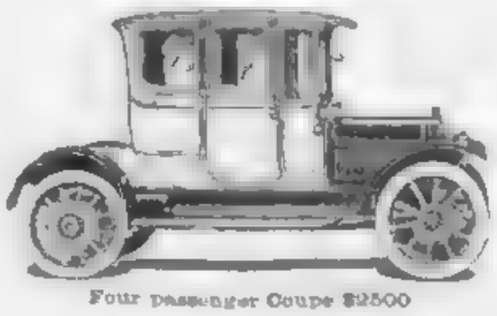


Four passenger Torpedo $1975



Four passenger Phaeton $1975



Four passenger Coupe $2500

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—in a beautiful holly box, tied with dainty silk ribbon; and an Xmas card of greeting enclosed. Your dollar could not buy for "him" a more pleasing, lasting remembrance.

The Cotton Assortment has 4 pairs with "silk finish"—Black, Golden Tan, Navy Blue and Dark Grey. The Wool Assortment has 4 pairs of medium weight—one Black, one Olive, one Grey and one Blue.

The Cotton hose have the most beautiful silk finish you ever saw—look like silk, feel like silk and wear far better than any silk socks. Iron Clad wool hose is of equally handsome quality. You can be sure that any man, regardless of the price he's used to paying for hose, will be pleased with these splendid Iron Clads.

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Ask for ORIGINAL—GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages

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NEW YEAR'S ADAM AND EVE

(Continued from Page 9

three waiters drew out their chairs for them—a man in the party, with a red face and a close-clipped white mustache, gave short, sharp orders, and the three waiters scurried like rats with the trap door opened.

Miss Vogelbeck eyed the familiar red gown with the hesitancy of a violet peeping out at a peony.

"Oh," she whispered, "ain't she swell!"

Mr. Fodde's face was without enthusiasm.

"'Longside of you she looks like a worn-out clotheshorse playing hookey from the graveyard'"

"Now, Mr. Fodde, quit your kiddin'!" She could feel the warm red blood run beneath the cool of her cheeks. She stabbed an oyster with a small, short-pronged fork and ate conscientiously.

The blather of voices and dishes rose like the swell of approaching cavalry. Miss Vogelbeck sipped daintily of her wine, but it scorched her throat, and she set down the glass with tears of mortification in her eyes.

"You ain't much on the bubbles—are you, Miss Gertie?"

"No," she replied, half averting her eyes. "I ain't never had the chance to be."

He patted her hand, which lay outstretched on the table.

"I like that!" he said.

She withdrew her hand sharply.

"Aw, Miss Gertie!" he protested, and so softly that the din at the adjoining table swallowed the plaint.

A phalanx of silver buckets surrounded that adjoining table; bottles were buried in ice-filled tubs, with streamlets of water pouring down the outsides; more bottles reposed in plaited wicker baskets stood upright on the table, with snowy napkins wrapped turban-fashion about them.

Suddenly the girl in the flaming gown danced to her feet and pirouetted round the table with a wineglass held aloft, like the Goddess of Liberty with her torch, and her head thrown back. Her friends and the tables about her shouted applause and approval; the wine slopped over the sides of the glass and ran in rivulets down her bare arms. The companion who had whispered over her shoulder in the box sprang to his feet and refilled the glass.

Mr. Fodde had the grace to avert his eyes, and Miss Vogelbeck blushed and toyed with the fringe on the red candleshade.

"Say, Miss Gertie, I got them pictures I was tellin' you about."

"Oh, how nice!"

Mr. Fodde burrowed deep into some inner breast pockets and brought out a small package bound with a rubber band. He flecked the top picture with his handkerchief, blew at it with pursed lips and handed it to her across the table, watching her face for the effect.

"That's Janie," he said.

Miss Vogelbeck held the picture in both hands.

"Oh," she cried, "ain't she cute! Would you look at those curls and that dear little nose and mouth!"

"It ain't so good as it ought to be—Janie's got a little way about her that don't show in that picture."

"I think she's beautiful!" cried Miss Vogelbeck, her voice ringing with little echoes, like a silver knife when it falls on a stone floor. "There's something about her eyes that reminds me of you," she continued, unconsciously applying balm to Mr. Fodde's complacency.

"Do you think so?" he cried, and the fine wrinkles broke out about his eyes. "That's what Mary says too; but Janie's got her old paw beat when it comes to looks."

He handed her a second.

"That's Aggie. I don't want to brag on my own kids, but if she ain't the sweetest little girl for nine you ever seen I'll sell out the Busy Bee—that picture ain't nothin' to what she looks now, since her hair's growin' out and Mary's curlin' it or something."

"Aw!" cried Miss Vogelbeck. "Ain't she the sweetest little thing! Ain't she got the sweetest little face—and look at that dimple in her chin! Honest, Mr. Fodde, she's sweet enough to kiss right here in this picture."

"Ain't that a fact!" cried Mr. Fodde; his eyes were completely obscured in a smile and his mouth had the upward tilt of a comedy mask.

Write for a sample

We want everyone who has heard of this soap, who has always wanted to try it, to do so *now*. Let us send *you* a trial size cake—enough to last over a week. The feeling it gives your skin the first time you use it is a promise of what the *steady use* of it will do.

The first effect of Woodbury's Facial [illegible] is to [illegible]. It [illegible] how it affects your skin. [illegible] indication of the beneficial action the soap is having.

Have you ever used a soap prepared by a skin specialist?

If not, you do not know how beneficial a soap can be. Every time you use this sample of Woodbury's, you can feel what it does for your skin. The formula for Woodbury's was worked out by an authority on the skin and [illegible] to get the benefit of [illegible] sample, [illegible] for yourself why this soap is famous.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

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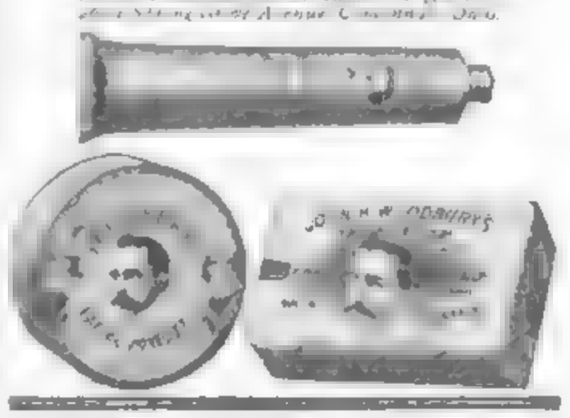
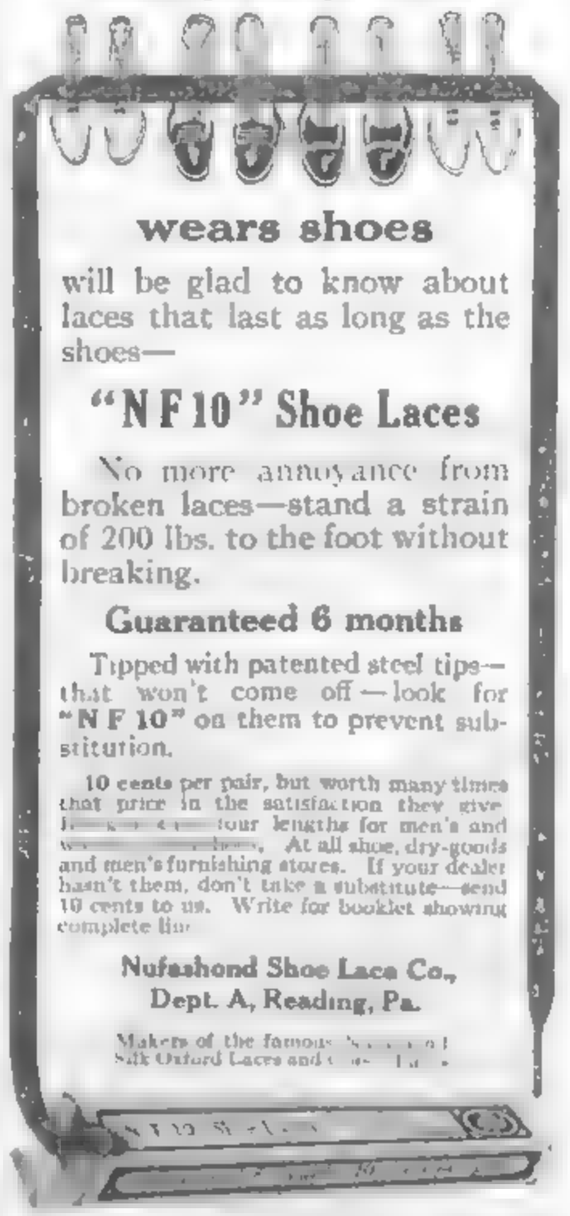
[illegible] a sample cake for [illegible]



Everybody who



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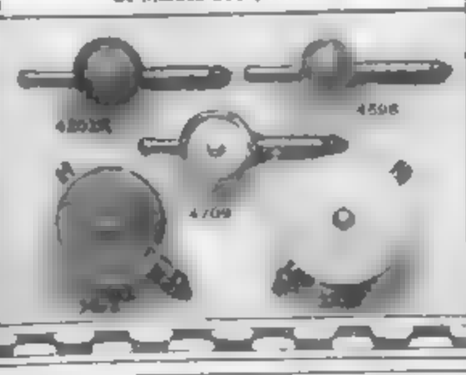

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ANGLE MFG. CO., 2448 West 23rd St., New York.

She held the two photographs from her and regarded them with head aslant.

"Lordy!" she said. "Think of having two kids like that—how proud you must be of them!"

"Proud!" repeated Mr. Fodde. "When Mary turns them girls out for Sunday-school or a picnic you can see us on our front porch watchin' 'em and holdin' an admiration society till they're out of sight."

He passed her the last picture.

"That's my place," he said, trying to keep the pride out of his voice. "It ain't much on style; but when it comes to real, shirtsleeve, featherbed comfort, believe me, it's got all the six-dollars-per rooms in this town peacefully laid under the sod!"

"Oh-h! Mr. Fodde! Ain't that just perfect! A frame house, with a yard and a porch, and bushes growin'!"

Mr. Fodde's residence was set back, with a fine show of conservatism, off what might have been a tree-bordered avenue—a two-story house, with a screened-in veranda, and a gravel walk leading up to the steps showed through the trees. The gravel walk wound round the house toward a story-and-a-half barn with a weathercock atop; the walk was bordered with hedges that were clipped boxshape. There were lace curtains at the windows, drawn back to admit a tent-shaped view of the interior, and a two-seated garden swing on the lawn; and at the curb there was an iron hitching post in the form of a small negro lad with rolling eyes and clenched fist.

"It's got a grape arbor in the back, ain't it?"

"Sure thing! It runs clear back to the summer kitchen; and there's my tomato vines; and back there's the new sun parlor I built on the back of the house last spring, and a sleepin' porch for the kids over it. You can just see the corner of it. I put some swell improvements in last spring—electric light—and finished the attic in the swellest hardwood you ever seen!"

Their heads were bent over the picture; about them the din rose to a hysteria, corks popped like a rapid-fire fusillade—at the adjoining table the party was slipping farther down in its chairs and the copper red was mounting higher in the faces about the white cloth. Waiters darted with greater speed; the illuminated clock, with bronze hands and bronze letters on a pink granite background, was finishing the last round of the year—the hands were meeting in a V, and the V narrowed!

Mr. Fodde leaned suddenly toward Miss Vogelbeck. With her cool, calm face and clear-water eyes, she might have been a lily of the field, growing by magic in a riot of heavy-headed hothouse roses.

"Miss Gertie," he said, "there's something missin' in that there home—the most important thing's missin' too!"

"It looks like nothin' could be missin' in a house like that, Mr. Fodde—you got everything, kids and all."

"You're missin', Miss Vogelbeck!"

"What!"

"You're missin', Miss Vogelbeck!"

Her eyes widened in a revival of the vague fear she had felt in the cab. She braced her shoulders in much the fashion she once had on a previous occasion when she had quelled a fire panic which threatened the Imperial Cloak and Suit Company's lofts.

"Have a olive, Mr. Fodde?" she said, passing a fragile dish across the table—her tones were cool and snappy.

"We ain't had no mother in that house for nine years now, Miss Gertie ——"

"Mr. Fodde, you forget ——"

"I—I don't talk about it much; but it's goin' on nine years since she died, Miss Gertie; and ——"

"Why," exclaimed Miss Vogelbeck. "Why ——"

Her heart was pounding in her ears and at her temples; she looked about her helplessly for a second, like a woman who feels she is going to faint. Then she felt such a gush of blood to her face that she buried her cheeks in her hands.

"It ain't no time to be tellin' you now, but somehow these things just happen—we ain't got no wife and mother in our house, Miss Gertie, and me and the kiddies feel it too. Course there couldn't be a servant more faithful and devoted than Mary, but she's getting feeble now; and, anyway, it—it ain't like having a mother, is it, now, Miss Gertie?"

"No, Mr. Fodde, it ain't."

"Somehow I ain't been lucky in meetin' up with nobody like you in all these years—it just seemed like nobody could fill that place. Somehow you ain't the kind that's

Coal Bills Cut More Than ½ in this home.

THE UNDERFEED DID IT.

J. C. GARLAND, of Dubuque, Iowa, whose home is pictured above, is the proud owner of an Underfeed.

Like thousands of others, he knows from experience that the Underfeed reduces heat expense [illegible] that the Underfeed soon pays for itself and then continues to save big money every year for its owner.

His SAVING EACH WINTER $70

"For nine years my Underfeed has given perfect heating results," he writes, "even when the temperature was from 5 to 25 degrees below zero. I find that coal costing me $4 a ton gives just as satisfactory results as hard coal costing $9 a ton."

As Mr. Garland heats his house of 11 rooms, three halls and two bath rooms with 14 tons of $4 coal, his saving each winter has averaged $70.

Let us send you testimony of 300 Underfeed owners (hard coal users) in Binghamton, N. Y., [illegible], Ind., Fort Wayne, Ind., and [illegible].

EVERYWHERE Underfeed results are the same—adequate, clean, even heat ALWAYS—at a saving of one-half to two-thirds the usual cost of coal.

The Underfeed way of coal burning

IN both Underfeed Furnaces and Boilers, coal is fed from below and burns from the top **down.** Smoke and gases pass up through the fire and are consumed, converting into **useful** heat the enormous chimney waste of heaters of other types.

Hottest coals in top-feed heaters are on the grates, **far removed** from radiating surfaces, whereas in the Underfeed fire is on top in **direct contact** with the most effective radiating surfaces. All heat is utilized.

THE PECK-Williamson Underfeed FURNACES BOILERS

Underfeed heaters (warm air Furnaces or hot water or steam Boilers) produce more clean, even heat from the cheaper grades of hard or soft coal, than top feed heaters produce from most expensive grades. **Let us prove this.**

Two thousand owners of Underfeed Furnaces or Boilers are listed in booklet "Underfeed Boosters." Write for it—then ask any of the 2000.

Underfeed heaters are adapted for large or small homes, apartment houses, halls, churches, schools, etc. Installed in unit or battery form.

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Let us tell you where you can get **your** Underfeed and how to obtain free heating plans and estimate of cost.

THE PECK-WILLIAMSON CO., 329 W. Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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[illegible]

UNDERFEED [illegible] Booklet
[illegible] Booklet
(Indicate by X Booklet you desire)

[illegible]

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Chilled women won't easily shop. Just [illegible] for motorists and for [illegible] weather. Comfortable, durable

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Money-back Guarantee

$1

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Pure white woolskin wool cuff, buttoned with blue silk ribbon, white fleece lined, [illegible] sewed over sheepskin [illegible] regular shoe size when ordering. Money back if unsatisfactory.

$2.00 pair, Sent Prepaid

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Any time is a good time to become possessed of a Waltham Riverside watch, but a special occasion like Christmas or a birthday gives to the watch a perpetual sentiment which adds to its value.

At Waltham, watches are made with greater mechanical resources and by more expert artificers than anywhere else in the world. The first word and the last in the manufacture of marvelously correct time keepers is Waltham

The Riverside is the most popular Waltham model. It comes in five sizes at different prices for both men and women. For the ordinary purposes of life it is probably the one best choice from the world of watches. To give one is a compliment, to own one is a luxury.

We have published a handsome Riverside booklet, full of information about these watches and rather interesting to anyone who owns a watch. This booklet is free and will be sent you for the asking, and if there is any matter connected with watches on which you would like to question us we are glad to have you write to our Office of Information.

Waltham Watch Company Waltham Mass

easy to get acquainted with; and, though I used to think about you a deal, it never came to me till tonight. Honest, Miss Gertie, I—I don't quite know how to tell you the feelings I got for a fine woman like you. A man o' forty-two ain't got no business ravin' like a boy; but you just don't know how proud and happy me and my girls would be if—if—well, I guess I ain't got enough words to tell you. I——"

He stopped suddenly and twirled his glass on its slender stem. Tears sprang to her eyes.

There was a crash of delicate crystal behind her; a woman called out in a too high soprano; laughter, cheers, even shouts; but Miss Vogelbeck only stared across the table at Mr. Fodde as if seeing him for the first time.

Suddenly they were plunged into darkness—a remote corner of the room sprang into light, with the newborn year writ in letters of fire across the clock; then a measured silver tone from behind the bronze hands:

One—two—three—four—five—six seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve!

Shouts from satiated throats went up; napkins waved like phantoms in the dark; the off soprano of women and the thick calls of the men; knives and forks tattooed on frail crystal; corks popped. The outside storm of Broadway penetrated the thick window hangings; and under cover of the merciful darkness Mr. Fodde took Miss Vogelbeck in his arms and kissed her twice—once on each temple, where the hair was touched with silver.

When the lights flashed on again she came out of the darkness like a cereus that had bloomed in the night. They looked at each other across the table, marveling to come out of a dream and find it true. They held their glasses raised above the center of the table and tinked the edges together—he drank his off with a quaff, and she sipped hers like a bird drinking from the edge of a bowl. Her throat and eyes smarted again, but they laughed in duet—and the New Year had brought something new into their laughter!

They picked their way out between tables that were sadly awry and over a thick-carpeted floor that was soggy with pools and streams of wine.

One youth, with eyes that were glassed over, smiled with maudlin affability up at Miss Vogelbeck; but the black broadcloth figure beside her was immediately thrust between her and the face, and beneath her own black coat darted little thrills and chills.

In the cab Mr. Fodde was frankly the lover—Miss Vogelbeck let herself relax against his shoulder.

"I'm goin' to take you home with me next week, little girl—I ain't goin' to let you out of my sight no more!"

"Oh, Mr. Fodde John! I can't get ready so soon! I got to get——"

He muffled her words and she let her lips rest against his coat lapel.

Their cab sped swift and smooth and purring—a very large and very bright star was trembling over her brownstone steps as they tiptoed up.

"I wish it was tomorrow, dearie! I—I ain't nearly told you enough. There's lots that somehow I can't put in words."

They kissed shyly in the dark doorway and he held her one hand in both his.

"Good night, dearie!"

"Good night, John dear!"

He unlocked the door for her and she stepped softly in. They whispered for a moment, the cold air meeting the warmth of the house, the cab snorted at the curb and he started lightly down the steps.

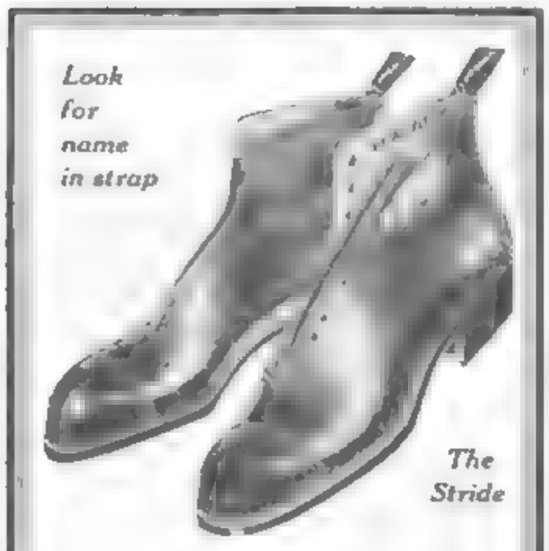
"Oh!" she cried. "I forgot." She reached down into the lining of her coat and fished out a small tissue-paper-wrapped package, with a pink cotton tassel dangling in absurd fashion from one end.

"Here, Mr. Fodde—John!—here's that skatin' cap you was tryin' to get for Addie. I saw one in a window on my way home."

He started, stammered, came toward her; but she ran up the steps and closed the door softly after her.

Up in her room she lit the gas, slipped out of her black gown and loosed her hair, until it fell over her shoulders in its natural ripples.

In the mirror of her dressing table she observed that the shower of hair enveloped her like a silken weft of enchantment; and, while she shook and fluffed it with fingers that were tingling to their very tips, the rasp of the gas came to her like glad voices that were singing and singing.



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Notice the make-up of this shoe—Comfort last, "Natural Shape," low heel, blind eyelets, no hooks. Pleases particular men.

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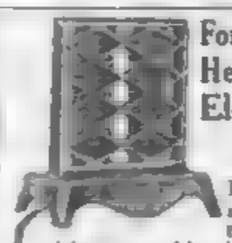

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Samples, 5 sizes, free on request.

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WALTER CAMP [illegible]

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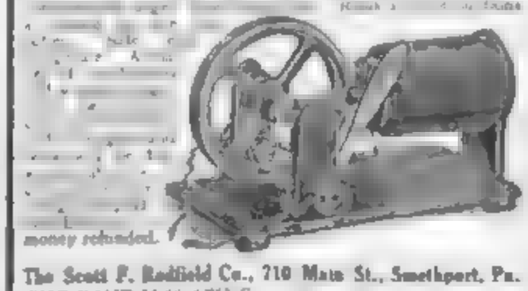

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This dog sold for $5000

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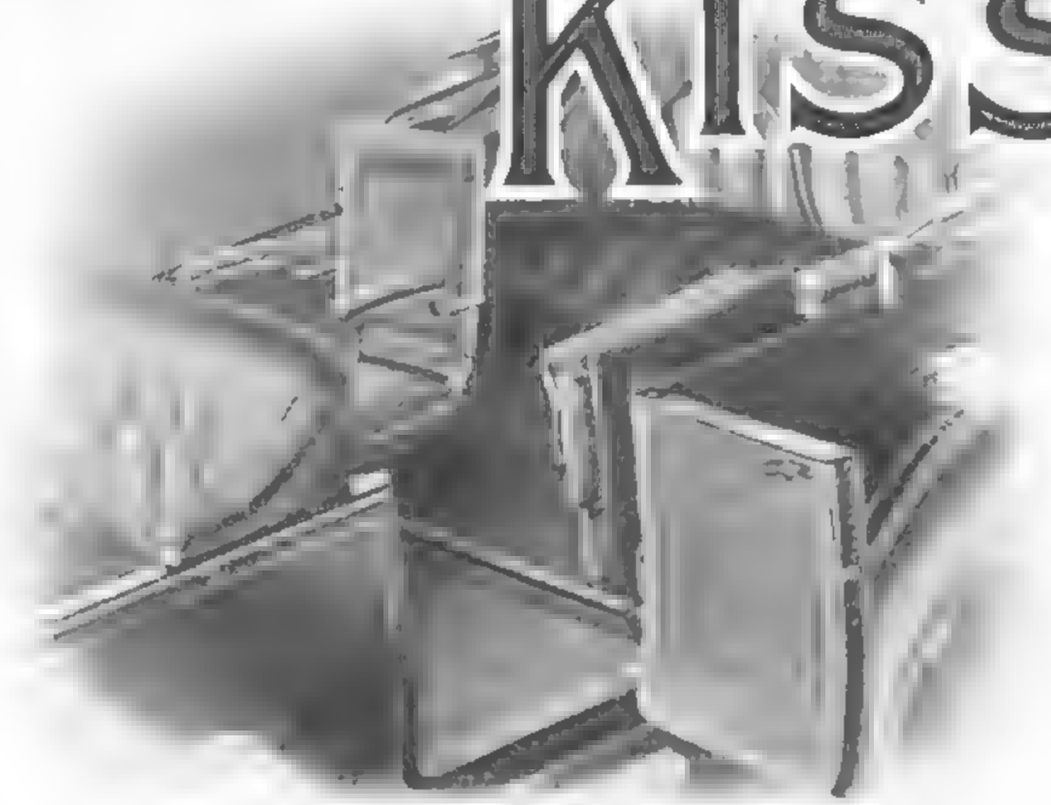
[illegible] side business. The sale of one pup will buy a dozen books. LEE ROYAL, Flemingsburg, Ky.



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—the car of super-comfort

THE liberal design of the KisselKar offers an unusual, distinctive riding comfort.

Comfort depends fundamentally on length of wheelbase, size and design of springs, size of wheels and tires, depth of upholstering, flexibility of control and smoothness of the motor. In these essentials of comfort the KisselKar is the most liberally designed automobile and this is why you should make it the standard by which to make car comparisons. You will find

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that there is more room in the driver's compartment

—that there is perfect spring action

—that there is no road vibration, no need to brace yourself against sideway and lurches, no tremor from the engine

—that the wide range of throttle control and the ability to climb hills and drive slow on high gear takes the labor out of driving

—that no other car is quicker to pick up speed—none other as eagerly responsive to the steering wheel, or so light footed in dodging poor spots on the road.

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The KisselKar suggests speed and power in every line—its luxurious roominess, richness of finish—refinements in every detail of trimming and appointments make it the car of conspicuous distinction

Send for the KisselKar catalog—then ride in a KisselKar, and compare it with cars of highest price and best reputation.

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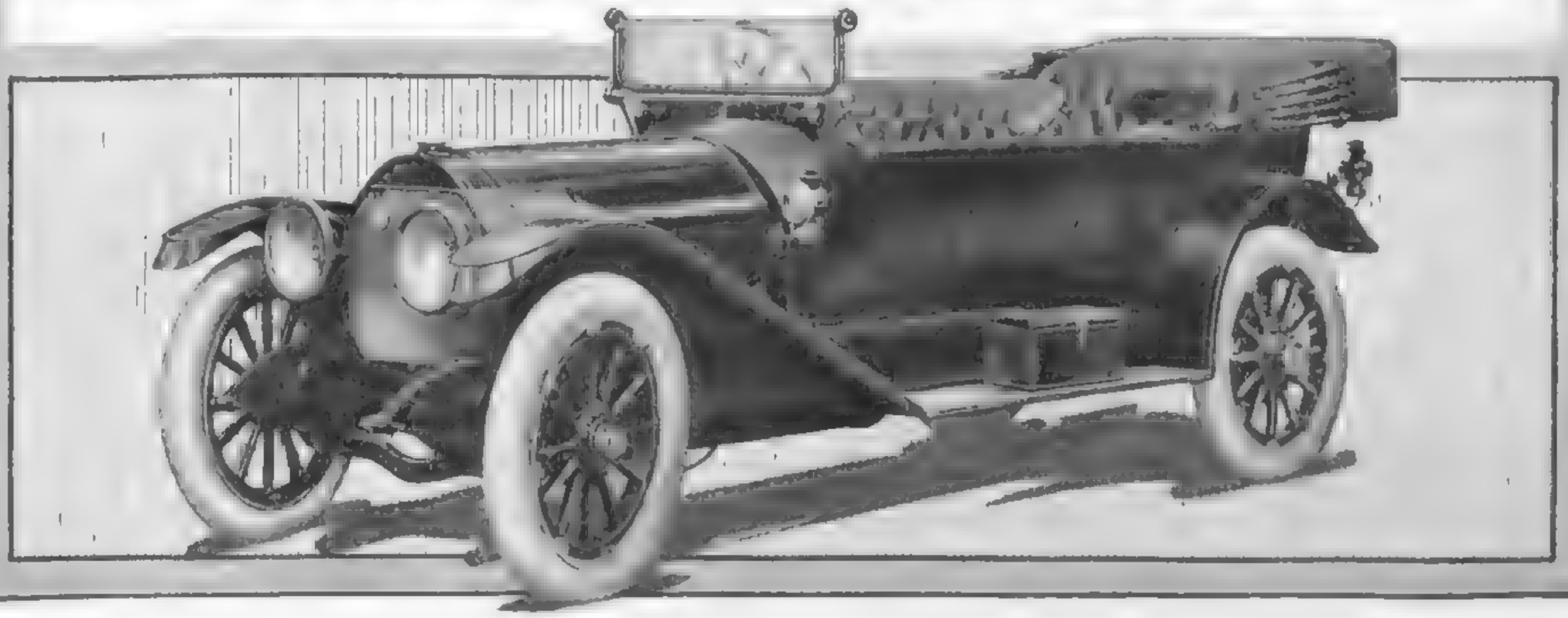


Easy Money for Farmers

RURAL CREDIT is a national issue. President Taft called it the most important topic for the coming Conference of Governors. Ambassadors, Diplomats and Statesmen are urging reforms in our methods of financing the man on the land. Party platforms recognize its importance and numerous delegations of agricultural leaders have been studying European Rural Credit Societies for ideas. The fundamental idea is told in detail by Henry Beach Needham in a comprehensive article this week.

You Will Also Find in This Issue

The Town That Found Itself: How one community opened a new market by discovering the secret of quick, direct transportation.

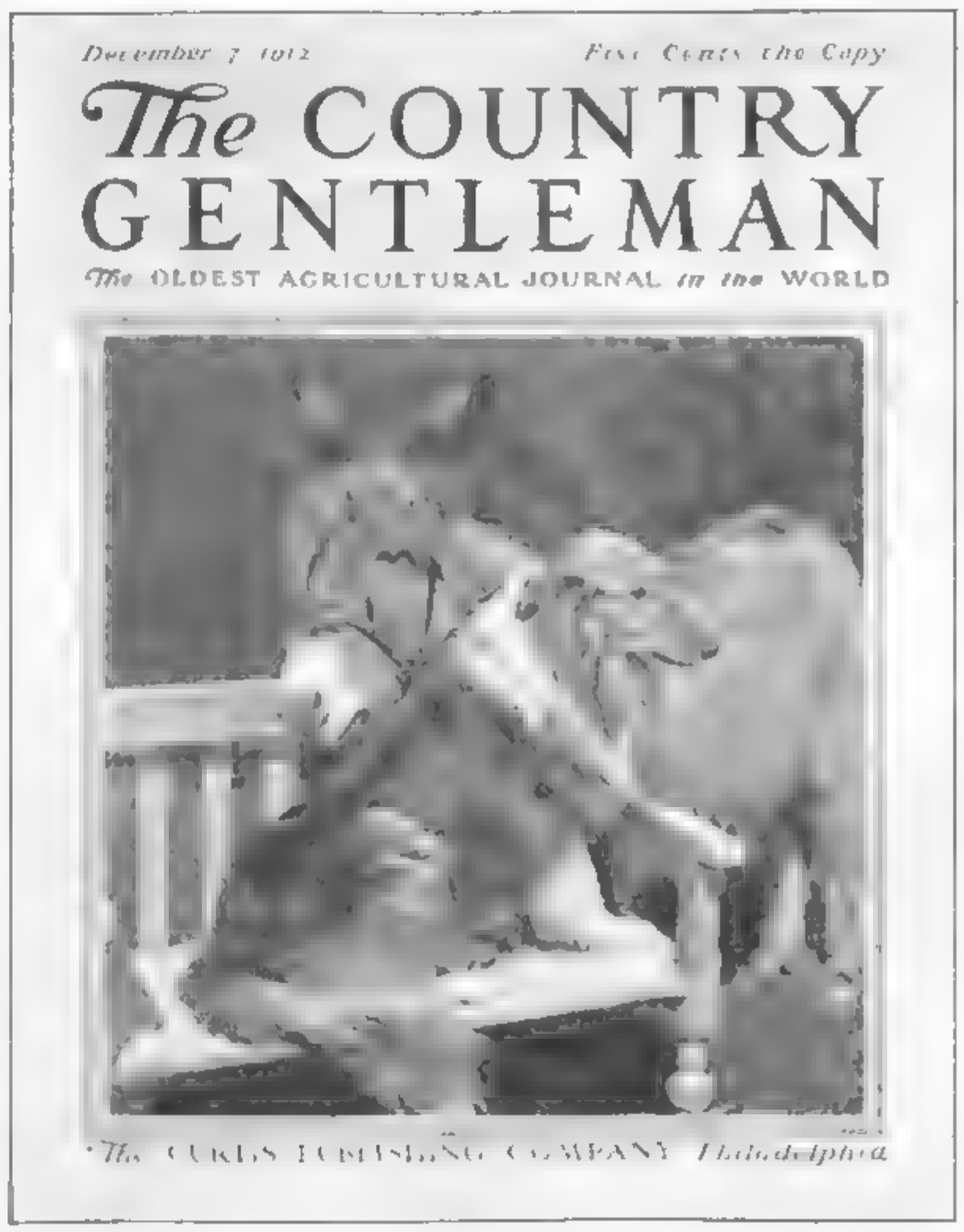
Why Apples Are High: The cause of the slow increase in apple consumption—and a solution, by an expert apple grower.

All Milk and a Mile Wide: Intensive dairying on high-priced Eastern land, and how it is made to yield a good net profit.

A Play Revival in the Rural School: How the little schoolma'am may bring joy to "the little red school-house" and add to its efficiency.

From the Old to the New; An architect's account of the transformation of bare stone walls into an hospitable dwelling.

The Victory: A strong story of a weak man who disclosed a noble spirit unsuspected.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are practical Tables adapted to the most expert play. They are strongly made, beautifully finished, with superb cabinet work.

The style illustrated is simple in design, but very strong, with Mahogany finish and handsome stamped bronze corners. It is a Combination Table—for both Billiards and Pool. The following accessories are included without extra charge:

16 pool balls, 4 48 inch cues, 1 36 inch cue, 10 pins for Pin Pool, 1 triangle, 1 bridge, 1 pool battle to pocket stops, book of instructions, extra tips, cue chalk.

The stand is not essential, but often is a great convenience. With each Burrowes Table is furnished, free, a set of four hardwood leveling blocks, for use in mounting on dining-room or library table.

Our catalog contains many other styles and sizes of tables, at prices from $15 up, on terms of $1 or more down and a small amount each month. Write for the catalog, or order directly from this advertisement.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

Send us a postal or letter and we will ship Burrowes Table on approval, and on arrival you may examine it carefully, and if not entirely satisfactory in every way, we will refund your deposit. If you keep the table you may pay for it at the rate of $3 per month. Write today for illustrated catalog showing prices, terms, etc.

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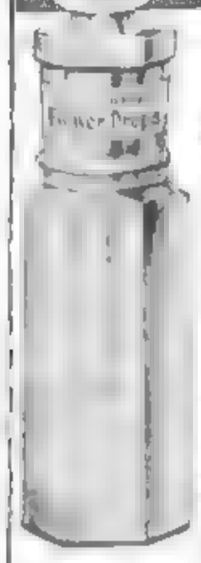

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Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Gum Factory Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gum.

THE MAKING OF AN AVIATOR

(Continued from Page 17)

meet my engagement. I decided to make the attempt. Hurrying to the hotel in the little village I donned my dress suit, opera cape and tall hat, and, much to the surprise and amusement of the multitude, jumped into the aeroplane seat thus attired. I did not forget to strap my cane to a pillar of the aeroplane. The engine was started and a moment later I was flying high over the wilderness of central Long Island, bound for the big city.

There was a high easterly wind blowing, but as New York lay due west from Riverhead this helped rather than hindered the situation. One hour and ten minutes after I had left Riverhead I alighted gently upon an ash-dump just outside of Long Island City. There was not a spot of dirt or dust upon my clothes, my hands were not even soiled and my tall hat was still standing upright upon my head. Placing the aëroplane under the chaperonage of a near-by policeman, I hailed a taxicab and arrived at the dinner party in New York on time. This little experience was, of course, favored by good luck; but it only goes to show what may be expected in future years when good luck is not such an essential factor.

Another incident occurred about a year ago, while I was flying near Canton, Ohio, at the State Fair, and might be particularly interesting from the standpoint of a professional man. It was a windy, treacherous afternoon, and Mr. Walter Brookins had taken to the air to start the day's flying. He was soaring here and there over the surrounding country in a manner that only those who have seen Mr. Brookins fly can appreciate, when suddenly his motor ceased throbbing and he dived for the earth. Down and down he came at a frightful speed, and ended his precipitous flight, from the standpoint of the spectators on the field, by disappearing behind some tall pine trees in the distance. People ran wildly in the direction of the locality where he had fallen, realizing that he was probably in need of assistance.

Answering a Hurry Call

In the midst of the confusion a doctor made himself known, and said that if an automobile would convey him to the scene of the wreck he would gladly lend his medical assistance. But the natives told us there were no automobile roads leading to the scene of Mr. Brookins' fall. "Doctor," said I, "jump into my machine and I will take you to the accident!" Without a word he took his seat beside me. The engine was started and away we flew. In less than two minutes from the time we left the field we located Walter Brookins and were standing beside him in the midst of a little swamp, congratulating him on his narrow escape. We were the first upon the scene.

Here again this little episode only goes to show to what purposes the aëroplane of the future may be put—purposes that may not always be practical now, but will be in the near future. I wish to point out the features that stand out most prominently in this incident—namely the ease with which we were able to locate the scene of the supposed calamity and the speediness with which we were able, or would have been able, to render assistance. This power of locating objects hidden from the view of people on the ground is adaptable to many useful purposes; the most prominent purpose that might suggest itself would be the locating of a hidden enemy in war maneuvers. A useful purpose would be the locating of children lost in the woods or criminals seeking refuge from justice.

Having tried to show that which may interest the business man, the sportsman and the artist in the line of aviation, and how they can pursue their interests, I want next to show more definitely that they can do so safely. In the first place, any one taking up aviation must be properly taught before it is safe to trust himself to his own care in the air. He must learn to fly steadily and evenly in calm weather, and to know the limits of his machine in these conditions. He must then be taught to fly in a similar manner when the air is in a disturbed condition. He must know the dangers of rising too rapidly, of descending too slowly, of banking too steeply and of changing the course of his flight in any given direction too suddenly. He must learn these conditions until they are instinctive to him.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE D. F. BRIGGS CO.
CHAINS, FOBS
CARMEN
BRACELETS

Act on the suggestions contained in this advertisement and you'll secure gifts for every member of the family that will afford lasting pleasure.

With over 5,000 different patterns to select from in Briggs' Guaranteed Ten-Year Chains you can be certain of getting exactly the style you want in a single or double vest, or a lapel chain for a man, or a neck or lorgnette chain for a woman. They are made from the best grade of rolled stock and serviceability equal to solid gold at one-third the cost. **Prices $1.50 and up.** Look for the red ten-year guarantee tag and "The D. F. B. Co." on the swivel.

The feminine fancy has created the **Carmen Bracelet.** It's made in over 200 **beautiful designs** that go straight to the heart of any woman. **It fits the arm snugly,** expanding and contracting automatically, resting comfortably just where it's placed. It's gold-filled, plain engraved, with watch, locket, French-set tops, and also in the new tubular styles. The name "Carmen" stamped inside our bracelets identifies the genuine **Carmen** and protects you from imitations.

Prices $3.50 and up

Send for our catalog. It shows some of the most popular **Briggs Fobs** for men and women, in addition to illustrating Briggs Chains and Carmen Bracelets. We make nearly 1000 distinct styles in both **silk and metal fobs,** [illegible] some piece of jewelry that will appeal to any one who appreciates beautiful designs, clever workmanship and dependable quality. **Prices $1.50 and up.** All jewelers sell **Briggs Jewelry,** but if you have any trouble getting just what you want we will supply you direct from the factory.

THE D. F. BRIGGS CO. 36 Mills and Union Sts., Attleboro, Mass.

Capps Indian Blankets

A Capps Blanket A Fine Gift

The same richly beautiful, all-wool, fleecy blanket as the Indian wears. Useful in a hundred ways indoors and out. Don't forget the name CAPPS on the edge of every blanket. *At your dealer's or write today* for pictures of blankets in actual colors.

J. Capps & Sons Ltd.
Dept. X, Jacksonville, Ill.

Dealers Note: New York Salesroom for visiting buyers, 220 Fifth Ave. Address all correspondence Jacksonville, Ill.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

You need a heat regulator in your home. Of course, you want the best. You want "The Original," "The Minneapolis," the equipment that year by year has kept in the lead and now offers in its latest model a valuable new feature—

An 8-Day Clock

With This New Model Both Time And Alarm Run 8 Days With One Winding

The new clock which has [illegible] perfects the part in regulating the heat [illegible] perature [illegible] time-piece with solid brass frame, beveled glass sides and top and porcelain dial. Clock detachable for use anywhere if desired.

Write for booklet showing all models with complete descriptions.

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES AND FACTORY
2781 Fourth Ave., South
Minneapolis, Minn.
218 East Washington St. Syracuse
144 High Street Boston
SOLD BY THE HEATING TRADE EVERYWHERE

On Wall

ALWAYS-A-DRY SWEET-SMOKE

Get the Delicious Natural Aroma of the Tobacco, Undefiled and Preserved

NEVER a bitter taste nor a disagreeable odor. A HARDRIGHT pipe gives you a genuine tobacco smoke [illegible] Not only the first time, but *every* time. The bi[illegible] traps all moisture and retained in the lower bowl, the [illegible] every atom of it burns to a clean ash. After smoking, the fire bowl can be quickly unscrewed, and the moisture and other concentrates removed from the lower chamber with a piece of paper; or, by dismounting the stem, they will [illegible]

For his Christmas, can you think of anything more acceptable? [illegible] made of "Condensite," a [illegible] bolic hardened gum, the invention of Mr. J. W. Ainsworth, who [illegible] now is, and has been, for over 20 [illegible] associated in laboratory work with Thomas A. Edison. It is the pi[illegible]

TRADE HARDRIGHT MARK

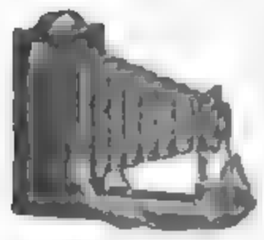
[illegible] on request

Hardman & Wright, Belleville, N. J.

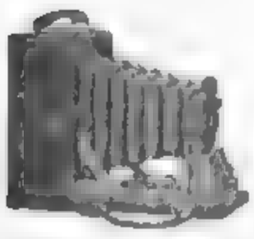
It is indeed a Merry Christmas for the one who gets a

PREMO

Premo Jr. No. 0
Pictures, 1¾ x 2½, $1.50



Film Premo No. 1
Pictures, 3¼ x 5½, $12.50



Filmplate Premo Special
Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat
Lens f.6.3 and
Compound Shutter
Pictures, 3¼ x 4¼, $54.00

Decide that Christmas question of yours right here. There's someone you wish to please very much—yet you don't know just what to give.

But a Premo makes it easy. It will be welcomed alike by a boy or girl, a man or woman, of any age, for it enables anyone to make and keep forever pictures of all the pleasures of Christmas day and of all the days that follow.

No experience is necessary in using a Premo. They are the smallest, lightest, easiest to load and operate of cameras—as the nearest dealer will show you.

As for price, you can get a Premo for as little as $1.50—as much as $150.00, and from the lowest to the highest in price, they are fully capable, dependable cameras.

In the margin we show three of over forty styles and sizes. Complete Premo catalogue free at the dealer's or mailed on request.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
EASTMAN KODAK CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Why I Wear Them

"Mixture of vanity and economy. I like to have people think I pay twice what I do for shoes."

REGAL SHOES

A Holiday Suggestion

Masterpiece TRADE MARK

Three-Fold Bill-Fold

and card-case combined. Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, very limp and flexible. The highest class materials and the finest workmanship possible guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send direct on receipt of price. Genuine Seal $2.00, Genuine Morocco $1.50 [illegible]

Send for booklet showing the full line of Masterpiece Men's Pocket Books—a wide range of prices, from $1.00 to $4.50, but "Every piece a Masterpiece"

DEALERS Should stock the Masterpiece line of Men's Pocket Books for the Holiday trade

A. L. Steinweg & Co., 491 Broadway, New York
The Men's Pocket-Book House

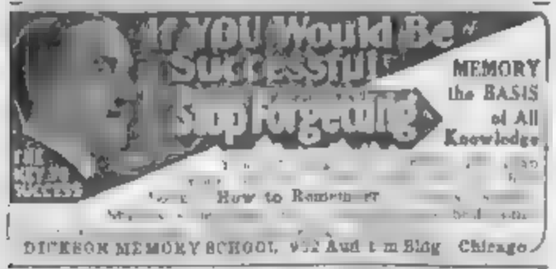
Beautiful PORTABLE LIBRARY LAMP

made of Mission Weathered Oak, hand rubbed, was finished shade of four panels of Cathedral Art Glass, of tints of green and [illegible] always a delight. Made for [illegible] Height [illegible] Shade [illegible] Spread [illegible] Deep

"MUNYBAK" Guaranteed Product. Price Only $2.75

Write for [illegible] about our [illegible] C.O.D. From the Manufacturer Direct to You.

Munybak Co., 105 Main St., Bluffton, Ind.



[illegible] How to Remember [illegible]

DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 950 Auditorium Bldg. Chicago

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Many [illegible] for $ [illegible] patents etc. I get patents or [illegible] Many [illegible]

RICHARD B. OWEN 33 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventions Sought by Capital. Write for free Book

PATENTS that PAY BEST

R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 10, Washington, D. C.

Turco-American Glass Pipe

Never spoils a happy smoke by passing up a slug or a mouthful of tar. Press your tobacco into the inner chipped meerschaum bowl and light up. Every puff is bound to be cool, sweet and delicious, with never a bite, to the very bottom.

All moisture and nicotine collects and stays in the outer bowl of tough annealed non sherbert glass. Easily cleaned. No slugs, no juice, no heel, no strong odor, no bite—just a long, large joy smoke.

TRY ONE A WEEK ON US. Put a dollar in an envelope and ship it. If the Turco [illegible] it, we'll [illegible] back and get your cash. Do you want a straight or curved stem? *Free Book*

TURCO-AMERICAN PIPE CO., 107 Birch Crescent, Rochester, N. Y.

One of the greatest dangers connected with aviation is the fact that things happen with very little warning; and if the aviator fails to catch the warning when it is given disaster is likely to follow. For example, an automobile driver has a warning that his machine is taking a curve too rapidly by the fact that it either starts to skid or else he is leaned to one side or the other with a greater force than ordinarily. Both warnings are obvious to the expert and easily discerned by the novice. In the case of an airship there is no such warning, because in taking a curve the machine is always banked and therefore the operator has no tendency to be thrown on one side or the other. He is merely pressed into his seat a little harder than usual, but this additional pressure into the seat is most important. The aviator must remember or consider that the heavy engine, the gasoline tank, with its weight of fuel, and perhaps an additional passenger, are all being forced into their seats or frame-work with a proportionately greater force, and that all this combined force is being thrown upon the wings of the machine. There is, of course, a limit to the strength of these wings, and the aviator must understand and instinctively feel this limit before he is safe.

The careful aviator in windy weather will under no conditions approach these limits too closely, because an unexpected squall or gust of wind may upset his calculations. But this matter of mastery of the aëroplane cannot be taken up in this article. Just now I wish it to suffice to say that, should any one master the above situations thoroughly—and they are really very simple—and if he will never attempt to exceed the limits the teacher has taught him he will be nearly as safe in the air as upon the ground.

When It Rained Cigars

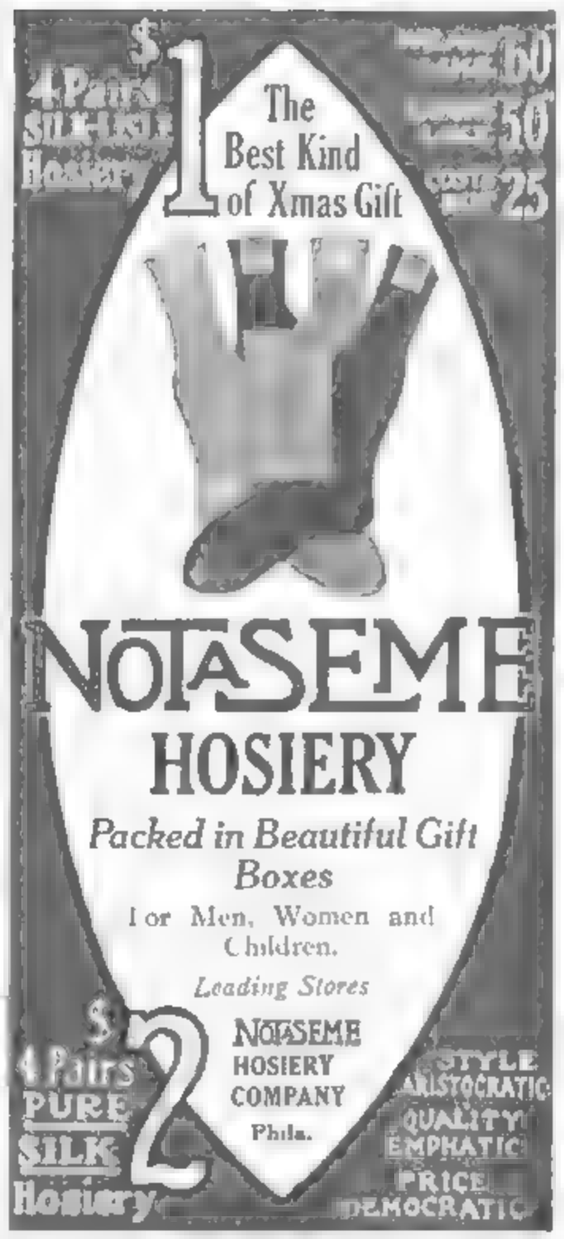
Having tried to show wherein aviation is adaptable to almost any type of individual, I want to return again to the subject of the mental makeup of the aviator. Many people have said to me: "I know I never could fly, because I am affected with a great sense of dizziness when I get on high places." This so-called sense of dizziness is unknown in the aëroplane. Time and again I have taken into the air, to high altitudes, people who have particularly impressed upon me the fact that they are troubled with this sense of stationary altitude dizziness; but I have never seen or heard of any one who had the slightest tendency in that direction while in the air. I cannot personally analyze the reasons why one should be dizzy at a stationary height and not from a movable altitude; but I believe they exist chiefly because the aëroplane is being forced through the air by a great power that gives one a sense of security so long as this power is in evidence.

I was flying in a little New England community one beautifully calm afternoon, and in view of the conditions of the weather had offered to take up one passenger. While the crowd was debating who should be the lucky or unlucky person to make the flight a group of prominent men in the locality singled out one of their members and dared him to make the flight. He finally agreed that he would draw lots with his companions and if the lot fell to him he would then "take a chance." Strangely enough the lot did fall to him and he was a frightened-looking man. Bravely, however, he took his seat in the aeroplane; and not being satisfied with my assurance that he would not be dizzy in the slightest he obliged me to strap him firmly to his seat.

Just before we took to the air one of the men in the group passed him a box of cigars, requesting him to distribute its contents to the crowd beneath him when he was in the air. Peacefully and smoothly we rose from the field; and little by little, as my passenger nodded his consent, I rose higher and higher. When we were about three hundred feet above the heads of the multitude he suddenly realized that he had the box of cigars in his hand, and with great glee he proceeded to distribute them. I was looking down to see the scrambling in the crowd as the cigars reached them when there was a great crash back of me, and immediately the air was filled with cigar-box wood and fragments of tobacco. Shutting off the power, I made an immediate descent to the ground and landed in an adjacent field, thinking that my propeller must have been broken.

As I stepped from the seat, feeling joyful at our narrow escape, my passenger said to

(Concluded on Page 80)



THIS HOUSE *can* be built for $2700 and is *suited to any climate.* 15 and 16 others are shown in the new 1912 edition of

Our Big Book 50c

"Practical Bungalows"

This new 100 page book [illegible] costs [illegible] cents. It gives [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

WHY WOMEN ACCUSE STORES OF BAD SELLING METHODS

TEN years ago one whole side of a Dry-Goods store was given to the Dress Goods Department. Now twenty feet will take care of it in the average store.

Women are buying their dresses, suits, coats, and wraps ready to put on. They can get much more becoming things—better style—lower price.

They save the Spring and Fall siege with dressmaker or sewing-girl. Dowdy, home-made clothes are the exception. City fashions are current everywhere.

Where the local Dry-Goods merchant is up-to-date and alive to his opportunities his women's ready-to-wear department is getting him the business that used to come across his dress-goods counters.

Women Demand Service in the Store

THERE is one other thing to be noticed all over this country, in villages, towns, and cities, and that is the number of small women's wear specialty stores springing up in every street.

Where the Dry-Goods man is not showing energy and enterprise in dominating the situation, trade is going to the small specialty store.

It is just a matter of service.

Service doesn't consist in size of stock, in variety and assortment alone. But has to do with the way the goods are kept and shown, and especially with the selling method and the treatment of the individual woman who comes into the store.

Your Own Experience in a Cloak and Suit Department is Typical

THE thing above all others that is keeping the Dry-Goods man out of his own is the adherence to a method of waiting on trade that belongs in the dark ages of merchandising—that is, the stock-room method of carrying his goods.

To make this point clear, Madam, let us take your individual case. Let us go shopping together.

You are thinking about a little afternoon dress, and possibly a long coat if you can find what you want. You haven't your mind fixed on an exact price, though you probably know that you don't want to go above a certain figure.

Here is a store with pretensions to style and representative stock.

You find the cloak and suit department—a nicely carpeted space, a table or two, a few chairs, and some wood panelling.

You want to see some dresses. The only ones in sight are a few "mark-downs" or "stickers" on a revolving rack.

How the Saleswoman Prevents Your Seeing the Assortment

A SALESWOMAN comes forward, looking you over to discover how to class you with regard to price and quality, and whether you are going to be hard or easy to please.

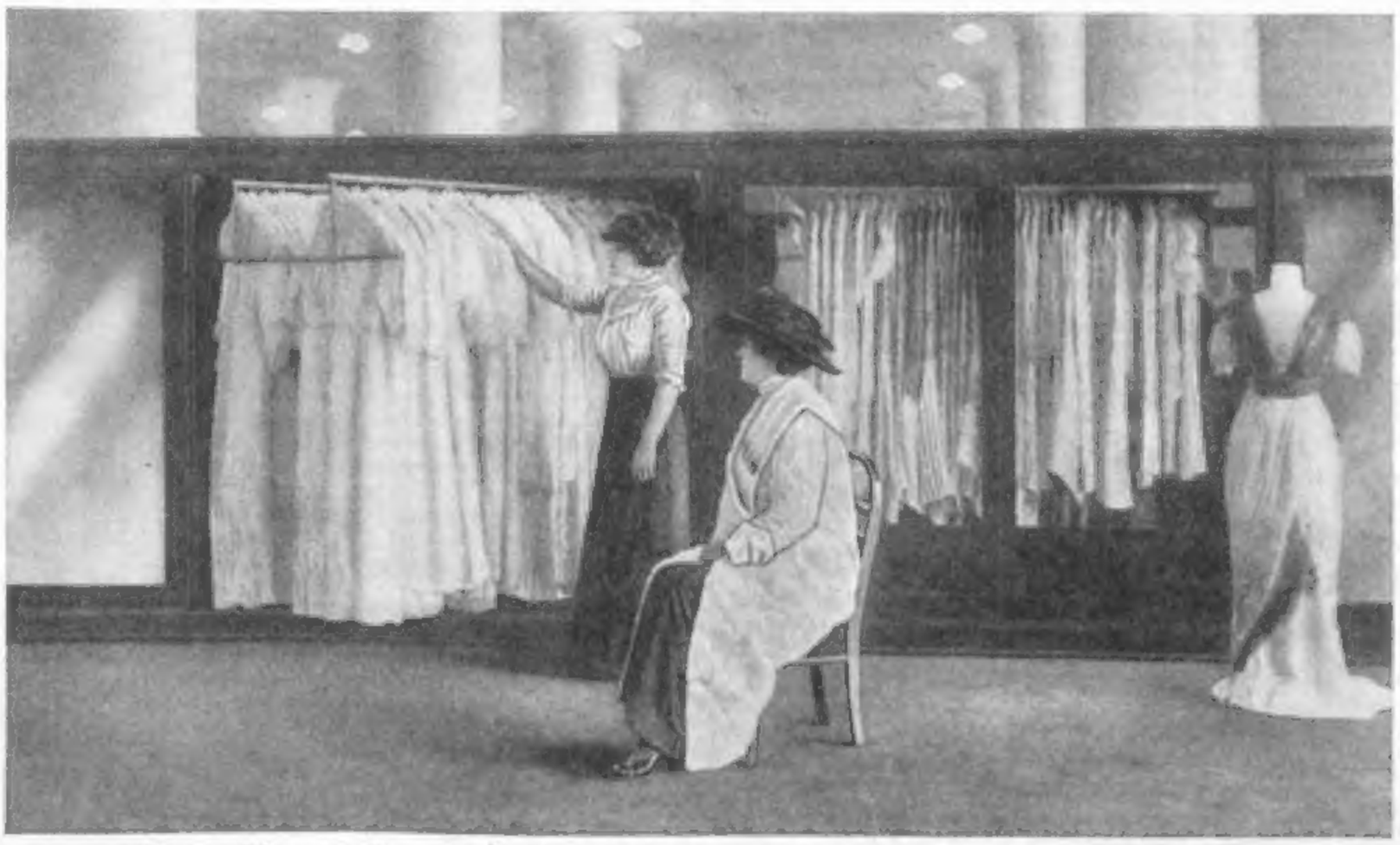
You want to see some dresses.

After a cross-examination as to what kind of a dress, material, shade, and about what price, she disappears behind a mysterious door or partition and after a while returns with a dress—one dress!—not at all what you wanted.

After more cross-examination she goes into retirement again; this time for a longer period; and finally appears with another dress—one dress!

You can see it on her arm as she approaches—it won't do.

She makes other trips. You have an impression that she thinks you are very hard to suit.



The New Way of Selling. Stores that are Up to Date Put the Whole Assortment at Your Disposal.

Oh, if you could only see what she has back there in that stock-room! You could find the thing you want if she would only let you look for it.

What is she showing you? Not your idea of what you want—but hers. Perhaps they are the things she wants most to get rid of—how can you tell?

You want to see the assortment. You can't feel right about buying anything, even if you like it, as long as you think there are things back there in stock that you might like better.

If you were a hardened shopper and could take all day to the task, you might make your purchase.

You know this type of store. Every woman knows it. You will go a mile to trade somewhere else when there is somewhere else to go.

Back in the dark ages of store-keeping some rudimentary business brain decided that there was *tone* and *exclusiveness* in these dark-room methods.

Thank goodness, the light is breaking!

There is a New Way of Displaying Goods

STORES all over the country are putting in New Way Crystal Wardrobes—showing the goods they have to sell—placing the stocks at your disposal—each dress on a separate hanger in plain view behind glass.

Your little dress is there beckoning to you—making its own appeal. You recognize it there at once.

You can almost wait on yourself.

You can save your time and the clerk's time. You can make an intelligent choice. You feel that you have a fair chance and not that the best things are being kept for more favored customers.

One thing is evident. The New Way Crystal Wardrobe stores are getting the business.

Where the leading Dry-Goods or Department store equips with New Way Wardrobes and carries its goods in sight, it keeps the lead and the trade.

Where it carries its stock in wall cabinets behind closed doors, or sticks to the old stock-room methods, then the trade goes elsewhere—probably to the first wide-awake specialty store that keeps its goods in sight.

This is the biggest single fact in the Women's wear trade of today. The old selling methods are going and they are going fast.

Look for New Way Crystal Wardrobes in Your Home Stores

NEW Way Crystal Wardrobes are going into the best stores everywhere. We have half a hundred men on the jump seeing merchants who write and telegraph for facts, cost of equipment and full information.

This is a thing in which every woman is interested. Watch developments in your own town and give your trade to the dealer who does you the courtesy of permitting you to see what you are buying.

Grand Rapids Show Case Company

The Largest Show Case and Store Equipment Plant in the World

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Show Rooms and Factories: New York, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Boston, Portland

This Picture in Colors 6¢

WOULDN'T you like to have this smiling little girl? Send 6 cents in stamps today, and we will mail her picture to you, printed in colors, richly mounted, all ready for framing.

Every time you look at it, it will remind you how much all the little folks—like this little girl—love Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. It will also remind you that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is *good* for healthy, growing children like this little girl.

It's only peanuts — fresh, crisp, roasted peanuts — salted and crushed to creamy butter, and sealed up in glass jars by Beech-Nut *Airless-sealing*, which saves all the appetizing taste and aroma until it reaches you.

Order a 15c jar from your grocer to try. But, be *sure it's Beech-Nut brand*. And don't forget to send us 6c for this pretty little girl today.

Address Beech-Nut Packing Company, 42 Canal Street, Canajoharie, New York

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

(Concluded from Page 78)

me: "Let's get some more boxes of cigars and throw them down to the crowd. That was certainly the greatest fun I ever had!" I looked at him very seriously and said: "You may not be affected with aërial dizziness, but you certainly are affected by a much more dangerous condition of the mind."

Many people suppose that the aviator must have a delicate sense of equilibrium in order to fly an aëroplane. They believe he must first be proficient in walking rail fences, in standing on his head, or in balancing upon a tight-rope. This art of balancing oneself on stationary objects is by no means essential. It requires no sense of equilibrium whatsoever to operate an aëroplane, because it does not have to be balanced. An aëroplane steers in three dimensions instead of in two, as in the case of an automobile. It is no more difficult to keep the aëroplane in a correct lateral position than it is to steer an automobile in a straight line. Like the automobile, the machine will not hold a straight course unguided, because there are deflections in the air just as there are deflections in the roadway; but the machine is so heavy that the shifting of a few pounds upon it—even many pounds—one way or the other will have little or no effect.

It is possible to keep on enumerating the various things an aviator does not have to be, and which the general public thinks are necessary; but I can state positively the fact that there is nothing he has to be other than a sane and normally intelligent person.

Following the Mohawk

The great future of the aëroplane—its coming necessity to mankind and its marvelous possibilities—was impressed upon my mind most strongly one night when I was making a leg of my flight between the cities of St. Louis and New York. Owing to the inclemency of the weather I had been obliged to remain upon the ground until late in the afternoon. I was located in a little valley in the hills just outside the suburbs of Syracuse. In accordance with my customary schedule I desired to cover at least a hundred miles more toward my destination. At sunset the disturbing wind elements suddenly died out and I immediately prepared for flight. Ten minutes later and the smoke of the city of Syracuse was fast becoming a speck in the western horizon.

I shall never forget that beautiful evening. The Mohawk River lay beneath me; but, as it wound in and out between the hills, I would leave its course for a few minutes at a time and pick it up again at another point. Twilight set in and the valley and the river became very indistinct. The tops of the hills and the mountains, however, stood out clearly in the waning light.

One by one I could make out the lights of the farmhouses, thousands of feet beneath me in the valley; and they seemed to increase in number in exactly the same manner as the stars above me increased in number.

Finally the Mohawk became shrouded in darkness, and it was only when passing over a lighted village or town that I was able to distinguish anything. I felt as if I were in a dream.

I gazed into the dark depths and wondered what sensations the mortals down there were experiencing as I roared over their communities! I did not experience any inability to keep my equilibrium, but I did experience a peculiar sense of giddiness, which was probably due to the unusual surroundings. Mile after mile I flew, high over the valley, marveling at the wonders of the situation and forgetting that sooner or later I should be obliged to make a landing. This realization came to me very forcibly when I discovered that it was almost impossible to make out even the tops of the mountains. Then I selected the first hill I came to and began circling round it in long spirals, gradually coming to it closer and closer. Finally discovering an opening among the trees, I dropped into it safely.

It seems to me that this experience alone demonstrates very clearly the possibilities and the adaptability of aviation to almost every type of mankind. The only feature about it that can be criticised or questioned is the fact that it is accompanied by considerable danger; but it will not take long for human ingenuity to eliminate this one and only obstacle.

Stays Hot All Night

Always in good condition—guaranteed 50 years, if you wish—handsome, polished, all one piece

A Practical Christmas Gift

The M. H. P. Aluminum Hot Water Bottle

stands *flat*—so you can't scald your hands in filling with boiling water. Foot-warmer, or for abdomen or small of back. Cotton felt bag free.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for prices and description, giving dealer's name. We will supply you direct upon receipt of price, $3.50.

Fanning Sales Co.
135 Washington St.
Providence
R. I.

Special Price A Big Saving

Saves your money saves your fuel and your work. I am making a special 1913 Factory price on 10,000

Rapid

Fireless Cookers

3 roasting and baking compartments — all lined with pure aluminum, also covers pure aluminum lined. Can never rust or corrode. Roasts, bakes, boils, steams, fries and stews. Finest grade seamless aluminum cooking utensils — complete outfit FREE. FREE RECIPE BOOK tells how to cut down your meat and grocery bills.

30 Days Free Trial

Sold Only Direct from Factory. *Get my special price at once.*

WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. A 14, DETROIT, MICH.

Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

A Beautiful Gift for your Catholic Friend or Employee.

In best Morocco binding, gold edges, with a rolled-gold chain Rosary (your choice of Amethyst, Garnet, Topaz, Carnelian, Crystal, Sapphire, Emerald, Turquoise, Opal, Jet or Pearl stones). Value $3.50—Both for $3.00.

WE GIVE a rolled-gold Scapular Medal with each order for the Manual. Name in gold letters on book if desired.

For Weddings: Manual in white leather $5.00; silk lined $6.00

JOHN MURPHY CO., Baltimore, Md.

Macey Book Cabinets

Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

BOYS! GIRLS!

Make a Drawing of this Train

This is one of Bing's Toy Trains for sale at good toy stores. Send us a drawing of this train with your name and address; also the name and address of the store at which your father and mother buy toys. Do this and

We Will Give You a Prize of Bing's Drawing Book Free

It is a book 7 x 11 inches and a delight to every child. Be sure and send the name and address of your toy store with the drawing. Prizes will be distributed in December.

JOHN BING, 381-D Fourth Avenue, New York

The "BEST" LIGHT

Makes and burns its own gas. No grease, odor nor dirt. Brighter than acetylene. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Write for catalog. *Agents Wanted.*

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

300 CANDLE POWER

AGENTS SOMETHING NEW

Brandt's newly patented Combination Shaving Brush and Beard Softener. Lathers the face; instead of using hands to rub in, use the little rubber fingers attached to shaving brush. Only sanitary method of rubbing in lather to prepare face for shaving. Softens the beard much better than ordinary method. Just the thing for a man with wiry beard and tender skin. Gives a facial massage with every shave. Prevents ingrowing hairs. Bristles set in rubber. Sells on sight; every man wants one. Write for wholesale terms and prices.

A. Brandt Brush Co., 42 Hudson St., New York City

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 days' credit. **Samples and catalog free.**
Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 2356, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

YOU will be intensely interested in our proposition if you read **MAGAZINES**
Our large 44-page Catalog tells you all about it. Ask us for it. IT'S FREE.
J. M. HANSON, Magazine Agency, Lexington, Ky.

I Am Making a Special Price On My Rapid Electric Flatiron and Electric Toaster

THE two greatest *conveniences* ever produced at a 30 days special price.—Write at once for my new book telling about my 6½ pound Rapid Electric Flatiron and my Rapid Electric Toaster guaranteed for 8 years. Also better in every way—better shape—better work—and my prices **SAVE YOU MONEY**

Your money back, without argument, if you don't want to keep either the Flatiron or the Toaster after using them three months in your home. Write me at once for special 30-day Factory Price.

90 Days' Free Trial
Ideal Christmas Gift

Sold only direct from factory at factory prices.

WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. F 114, Detroit, Mich.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets

FROM THE MILL — BIG SAVING

We sell at manufacturers' prices. 25,000 satisfied customers. Well-known Regal Rugs, 6x9, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. Brussels Rugs, 9x12, greatest value known, $3.60. Splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9x12, $8.75. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12, $16. Standard Axminsters, 9x12, $14.80. Best quality Lace Curtains, 45c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleum and Furniture at mill and factory prices. Write to-day for our New Illustrated Catalog, No. 15, showing designs in actual colors. SENT FREE.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2450-2462 Jasper St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

WE PAY FREIGHT

The Gift Brush in a Gift Box

RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes in attractive gift boxes, ready for presentation, are sold by dealers everywhere. We recommend especially the splendid lines retailing at $1.00—$1.50—$2.00—$2.50—$3.00—$4.00—$5.00—$6.00 and $7.00. A remarkable assortment of remarkable brush values.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Top-most on the gift list—underscore it, double check it. Do not let it slip your mind—a RUBBERSET Shaving Brush for Him.

That is the one necessity that few men have that is good enough. He has always wanted a "classier" brush, one made of real badger hair, and with a handsome "Alberite" handle. So it is up to you to please him for the rest of his natural life.

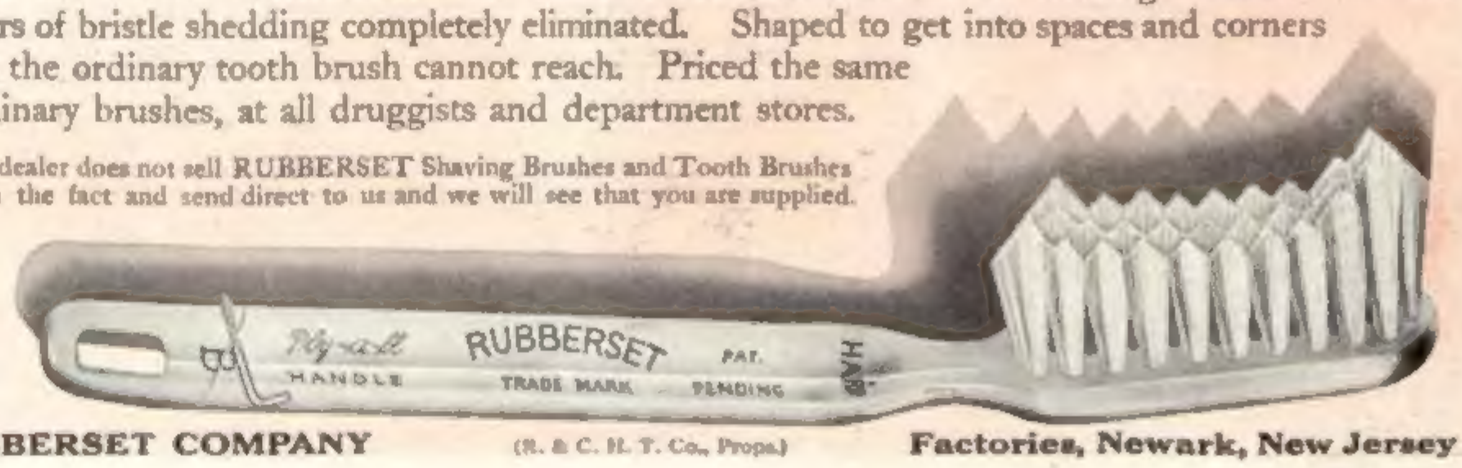
A RUBBERSET Brush is the finest and richest looking brush made. Then it is made indestructible. The base that holds the bristles is a marvelous piece of construction. All the bristles (not a single one escaping) are fastened in pure Para rubber, which is then vulcanized to the hardness of flint.

Sold by Druggists—Hardware—Sporting Goods—Department Stores and General Stores everywhere. Prices range 25c upwards to $7.00.

RUBBERSET—the Safety Tooth Brush

Bristles are held in a construction the same as that described in the shaving brushes. All the dangers of bristle shedding completely eliminated. Shaped to get into spaces and corners which the ordinary tooth brush cannot reach. Priced the same as ordinary brushes, at all druggists and department stores.

If your dealer does not sell RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes and Tooth Brushes mention the fact and send direct to us and we will see that you are supplied.



RUBBERSET COMPANY (R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.) **Factories, Newark, New Jersey**

"I wish I were a man!"

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

NO woman really wishes to be a man—still can you blame them if they sometimes envy the comfort and pleasure men get from Velvet? This wonderful Tobacco has such tempting fragrance—and smokers get so much satisfaction from its smooth, mellow richness. We men surely have a little the best of it in Velvet.

Oh, yes, you may smoke VELVET at home!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins
Handy 5c Bags
And 1 pound glass Humidor Jars